

RADIO MIRROR

December

15¢



*MERCEDES
McCAMBRIDGE*

*Full Color Pictures—
LORENZO JONES*



Whisper "I LOVE YOU" with

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS



Popular Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Face Powder, Talcum, in beautiful gift package. **\$4.75**



Evening in Paris Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in beautiful gift box. **\$2.45**



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Popular Evening in Paris Perfume, with Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum, in handsome gift box. **\$5.75**



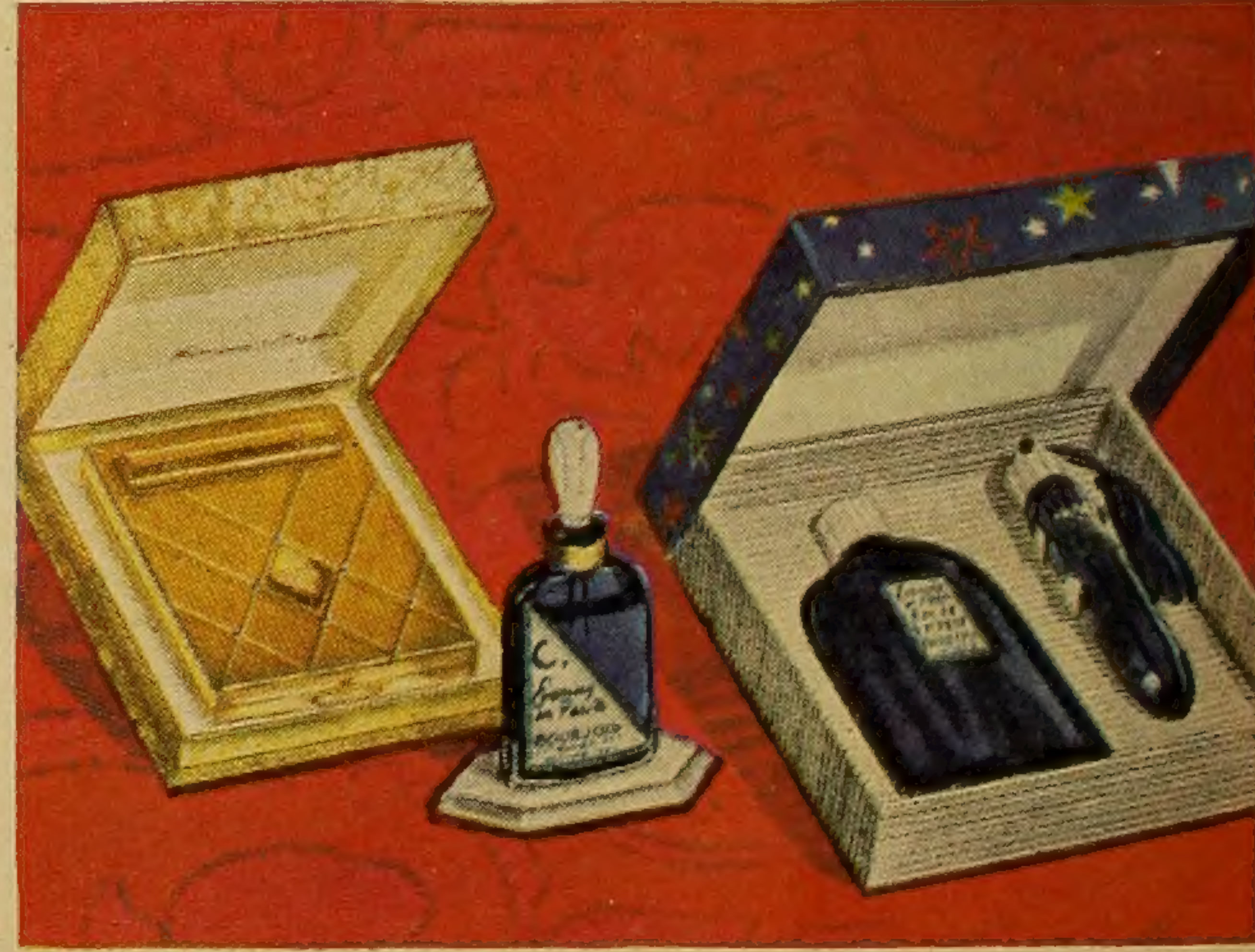
Handsome Dressing-table Set... Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum. **\$3.15**



Perfume, Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Talcum... one of the most popular sets for Christmas. **\$3.65**



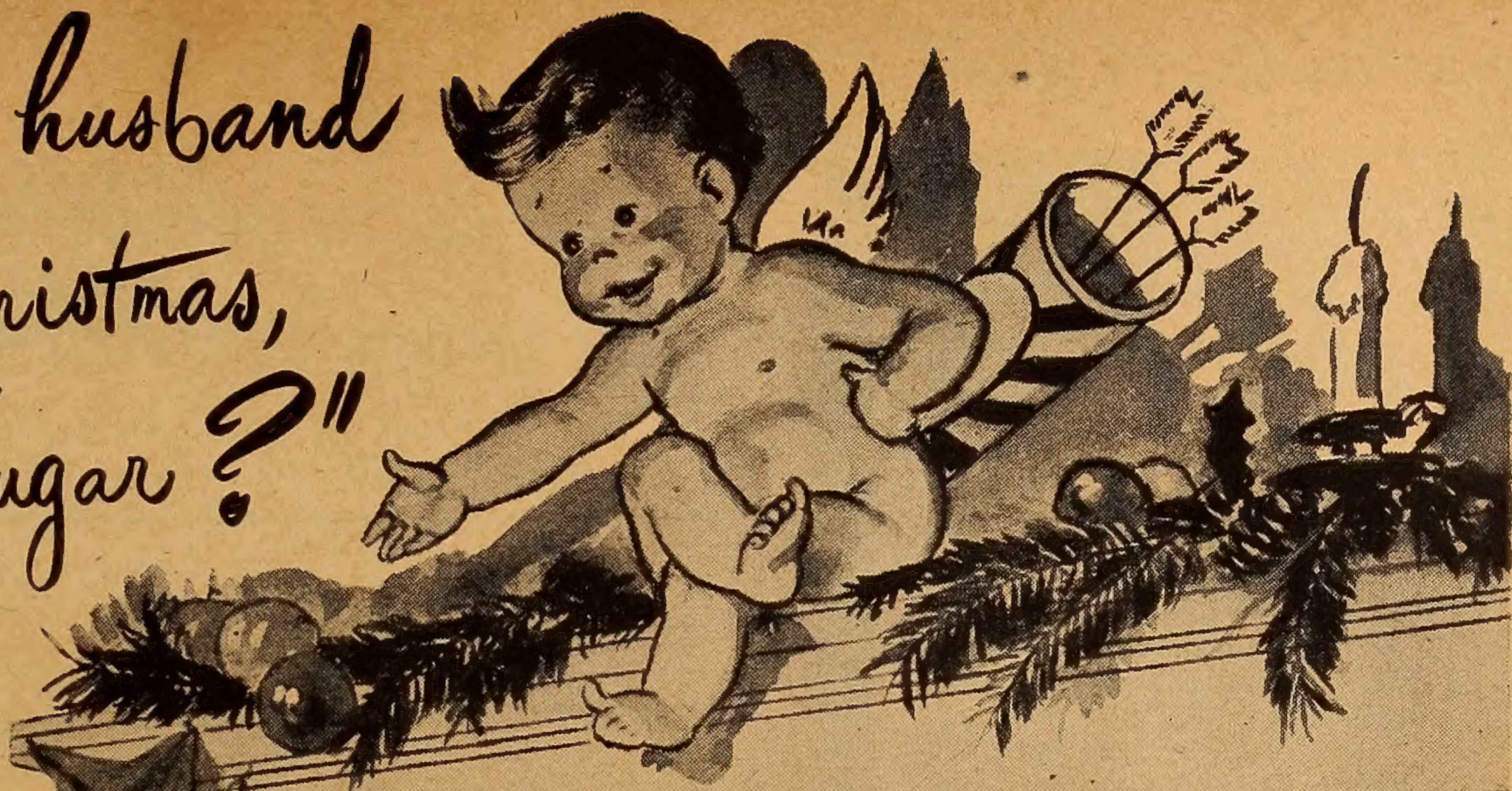
Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne and Talcum, in beautiful midnight blue containers. **\$1.85**



Triple Vanity for loose powder **\$5.00**
Evening in Paris Perfume . . . 60c to **\$10.00**
Perfume and Eau de Cologne **\$1.25**

(All prices plus tax)

"How about a husband
for Christmas,
Sugar?"



GIRL: Why *sure*, Pint Size—why, sure! And how about handing me the moon, a million dollars and a sparkling smile, while you're in the mood?

CUPID: Are *you* kidding?

GIRL: Aren't *you*?

CUPID: Listen, Pie, put a little sparkle in that smile of yours and you'll find the moon and a million and a man aren't so hard to get.

GIRL: *He* says! ... look, Cupid, I brush my teeth like anything, but some teeth just won't sparkle. Mine for instance.

CUPID: *Maybe*, Baby, *maybe*. Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: That's from gums, not teeth. And it's my teeth I'm after!

CUPID: Know more than a dentist, huh? Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*? Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Massage. Gums again. I said it was my *teeth*. Teeth, Cupid. Teeth!

CUPID: Ah, yes. But sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth ... *go to it*, Angel. And you'll be on your way to a smile with more sparkle than six Christmas trees!



never
ignore "pink
tooth brush"

For the Smile of Beauty
Ipana and
Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

Cover Girl



IF you're anxious to locate Mercedes McCambridge, it's easy: just look around New York City for a convertible station wagon with a brunette behind the wheel—who's obviously reciting a part! While she speeds she shouts in anger, murmurs in sorrow—and both hands gesture in tempo! That's Mercedes, all right. The same Mercedes you hear on Big Sister, Inner Sanctum, Grand Central Station and The Thin Man. Further statistics are that her curly brown hair is very short, her eyes are also brown, and she has an infectious grin . . . all of which explains why her "rehearse while you drive" ritual doesn't get her in terrible trouble with the New York police force.

You couldn't possibly find her except in her car or behind a microphone, because she has no home. She hasn't had a home for two years now, thanks to the housing shortage. For one year she lived (with her five year old son John) in the New York house of her friends Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wana-maker. But they finally sold their house, thus sending Mercedes scurrying into Connecticut to co-rent a house with radio actress Elspeth Erick. This haven only lasted a few months, though. So now Mercedes and son John are hotel-hopping whenever they aren't hopping into friends' guest rooms. Mercedes' husband and John's father? Oh, *he* has a home—he's a writer, busily at work on a book . . . in Haiti!

Mercedes hails from Joliet, Illinois. She was born on St. Patrick's Day; ever since then holidays have had important meanings for her. One Christmas Day five years ago, for instance, she was in Hollywood and of course on a radio program. She was due to be a mother any minute, but nevertheless, dressed in a flapping maternity dress, she staunchly recited "Tiny Tim" before an audience of 700 people. Her friend Bing Crosby improved the shining hours by rushing around NBC taking bets on whether she'd have her baby on the Red or Blue Networks. But she outwitted him. She had John exactly four hours after she finished reciting "Tiny Tim," and she had him in the proper hospital atmosphere.

Since he was born on Christmas Day, she found him a cocker spaniel with the same history. Named "Noela," he's been part
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ON THE COVER—Mercedes McCambridge, radio actress. Color portrait by Martin Munkacsí; story on page 2. Miss McCambridge's hat by Walter Florell; furs by Harry Trencher, Madison Avenue, New York.

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Your Cold...the part germs play . . . and precautions against them

*Can you avoid catching cold?
And if you do catch one is it
possible to reduce its severity?
Oftentimes—YES.*

IT IS now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of

the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



"Secondary Invaders" which cause much of the misery of a cold



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

Gargle with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, gets a young member of his family off to an early musical start.



Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



On Sophie Tucker, her newest blouse, one that was designed and named especially for her.



It's Saturday nights at 10:00 P.M. EST, on NBC network stations, for Judy Canova's show.

BABE IN ARMS

THE veteran producer of the popular kiddies' show on WCAU, Philadelphia was as jumpy as an amateur. The big studio was filled with the usual mob of moppets done up in their Sunday bests and squirmed by anxious, anguished parents.

"What's the matter with you, Stan?" the engineer asked. "You would think it was your first kid show instead of your thousandth."

Stan smiled nervously, wagged a finger at the waiting announcer and the show went on the air. For almost an hour kids of assorted sizes and colors gave out as only precocious prodigies do. Then a freckle-faced, skinny kid with dark brown, close-cropped hair and deep brown eyes, sat down at the piano. He winked confidently at the producer and started to play. He played beautifully, improvising the melody with the authority of a true professional. He was easily the standout of the long show.

When the final chord melted into the microphone, the announcer had difficulty speaking over the thunderous applause. "Thank you, Elliot Lawrence," he said quickly, and breathlessly plunged into the final commercial announcement.

The producer grinned broadly, wiped his wet face with a damp handkerchief and then spoke to the open-mouthed engineer.

"Jack, you were right. I was nervous. You see, I had a right to be. That kid pianist is my son."

Stanley Lee Broza is still directing kiddie shows on WCAU, still discovering young talent like the Nicholas Brothers, the sensational Negro dancers, and Ezra Stone, "Henry Aldrich" to you. But despite the multiple talent discoveries he has made, his proudest alumnus is his own son.

For today, 21-year-old Elliot Lawrence and his band are on the road to dance band fame all in the short space of two years. Just recently the entertainment trade magazine, *Billboard*, in a poll of experts, counted Elliot's young group of musicians the third most popular band to come up since the war. They clicked in their first big league engagement, New York's Hotel Pennsylvania, spun a pair of best selling Columbia records, and have behind them a string of successful one-night stands and college dances.

This meteoric climb from the knee pants era in his native Philadelphia hasn't gotten Elliot off the beam.

"We're going after the college crowd, the kind of hep kids that want something different in dance music. It's the same appeal that helped start Glenn Miller," he told me one night between sets.

Lawrence mixes his music adroitly, playing mostly sweet stuff, broken by jump numbers.

"I think the fellows who have been away want to dance with their girls and put their arms around them tightly.

Are you in the know?



Which plaid should "chubby" pick?

- ☐ A kingsize design
- ☐ A petite pattern
- ☐ Neither

Even if you're a plumpish pigeon, *you, too*, can wear plaids. But whether jumbo or tiny patterns intrigue you—pick neither: A medium-size plaid is your best bet. And speaking of sizes, here's a thought for certain times: Only Kotex has 3 sizes, for different women, different days—Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. So you can choose the size that's best for *you*. What's more, every Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—to help you stay dainty.



For lip-appeal *plus*, should you—

- ☐ Wear a sultry shade
- ☐ Use a lip brush
- ☐ Revise the shape of your mouth

If you'd have lush-looking lips—know your pucker-paint technique. Choose a true red: on you it looks better than sultry, tiger-woman shades. And don't try to re-shape your mouth! Carefully following its contour with a lip brush can give you lip-appeal *plus*; added self-assurance. Extra poise on problem days means—Kotex. Because, for extra *protection*, Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* to keep you super-confident!



Should you agree to meet your "squire"?

- ☐ If it's more practical
- ☐ To show you're not stuffy
- ☐ Nay, nay, never!

That squire's a square who doesn't call for his gal! *Unless* there's a good reason. For instance, on a theatre date—if you live miles out and he works late, it's more practical to meet. For meeting "your public" on trying days, it's practical to choose Kotex. Because the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from tell-tale outline cares. You get that high octane kind of confidence with Kotex!

When a blind date's disappointing, would you—

- ☐ Back out gracefully
- ☐ Make like a martyr
- ☐ Grin and bear it

Your blind date's gruesome? Grin and bear it! Even stupor-man has feelings. Besides, he probably has friends . . . dream-beam material you'll get to know, in time. So stay in the picture; whether it's dancing, bowling or whatever. And on calendar days let Kotex keep you comfortable, with out-of-this-world softness that *lasts* because Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. Yes, with Kotex you can keep smiling!



*More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



GIRLS! Want quick curls?

EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANO-LIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! Watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET



Write for booklet "ADOLA SECRET" — how to choose your bra and name of nearest dealer.
ADOLA • 31 W. 27 St. • N. Y. C.

They don't want to be disturbed by hot music."

One of the basic things that has made Elliot's music different is the quite revolutionary introduction of symphony instruments into a dance orchestra.

Among the familiar saxophones and trumpets are French horns, English horns, bassoons, and oboes, blown by apple-cheeked youngsters. All this is paced by Elliot's own distinctive piano improvisations.

Unlike other bands, affected by turn-overs of disgruntled musicians, Elliot has the six-man nucleus that started out of high school with him. His violinist, pert Rosalind Patton, started singing with Elliot when she was nine. She replaced another pigtail canary now a star in her right, Kitty Kallen.

Amazingly energetic and resourceful, Elliot has formed his own publishing firm, concentrating on originals by young, ambitious composer-arrangers.

"I know how tough it is for young composers and arrangers to get recognition from well-established music publishers. I tried myself," he explains.

Elliot was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania under the wartime speed-up two-and-a-half-year course. He won many scholastic honors but his biggest thrill was being invited to come back to his alma mater to play for the big interfraternity dance.

Unlike the more established maestros Elliot doesn't groan under a full schedule of one night stands.

"Sure it's rough," he admitted, "but how else can you come face to face with your fans and know what they want of you?"

Elliot first sat down at the piano at the age of four. A year later he was taking lessons. When he was eight he had infantile paralysis and was physically unable to resume his piano study for two years. He overcame the disease and then studied under Erno Balogh, concentrating on harmonies. At high school he organized his first band, calling it The Bandbusters; they got odd jobs around the Quaker City, earning the munificent sum of \$1.50 a man. It was at the University that Elliot really

hit his musical stride, writing college football songs, getting his band to play at student and graduate affairs.

Upon graduation his father helped him get the musical directorship of WCAU and when the band was given some full CBS network broadcasts, radio, recording, and music executives in New York and Hollywood took notice.

Elliot's younger brother, Stan, acts as personal manager, with their father playing the happy role of Counselor Emeritus.

Elliot's too busy to talk about romance.

"It's a thing that would interfere with my plans right now."

If all this wasn't enough to make Elliot a full-fledged personality, there will be additional acclaim when this winter Eugene Ormandy and the distinguished Philadelphia Orchestra introduce his Suite For Animals at a children's concert. About that work, Elliot is shrewdly reticent, thus:

"I don't want the dance fans to think I've gone longhair."

All radio row is still talking about Bing Crosby's spectacular transcribed broadcasting series, which, if successful, might have carloads of copycats next season, threatening the entire structure of network "live" broadcasting. The entire industry is following every move of The Groaner. Meanwhile, Bing revealed himself once again as a gracious guy and good sport. He refused to spot his recorded shots opposite his friendly rival, Frank Sinatra.

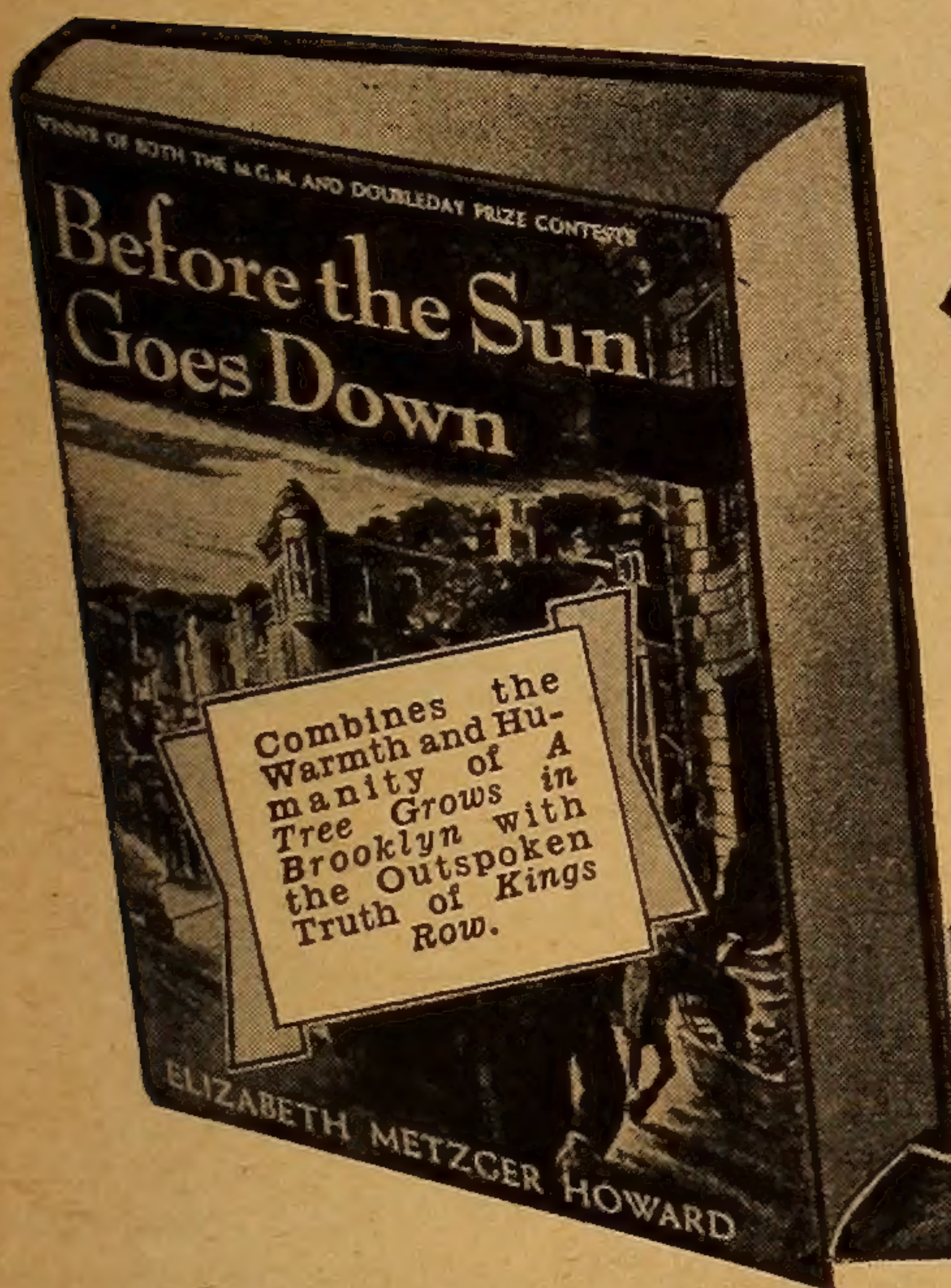
Speaking of Frankie, he is gaining stature every day and he is a far cry from the skinny singer of the swoon days. Recently in Hollywood he m.c.'d a very important political rally in Hollywood Bowl and held the vast audience spellbound with a stirring rendition of the difficult "Soliloquy" from the Broadway hit, "Carousel." A year ago Frankie wouldn't have dared to tackle the song in his own living room, let alone in the vast Bowl.

Frankie still has his whims, however. He likes to get certain personal things



Andre Baruch and Bea Wain (who is Mrs. Baruch) share a gay table with Singer and Mrs. Andy Russell (on the right) and their host Mark Warnow, at a party given recently by the conductor of CBS's Sound Off program.

BY SIMPLY MAILING THE COUPON BELOW, YOU BECOME A MEMBER OF THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB. AT ONCE, YOU WILL GET



Free

the year's \$145,000 prize winning novel

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

by Elizabeth Metzger Howard

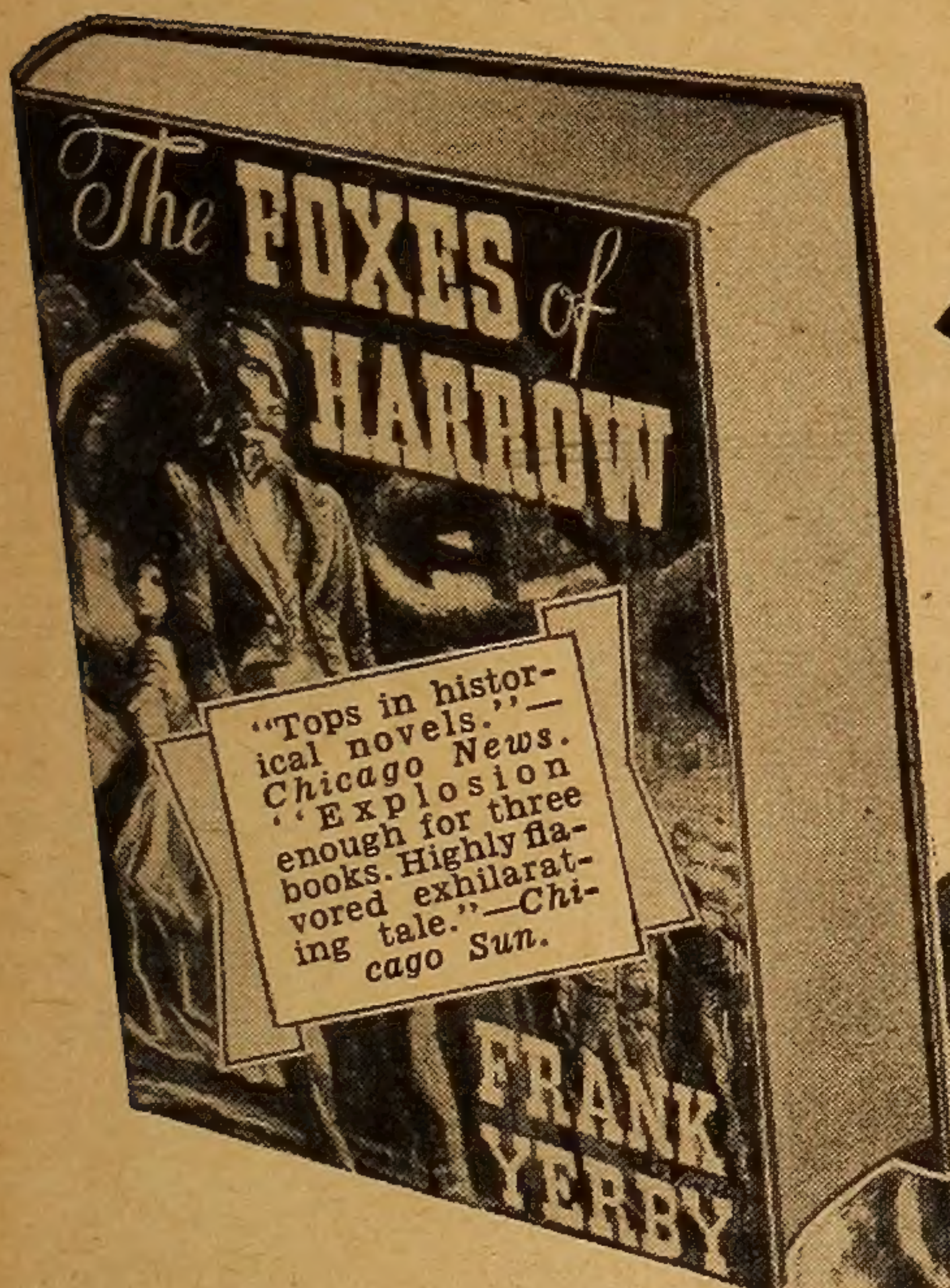
He Knew the Whole Town's Secrets—Yet Hid a Burning Secret of His Own!



DOCTOR DAN FIELD knew everything that went on in Willowspring—the scandals and the love affairs, the hopes and sordid regrets. He served the town's royalty as well as the people across the tracks in Mudtown—and he knew that their offspring had a way of getting together to learn the facts of life first-hand. But no one knew that in Dan's lonely house—in the bedroom where no woman had

ever slept—he kept a huge, white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man!

This is the novel that tears the veils from small-town life, spotlighting the hidden fears and passions behind each family's door. And this important book of the year, which has won both the M-G-M award of \$125,000 and the publisher's \$20,000 prize, is yours absolutely free when you join the Dollar Book Club!



and

..as your first selection for \$1..this best-selling novel of creole passion

THE FOXES OF HARROW

by Frank Yerby

In the "Wickedest City" in the World, He Built an Empire Out of Gunplay and Women's Eager Hearts!



FROM disgrace and the gutter Stephen Fox rose to conquer the "wickedest city" in the world—the bawdy New Orleans of 1825. For Stephen Fox loved danger and intrigue, and women loved Stephen Fox. There was Desiree, the exotic quadroon who bore his son; Odalie, the wife who prayed to see him dead; and Aurore, who offered him a love which he spurned at first—then braved disgrace and ruin to

get back! This is a gripping, million-copy best-seller, soon to be a spectacular movie. The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* says, "Here are love and lusts and greeds, quadroom balls, voodoo, pistols at dawn. Fresh and fascinating." It is the book which the American reading public kept on best-seller lists for months—and it comes to you for only \$1 as your first regular selection from the Dollar Book Club!

and—these Club privileges are yours!

THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB is the *only* book club that brings you newly printed, current books by outstanding authors for only \$1.00 each. This represents a saving to you of 50 to 75 per cent from the established retail price. Every Dollar Book Club selection is a handsome, full-sized library edition, well-printed and bound in a format exclusively for members. You are privileged to purchase as many Club books as you wish at the special price of \$1.00 each.

Although one outstanding book is chosen each month for exclusive distribution to members at \$1.00 each, you do not have to accept a book every month; only the purchase of six a year is necessary. In fact, for convenience, most members prefer to have shipped and pay for books every other month.

The Economical, Systematic Way to Build a Library of Good Books

Dollar Book Club selections are from the best modern books, submitted by the leading publishers.

Outstanding new best-sellers by such popular authors as Mary Roberts Rinehart, Louis Bromfield, W. Somerset Maugham and Kenneth Roberts have been received by members at \$1.00 each, while the public was paying from \$2.50 to \$3.00 for the publisher's edition at retail. 600,000 discriminating readers are enthusiastic supporters of the Dollar Book Club. This huge membership enables the Club to offer book values unequaled by any other method of book buying.

Start Enjoying Membership Now

Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will be sent a **FREE** copy of "Before the Sun Goes Down." You will also receive as your first selection for \$1.00 "The Foxes of Harrow"—a double package of reading enjoyment—a generous taste of the pleasures to come!

Every other month you will receive the descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. The *Bulletin* describes the forthcoming two months' book selections and reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publisher's edition selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. If, after reading *The Bulletin*, you do not wish to purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the books will not be sent you. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each. There are no dues or membership fees at any time.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

When you see "Before the Sun Goes Down" and "The Foxes of Harrow," and consider that these books are typical of other values you will receive for only \$1.00, you will realize the great advantages of free membership in this popular Club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

Garden City, New York

MAIL THIS COUPON

"Before the Sun Goes Down" **FREE** | "The Foxes of Harrow" **FREE** | Your First \$1 Selection

**Doubleday One Dollar Book Club,
Dept. 12MFW, Garden City, N. Y.**

Please enroll me free as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once "Before the Sun Goes Down" as a gift. Also send me as my first selection for \$1.00 a copy of "The Foxes of Harrow."

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*, telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered for \$1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents handling and shipping cost.

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Mrs. _____
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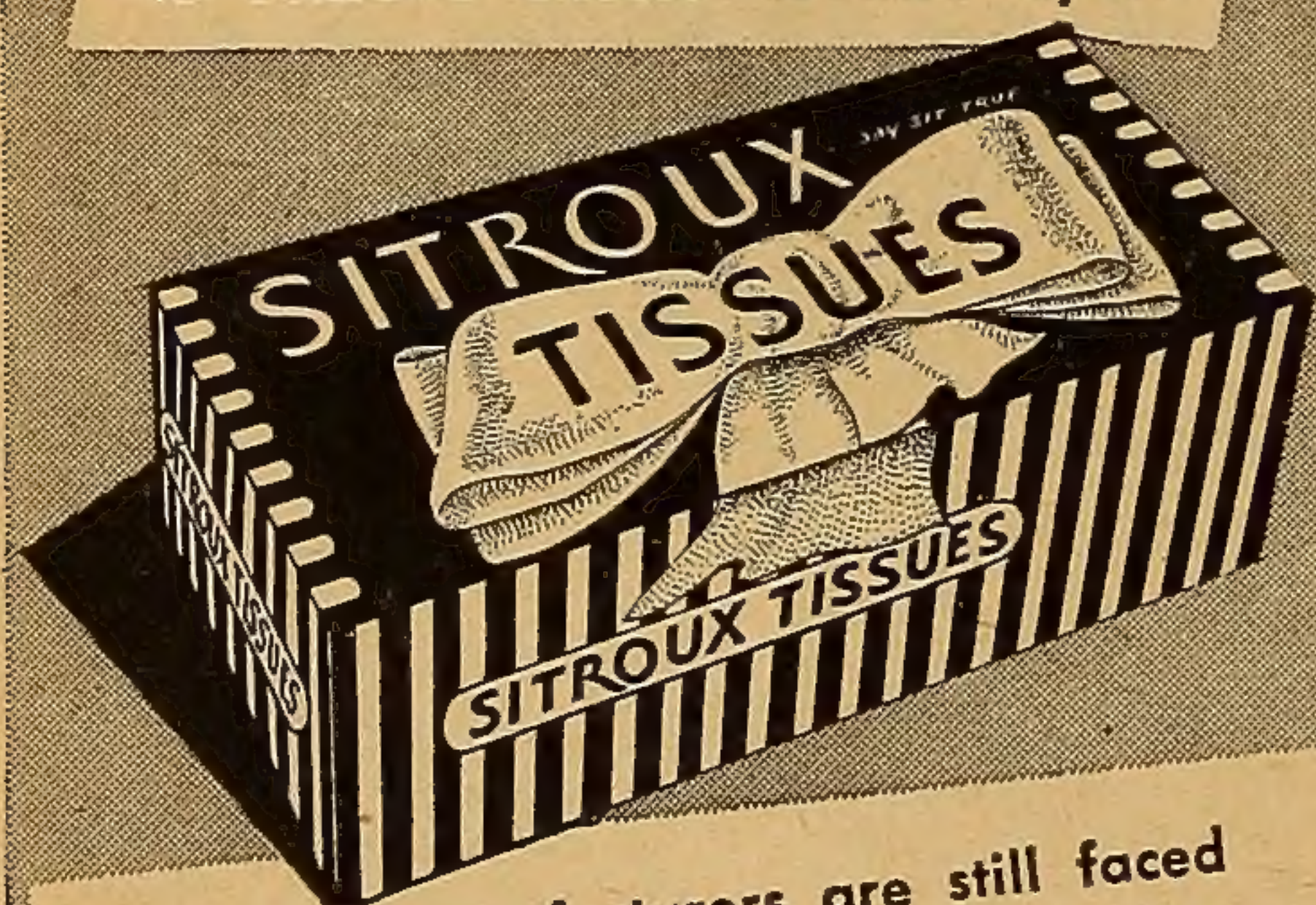
*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

TRICKS FOR A LASTING MAKE-UP!

After cleansing face and neck, pat on foundation cream or lotion. Smooth in, using upward and outward strokes. (Don't forget back of neck.) Remove excess cream or lotion with absorbent Sitroux Tissue.

Apply cream rouge in three small dots, one inch below eye. Blend out and up, clear to hairline—going no lower than the tip of nose. Keep rouge one inch away from nose. If you apply too much, tone down with a Sitroux Tissue.

With cotton pad, firmly press powder on face and neck. Reverse pad—brush off with downward strokes. Saturate clean pad with mild astringent—pat entire face. When almost dry, apply second coat of powder, lightly—brush off. Use quarter of a Sitroux Tissue* to remove excess around eyes.



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

done at odd hours. Recently his dentist was aroused from a deep sleep by a telephone call from his singing patient. Frankie wanted to drop over to the dental office for a few cavity-fills. It was 2 A.M. The dentist politely refused, set an appointment for a more normal hour.

Bing Crosby is not only a rabid baseball fan—he recently became a part-owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates—and a regular box patron at the Hollywood ballpark, but when at the games, tries out new tunes for his own amusement. Fans hear him singing to himself; later on the melody is publicly sung by Bing on his air shows.

Ginny Simms' new baby David is a real buster. He weighed in at birth at a plump nine pounds. All the infant clothes Ginny purchased before his birth had to be returned for special custom-made sizes.

Leonard Sues was suddenly replaced on the Eddie Cantor show by the veteran Cookie Fairchild. The young trumpeter is now toying with the idea of touring with the dance band he organized so successfully for a recent engagement at Ciro's in Hollywood.

How would you like to hear Mickey Rooney on the air regularly? Those who can swing it are moving heaven on earth to make it effective before the year is out.

Joan Davis may record an album of her famed parody songs including the now famous "Tisn't Rain" take-off of "Let It Snow."

MCA, the world's largest booking agency for dance bands, is reported to be furious with one of its biggest money-makers, Harry James. Harry has turned down many lucrative theater and ballroom offers MCA lined up for him. The James boy prefers to remain in Hollywood with his beloved Betty. Can't blame him for that.

Freddy Martin was on vacation in Mexico recently and brought back a number of South of the Border tunes that he plans to stylize for American dance tempos.

Percy Faith, for many years brilliant



At New York's Copacabana, Frank Sinatra and Phil Silvers paid tribute to the late comedian Rags Ragland.

musical director of NBC's Contented Hour, has given up the assignment, preferring to remain on the West Coast and concentrate on movie work.

Larry Adler, the harmonica virtuoso, is the proud papa of a baby daughter. Ditto for Donald O'Connor. Incidentally, Larry is trying to interest radio producers in his comedy talents. He's tired of being Little Jack Hohner.

Helen Ward, who used to sing so prettily with Benny Goodman's band, is now a production assistant at radio station WHN, New York, where curiously enough, her ex-husband, Ted Herbert, is a sales official.

Unless there's last minute sponsor signature, the air waves this season will be without John Charles Thomas, Jean Tennyson, and Nelson Eddy, a severe setback for serious music lovers.

Guy Lombardo copped another motor boat speed record at the recent Gold Cup Regatta. Another Lombardo enterprise, commuter planes for the Long Island polo set, is doing right well.



The brilliant piano of twenty-one-year-old Elliot Lawrence sets a lively pace for his orchestra, a growing favorite in the dance band field.

Florence Wightman, solo harpist at the Metropolitan Opera and ditto on several radio shows, ought to give up her harping and hire out as a "show barometer." She might as well start making money at it, because she serves in that capacity, willy-nilly, on the "Hour of Mystery" program.

Ken Webb, the director of the show, watches Miss Wightman's face all through rehearsals. He says that her facial expressions, which change in reaction to the script from moment to moment and action to action, are a perfect gauge of the way the audience will react. If she is amused during comedy scenes, the show is on the beam. If she becomes enraptured by dramatic scenes, Webb knows the script is foolproof. Webb means it, too. When Miss Wightman's reactions aren't what they should be, the script gets a thorough revise.

* * *

Lovely Patti Clayton and her producer-director husband are busy these days putting the finishing touches to Patti's dream house—a rambling stone place complete with water wheel and just fifty miles from New York. Patti has a flair for decorating and she's been doing the whole place herself, with husband Ace Ochs.

NEW RECORDS

Ken Alden's Favorites for the month:

DINAH SHORE: "You Keep Coming Back Like A Song" by Irvin Berlin is a number that might reach hit proportions and Dinah gives it insurance, pairing it with "It's Gonna Depend on the Way That The Wind Blows." (Columbia)

TEX BENEKE-GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA: A dance-tingling grooving of "The Woodchuck Song" and the French importation "Passe." (Victor)

LOUIS PRIMA: A new treatment of two oldies, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and "You Call It Madness." (Majestic)

COUNT BASIE: Solid sending with "The King" and "Blue Skies." (Columbia)

MEMORY WALTZ ALBUM: Exquisitely performed album (Capitol) of memorable waltzes, including "Three O'Clock In The Morning," "Wonderful One" and "One Night of Love" with Frank De Vol's orchestra.

CLAUDE THORNHILL: Distinctive dance tempos accentuating lovely melodies found in "Under the Willow Tree" and "Twilight Song." Good vocals by Buddy Hughes.

BOBBY SHERWOOD: Serious rug-cutting in "Sherwood Forest" and "Least That's My Opinion." (Capitol)

FRANK SINATRA: The Voice scores with "The Coffee Song" and "Things We Did Last Summer." (Columbia)

BETTY HUTTON: Gets in the groove with "Walking Away With My Heart" and "What Did You Put In That Kiss?" (Victor)

LOUANNE HOGAN: A new and capable canary sings a lovely song that should get belated attention. It's called "Autumn in New York." On the reverse is Kern's familiar "Look For The Silver Lining." (Musicraft)

"And jewels of fabled Samarkand
are drab beside her *Moon-white
Hand*"



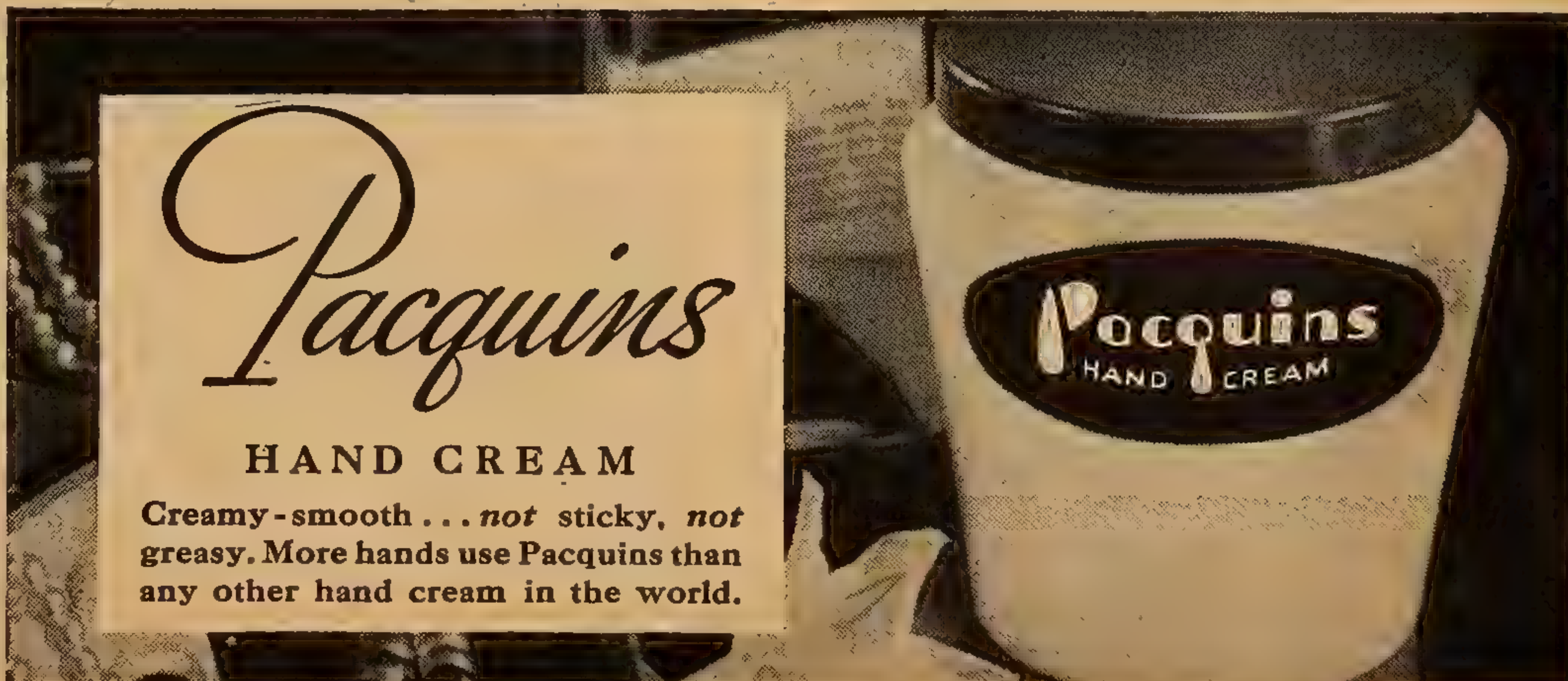
"Moon-white" hands that do a baby's daily wash? Of course!

If you think that washing clothes *must* mean red, rough, flaky-dry hands...you're just not in the know! Snowy, fragrant Pacquins Hand Cream helps make that "housework" look disappear from your hands... in its place there's a softer, smoother look.



Doctors and Nurses were first users of Pacquins

Doctors and nurses scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. So, naturally, they need *extra rich* lubrication to help overcome the drying effects of soapy-water scrubbings. Pacquins was made just to answer that need. Super-rich...it quickly helps overcome the drying effects of hard work and rough weather.



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

Pin-up Girl



It's as easy as fluttering your lashes, thanks to DeLong Bob Pins.

Just dampen your ends and roll into flat curls, fastening each one snugly with a DeLong Bob Pin. These dreamy Bob Pins make the task quick and easy—and their Stronger Grip keeps them from slipping out. Besides, DeLong Bob Pins are so comfy they won't disturb your beauty sleep.

When your hair is dry and brushed out it's as flattering as a halo and you look like a photographer's delight.

Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out

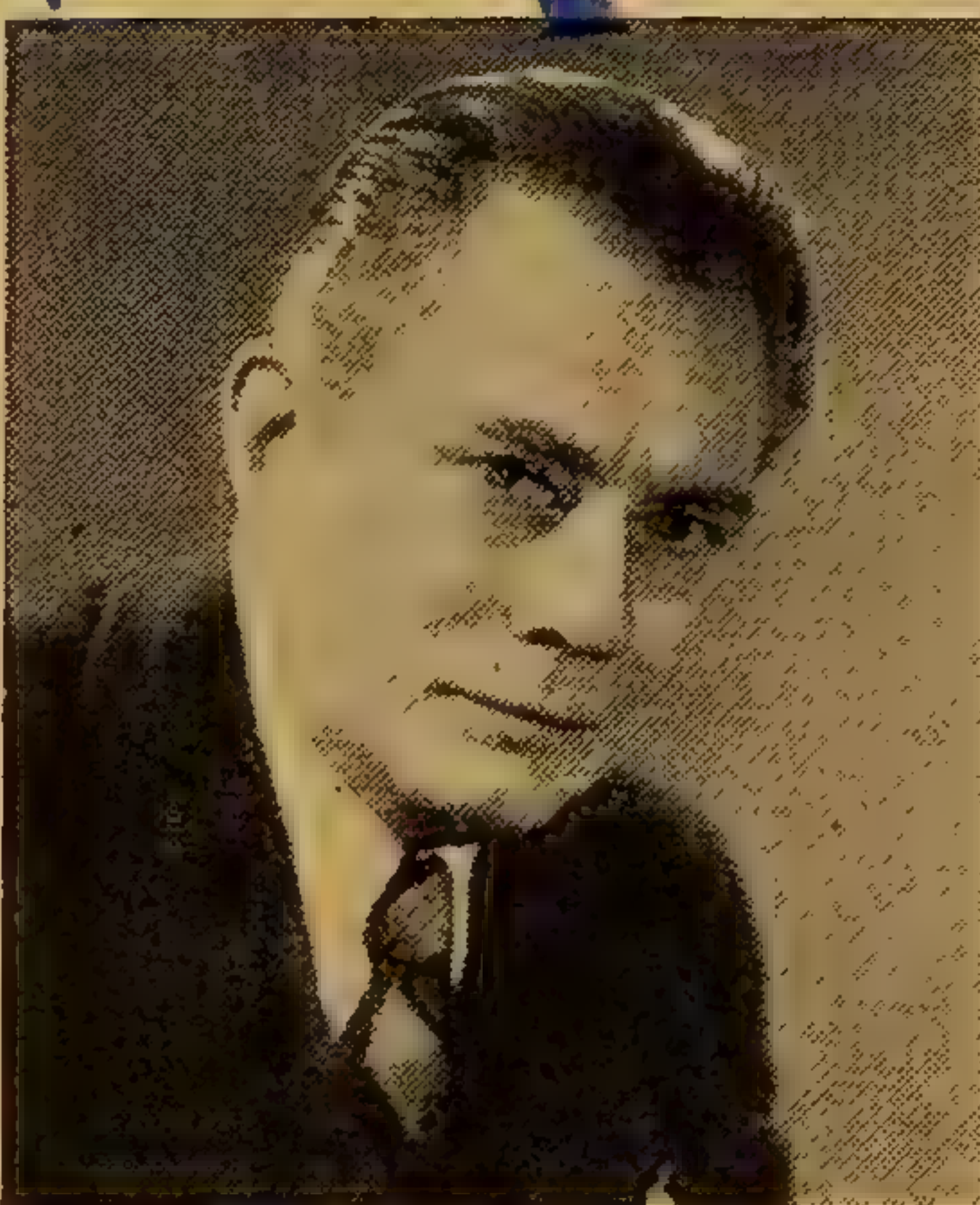
R
M
Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



Harold Peary renders a love song for co-members of The Great Gildersleeve cast: Shirley Mitchell and Louise Erickson.



Eloise Kummer is one of the leading lights of NBC's daily Guiding Light.



Rapporteur Milton Bacon tells American folk tales on CBS's Time to Remember

★
What's
New

★
FROM

★
THE Merry Season is upon us once more—and may it be merry for one and all. If it were possible for us to play Santa Claus to the world, we have in mind a few very special gifts that it would give us great pleasure to distribute. The gift of Freedom—that gift, for all men, everywhere, to be free to live according to their own lights, free of the fear of war, free of the fear of want, free of confusion and misunderstanding, free of distrust of one another's strangeness and differences. The gift of happiness and fulfillment—that gift to bring the gleam of pleasure and satisfaction in work well done, in rest well earned, into the eyes and faces of men and women in all the world. The gift of pride—that gift to make men walk erect and secure, proud of what they have achieved and prouder still of the future they will achieve. The gift of children—that gift of whole new generations who will grow straight and strong and sure of themselves, with laughter on their lips, untouched by insecurity, poverty, and with minds open to the whole of knowledge to be used and harnessed for their own future and the world's.

So our Christmas wish to you all is this—that in the midst of your merriment, in some quiet moment during your celebrations, perhaps you could think for a very brief time of the needs of your world and the world you want to build for those kids scrambling through the rustling, torn gift wrappings under the Christmas tree—and that you ask yourself whether there isn't something more you can do to ensure that kind of a world.

Then, surely, it would come about that soon there will be "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will" . . .

★
If you've left some Christmas shopping until the last minute, there are some sure fire bets in recordings. Kenny Delmar—better known to you, perhaps, as Senator Claghorn—has waxed some

★
BY DALE BANKS

COAST TO COAST

records for kids . . . Ditto Alec Templeton with some priceless waxings of Christmas Carols in an album which should delight the heart of everyone over five years of age.

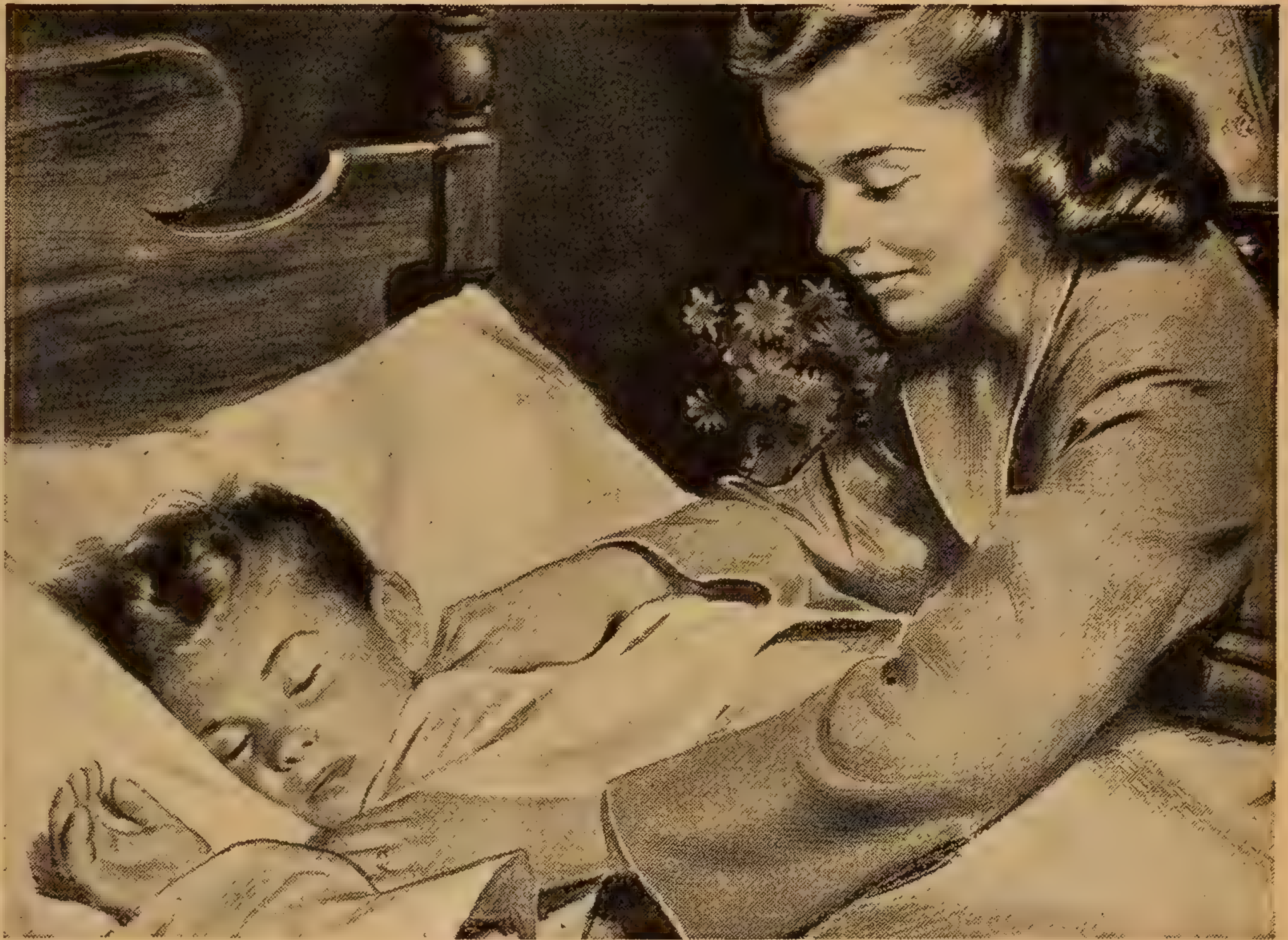
Only one more holiday-time item—this one to do with Beatrice Kay, whose mind is running out of ideas for keeping her husband busy—away from their home in the country at certain hours. Miss Kay's husband is a camera fiend and her surprise Christmas present for him is a specially designed darkroom, which she is having built into the house. For months, Beatrice's efforts to keep her husband out of the room that's being converted and away from home while the workmen have been there, have taken the ingenuity and wit to have kept three hair raising serials running on the radio.

A sad, sad story. Lloyd Shaffer was almost, but not quite, signed to direct the music for another series besides the Supper Club programs. The sponsor liked what Shaffer does with music—But—the sponsor had to turn him down because it was a beer company and it didn't seem a hot idea for said company to hire a man whose name is the same as that of a rival beer company.

Remember a while back we wrote an item about radio actors being worried about their future earnings because of the large number of audience participation shows that were replacing big production programs? Well, back in those days, radio actors always had television to fall back on, provided they were photogenic. Now the audience participation fever is taking hold in the television field, too. After the success of Stop the Clock, a video quiz show, the television boys are coming up with more and brighter ideas.

The devotion of fans is always a thing to marvel at. Lionel Barrymore, thanks

If Your Little One Has A Cold—



Tonight Relieve His Distress This Way—*As He Sleeps!*

It's easy to understand why most young mothers depend on this modern way to relieve distress of children's colds. It's so easy . . . and it brings such wonderful relief. What you do is rub warming, comforting Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Its 2-way relief-bringing action (shown below) starts to work *instantly* . . .



PENETRATES
into upper bronchial tubes with special medicinal vapors.



STIMULATES
chest and back surfaces like a good, warming poultice.

This wonderful, special penetrating-stimulating action (brought to you only by Vicks VapoRub) quickly relieves discomforts and invites restful sleep.

WORKS DURING THE NIGHT

For hours the special penetrating-stimulating action of VapoRub keeps on working during the night to relieve coughing spasms, ease muscular soreness and tightness and bring grand relief. Try it yourself the next time a cold strikes.



**Used by 88 out of 100
Rochester Mothers**

In a special door-to-door survey in Rochester, N. Y. — a typical American city — 88 out of every 100 young mothers called on said they use Vicks VapoRub when a cold strikes in their family. So profit from their experience—get VapoRub today and rub it on at bedtime when your child catches cold. Just be sure you get the one and only Vicks VapoRub.

Best-Known Home Remedy
You Can Use To Relieve Distress of Colds. For Children or Adults

BLONDES!

**Don't let
time darken
your hair!**

• Why envy the girls in your crowd who have been able to keep their youthful bloneness when it's so easy now to lighten and brighten time-darkened hair with the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Then those admiring glances, attracted by glamorously golden hair, can be yours too.

Whether you are a blonde, brunette, or red-head, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash enables you to obtain the exact degree of lightness you desire. Perfected by experts in hair care, the improved Golden Hair Wash is not a dye and is complete in itself for use at home. Remember, no matter what shade your hair is now—even if it is dull or streaked—you can make it as gloriously blonde as you like.

P. S. The new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is ideal, too, for lightening unsightly arm and leg hair.





Lovelier Nails with
TUFFENAIL

Enhance and glorify the natural beauty of lovely nails...
Hollywood's own daily nail-care with easy-to-use applicator. Nails stay lovelier longer... with TUFFENAIL.

25¢

AT ALL 5 AND 10c STORE COSMETIC COUNTERS

Genuine Diamond SOLITAIRE RING By Simmons SOLID GOLD MOUNTING EXCEPTIONAL VALUE!



Here's a darling ring any girl would be proud to wear. It's a full cut diamond set in 10 Kt. yellow gold and sells for the unbelievably low price of \$4.98. (Ring is stamped 10 Kt.). Send no money. Pay postman \$4.98 plus postage. If you send \$5, cash or money order, we pay all postal charges.

FREE GIFT

It saves us considerable time and trouble to mail cash orders. If you send \$5 cash or money order we will show our appreciation by including with your order a Surprise Jewelry Gift FREE.

SIMMONS CO. (Home of Fine Jewelry)
30 Church Street, Dept. D-83, New York 7, N. Y.



Membership drive of the Camp Fire Girls is launched by a songfest, led by an old member of the group—Patrice Munsel, who sings regularly on CBS, Sundays at 5 P.M. EST.

to said kind of devotion, is now the possessor of a practically priceless photograph. It is a carefully preserved snapshot taken around the year 1886—a still-clear picture of the great composer, Johannes Brahms, looking out of the window of the room in which he composed his greatest music. The snapshot came from a fan who knows of Barrymore's own deep interest in composing.

Those Mr.-and-Mrs.-at-Breakfast shows have come in for a lot of razzing, but now there's a real beef going the rounds of Radio Row. Seems many of the top Hooper rating programs that pay huge sums for guest stars are definitely irked because these morning Mr. and Mrs. teams manage to headline star attractions without paying for the appearances.

It's a joke, son. We've been invited by some smarties among New York's radiolites to join a very exclusive and very social club. So far, we haven't been able to make the eligibility test—the dues are: One Ulcer.

Maurice Copeland, popular Chicago radio actor, writes us that he's received a fan letter that's probably covered more territory getting to him than any other letter ever has. It was from a fan on the island of Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands. The letter was postmarked Maui, then Oahu, Brisbane, Australia, then Oahu again and finally Chicago. It took four months to arrive. Apparently the letter got on the wrong boat, went to Australia and had to return to Oahu before starting over on the right track again. Copeland hopes the letter and picture he sent in return will go more directly.

This is a plug and we're not ashamed to admit it. The House of Mystery is again earning well deserved praise from educators and parents and from this department. It's a show for kids, but its aim is to demonstrate that ghosts, witches and other unearthly phenomena are actually non-existent,

that belief in such things results from a lack of knowledge and understanding of certain natural causes. The program combats superstition and fear and does it in a remarkably adult, sane, and yet extremely thrilling and dramatic fashion. We recommend it highly—Sunday, MBS, 4 P.M., EST.

Everyone learns a different way. Paul Marion, who specializes in dialects on the radio, is an ardent fan of the movie newsreels. The information he gets there is only incidental—his main object in going to the newsreel theaters is to improve his dialects. Recently, Marion was able to switch on a perfectly authentic Philippine dialect and he says he learned it by listening to a newsreel speech made by General Romulo until he had it down pat.

You know about Grauman's Theater in Hollywood. You just aren't anybody in the movie colony until your hand prints, or footprints are encased in the cement before the theater. Here's a switch on that. Robert Merrill, that handsome singing character who always wanted to sing like Bing Crosby, but his mother wouldn't let him, had us out to his Long Island home recently. He took us outside to show us his own version of the Grauman Theater gag. Seems a couple of months ago the streets were repaved in his neighborhood. The morning after Merrill's front sidewalk was paved, Bob went outside and discovered what he showed us—a big heart, obviously scratched into the not-dry concrete, in which were placed his initials and those of T. G. and F. C. And Bob thought that by moving out to Long Island he could escape his bobby sox fans!

Met Jackie Kelk the other day and he told us this cute tale. A couple of months ago, he and the other members of the cast of The Aldrich Family, were asked by our own RADIO MIRROR to go out and pose for a series of pictures to be used in a picture story. Usually, actors hate this kind of thing. They take a lot of time and trouble,

What's
New

FROM COAST TO COAST

what with make-up to worry about, and locations to find. But the cast of The Aldrich Family enjoyed every minute of it.

The kicker on the picture piece was that Homer (Jackie Kelk) and Henry (Ezra Stone) had to pay for their "sins" in the story by making like bellhops in a hotel to work off a huge bill they'd run up. Jackie and Ezra borrowed the uniforms from bellhops in one of New York's better-known hotels and hied themselves down to the lobby to have their pictures taken in action.

And of course you know what happened. Of course, there had to be a real customer in a hurry who wasn't taking any sass from a bellhop. Of course, he had to pick on Jackie Kelk to carry his suitcases out of the lobby to a taxicab. Of course, Jackie fell into the spirit of it and earned himself a nice fat tip. And, of course, Jackie kept the tip.

Phil Baker still hasn't got over the fast thinking of contestant Sgt. Bruce Shaw. Shaw was so fast on the answers that Phil Baker couldn't bear to stop when he got to the \$64 question.

The Sarge picked the category that required him to name the baseball

team after Baker had given the name of the pitcher and catcher. The sergeant snapped out the answers steadily, before Baker could even pronounce the second name. Phil was so astounded that he offered to double the \$64, if the sergeant gave the right answer to the next question. He did. That made \$128. Still incredulous at the contestant's speed and accuracy, Baker offered to double the \$128 and pulled a nifty, hard one out of the hat. That's right, Sgt. Shaw got that one, too, and walked out of the studio richer by \$256. So—maybe it pays not to be ignorant.

We've always suspected that a very great many people nursed secret desires to perform on the radio—but we never had much idea just how many. Even now, we probably haven't scratched the surface of probability. But we have one figure. Bessie Mack, who handles auditions for the Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts program, says that close to 3,000 telephone calls alone are received from people interested in auditioning for the show. That's only telephone calls. There are more people who write in and a goodly number who hang around the studio and dog Arthur Godfrey's footsteps.

Songs sometimes get their names in peculiar ways. For instance—David Rose was burning the post-midnight electric to turn out an original tune for Holiday for Music. It was a last minute deal and a copyist stood by frantically to snatch it from Rose and have it copied in time for the show. Rose, finally, finished it with a hurried flourish—and then realized it had no title. He looked at his watch. It was 4:20 A.M. That became the title. Anyway, it's brief, and it's the kind of thing you're not likely to forget!

We hear that so many requests for pictures of the Old Dirt Dobber's garden poured in that the sponsors of the Garden Gate program are offering a 16-mm color film of the garden for showing by garden clubs and other civic groups. Titled "A Year in the Old Dirt Dobber's Garden," the movie shows seasonal changes of blooms, as well as the most advanced horticultural techniques developed by Tom Williams, the "Dobber." The film runs for 40 minutes. There are seven prints of the picture and those are booked solidly through January by more than 300 clubs. Probably more prints will be made, if the demand keeps up.

"How to handle teen-agers"

by **BING CROSBY**

starring in Paramount's new hit film **"BLUE SKIES"**
in technicolor



"Teensters are *positively* people! Remember, they have a lotta problems...mainly parents. When their jive talk gives you the heebie-jeebies, and their rootin'-tootin' clothes (*Look who's talking!*) make you despair for 'civilization'...better *bear up* and *shut up*. They'll get over it, even as you and I.

"Scratch most teen-agers and you'll find a solid citizen. And when they sound off with ideas for improving the world *we* made... well, maybe us parents could learn sumpin if we'd stop snooting the kids and listen."

Bing's tip to parents is one of a series presented by Fleer's to promote understanding among families, friends, nations.

Teen-agers and parents *both* agree Fleer's Gum is mighty fine gum. There's a trend to candy-coated... and Fleer's leads the trend. *Extra flavor. Delicious! Enjoy it today!*



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885



Yodora checks perspiration odor

the **SOOTHINGEST** way

It's New! Made with a face cream base.

It's Gentler! Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.

It's Effective! Gives lasting protection.

Won't Rot or Fade Fabrics. Better Fabrics Testing Bureau says so.

No Irritating Salts. Can use right after under-arm shaving.

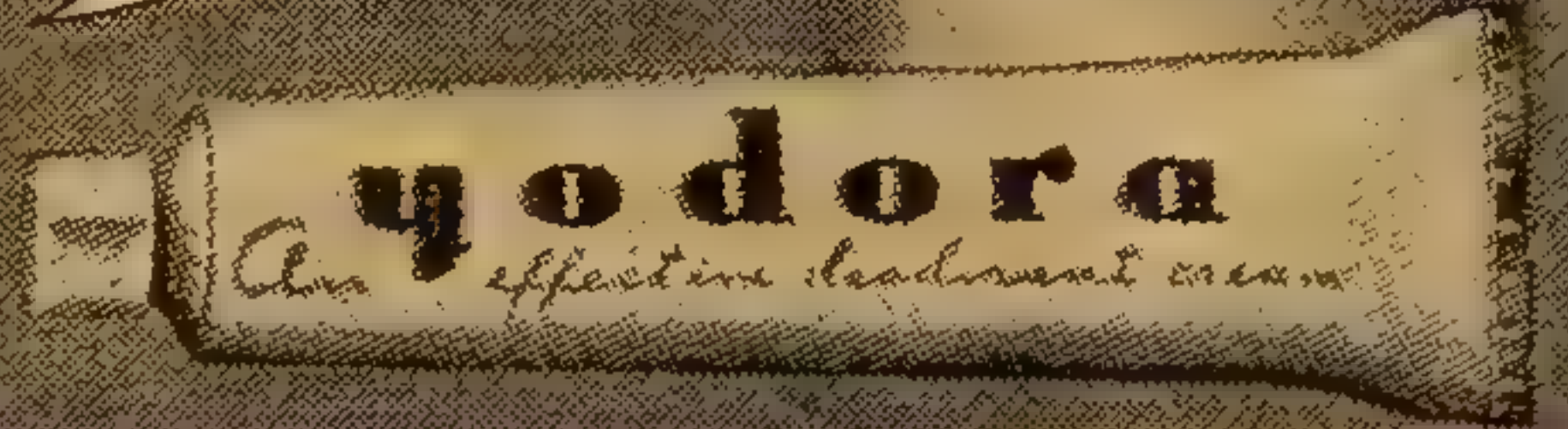
Stays Soft and Creamy. Never gets grainy in jar.

Economical. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢

You'll adore Yodora! Try it today!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

The GENTLER cream deodorant



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

**Sweep Easier
Faster**

Patented Combs
clean Brush
for Better, Easier
"PICK-UP"



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WAGNER

Kombi-
Kleaned
Sweeper

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

E R WAGNER MFG CO. DEPT MW, Milwaukee 9 Wis

HAVE A



Beautiful



RADIO MIRROR'S

TO make this Christmas the kind you had as a child—memorable, exciting, perfect—let's follow in the footsteps of Mrs. X, a purely imaginary lady who makes a fine art of Christmas. She is, of course, too good, too imaginative and charming to be true, but she makes the season so happy, so gay and wonderful for others that we can learn a lot from her.

Mrs. X, for instance, doesn't wait for those nagging little signs to goad her into thinking about Christmas. Long before she's warned there are only so many days left till Christmas, she has started her shopping at least on paper. She keeps a tiny notebook in which she jots down bright ideas for gifts which she gets throughout the year. All you have to do is mention casually you like a certain thing, or talk about your newest hobby and she makes notes. You then get something you really wanted and her shopping has been streamlined and easy.

To her feminine friends and relatives, Mrs. X loves to give cosmetics at Christmas for she knows lots of women won't buy themselves dusting powder, for example, but love to receive it as a gift. Among her favorite gifts-to-give are the lovely little kits the cosmetic counters display at Christmas-time such as eye make-up kits, little

sets of rouge, lipstick and powder, bathsets of luscious soap and dusting powder. And she buys them thoughtfully too—in shades that suit the person who will receive the gift or in odors she knows she'll like. Or sometimes she makes her own ensembles. Last year she gave a little cousin a miniature Christmas tree on which she'd tied all the fixings for a complete manicure. It was a gentle hint, because the child bit her fingernails—but she doesn't any more. Once she cooked up a gift for hair-doing, shampoo, tint, pins, comb, wave-set and hairnet and tied them in a pretty bandana. Another time she gave a friend a dram of perfume in a small bottle she'd found covered with dust in an antique shop.

Even the smallest gift that Mrs. X gives has a way of looking important. For her gifts are always wrapped beautifully. She loves colorful paper and unusual color schemes. One year she found some lovely gift paper with green pine branch and brown pine cone design. She used brown ribbon and tied real pine cones she found in the woods on top of each gift. Everyone says you can tell her gifts because they're so attractively wrapped and you'll notice it's hers everyone wants to open first. Granted she works hard

Christmas

Our story's heroine is
a mythical Mrs. X, but because
she's beautiful and
bright and ready for a wonderful
Christmas, why not Dinah
Shore, Columbia's song-star?

HOME and BEAUTY

at Christmas, but think of the satisfaction she gets!

Mrs. X sends many Christmas cards and notes on pretty holiday note paper for, beside her friends, she remembers a lot of people who don't expect to hear from her—an old teacher, school friends who have drifted away, people she hadn't seen in years. Her notes carry a great deal of warmth and friendliness which make Christmas what it should be. Sending cards only to those who will send her one is hardly in keeping with the spirit of Christmas.

As we said before, Mrs. X is no one person we know but if she were real she's the kind of Christmas angel who gives Christmas parties for poor little children, who collects toys, food, clothing for needy families. She would, if she were real, love singing Christmas carols with all her heart and soul and would probably be the ring-leader in organizing some carol singing parties to stroll around your neighborhood on Christmas Eve. She'd give a sleigh-ride party with tree-trimming afterward.

She's something of a paragon, we admit, but wouldn't you like to steal some of her ideas this year? They're practically guaranteed to make your Christmas beautiful.

Bright tip for dull floors— a wax that's "Plasticized"!



Just swipe it on! Helping husbands are amazed at O-Cedar—the Self Polishing Wax that's "plasticized" for easier spreading and longer luster. Swipe it on... and

please—no rubbing! Simply pull the applicator toward you with an easy stroke. You'll get a more even luster if you *don't* bear down! Dries in 17 minutes.



Spills won't faze it! With this "plasticized" finish on your floors, you just wipe up splashes with a damp cloth! O-Cedar

Self Polishing Wax has a far greater resistance to dirt and moisture. Gives you longer luster with less work!



Longer lasting! Weeks later, there's *still* a gleam on your floor—and a beam on your face! It's true—you'll save on waxings with this "plasticized" O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."

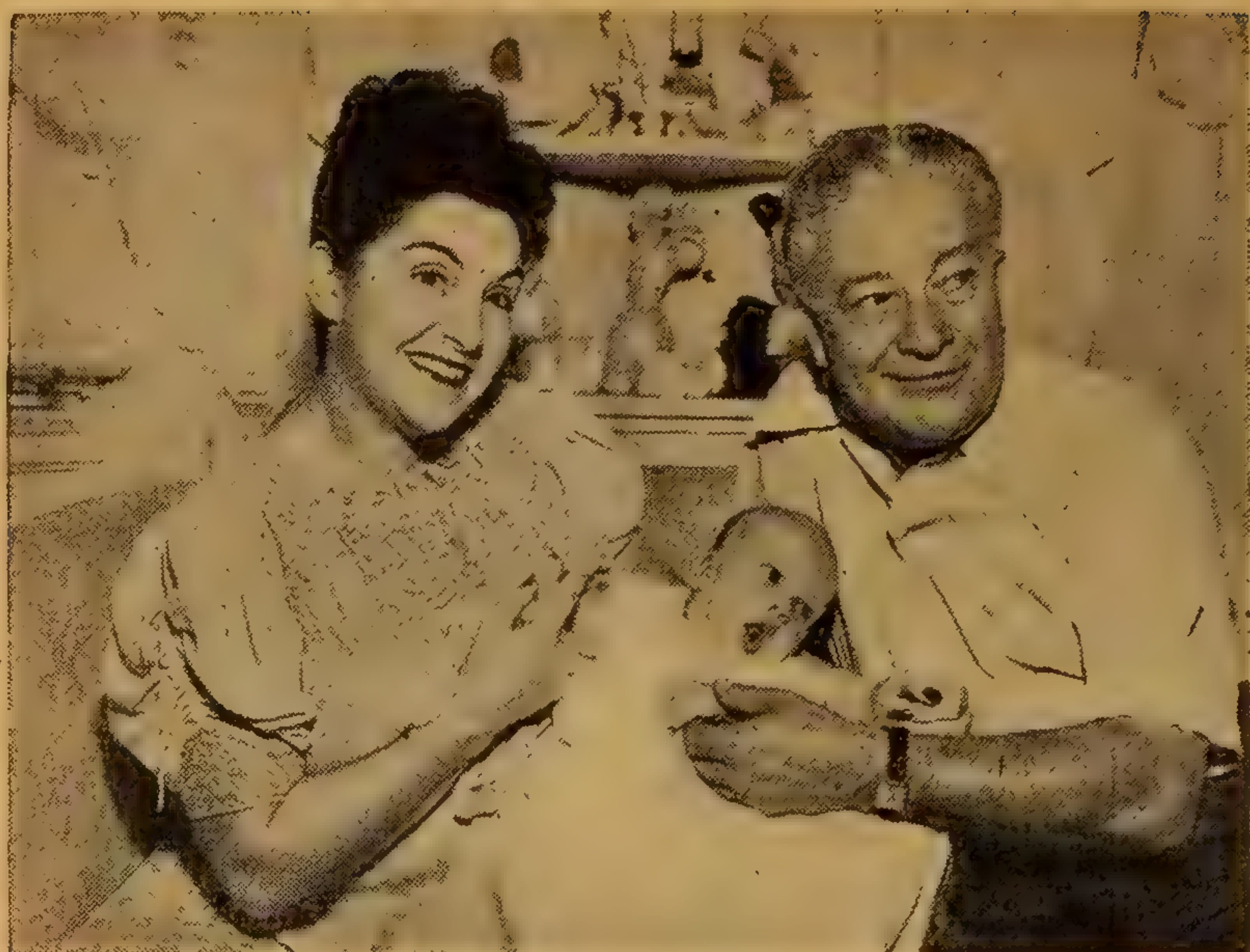
O-Cedar SELF POLISHING WAX

WHEN YOU WANT A PASTE WAX—Say O-Cedar, too. Its "balanced formula" makes O-Cedar Paste Wax *soft* enough for easy application, *hard* enough for longer wear. O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.; Toronto, Can.



O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST NAME IN HOUSEKEEPING"

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Correll (he's Andy of 'Amos and Andy') prop up their new son, John Joseph, for his first meeting with press and public.

(Continued from page 13)

If you have a Superman enthusiast in your home, you'll probably be heckled into shelling out quarters and half dollars pretty soon so the kids can go to the movies to follow their beloved hero. Columbia Pictures has completed arrangements to serialize the adventures of "Superman."

It never bothered us awfully much, because we always figured that kids as smart as the Quiz Kids could also be smart about handling all the money they earned on the program. But it is good to know that, smart or not, the law protects minors and their money. Seems Judge John F. O'Connell of the Probate Court of Cook County, Ill., has jurisdiction over the incomes of the Quiz Kids and that their parents are appointed by the court as their guardians. Which would appear pretty sensible, considering that these "guardians" must have been well equipped for their jobs, having turned out that brainy material.

We never stop marveling at the inventiveness of sound effects men. True, they have a million standard gadgets to make all the usual sounds that one can expect to hear on the radio. But when, for instance, a script calls for the sound of a tulip suddenly bursting into bloom—what would you do? Walter Gustafson solved the problem of making that sound—one, which, by the way, no one has ever heard—by puckering his lips and emitting a very soft "Puh," when the cue came. Another time he was called on for the macabre sound effect of a head being cut off by a guillotine and dropping into a basket. Walter had to prepare ahead of time for that. He soaked some rags in water and then filled the rags with wood chips. He crushed the rags together to imitate a guillotine cutting and then dropped a cantaloupe into a basket.

STUFF AND GOSSIP... Nila Mack's Let's Pretend program is sixteen years old and still going strong... Jack Smith has switched from Majestic Records to the now fast-rising Capitol outfit. His new type discs are swell... Vanessa Brown is a former Quiz Kid who's made

good as a grown-up. She's working for Republic Pictures, her first a technicolor job... Remember the chiller-diller about the wife who is sure she's going to be killed and tries to get help over the telephone. Suspense show carried it four times, with Agnes Moorehead doing a bang-up job. You can get a recording of that show now at most music store counters... They're remaking "Tugboat Annie" out Hollywood way and Burl Ives is probably going to play the male lead... Lionel Barrymore, we hear, is composing the incidental music on his Mayor of the Town show... Enough of stuff, now. A Merry Christmas to you all—good holidays and a good year to come and all the good things in the world.



Roy Rogers now rides through his own all-western variety program, Saturdays on NBC.



When mimic Arthur Davis does his "take-off" of Joan Davis, he uses tricks Joan herself taught him.



Animal-fancier is Edith Arnold, heard on CBS's Crime Doctor (Sundays at 8:30 EST).

Young Man in White

You may call him an "interne," but in name and in fact he's every inch a doctor.

He has his textbook education . . . his doctor's degree. But, in return for the privilege of working side by side with the masters of his profession, he will spend a year—more likely two—as an active member of a hospital staff.

His hours are long and arduous . . . his duties exacting. But when he finally hangs out his coveted shingle in private practice he will be a *doctor with experience!*



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...

**T for Taste . . .
T for Throat**

...that's your
proving ground
for any cigarette.
See if Camels
don't suit your
"T-Zone" to
a "T."

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
Winston-Salem, N. C.



● The makers of Camels take an understandable pride in the results of a nationwide survey among 113,597 doctors by three leading independent research organizations.

When queried about the cigarette they themselves smoked, the brand named most by the doctors was . . . Camel.

Like you, doctors smoke for pleasure. The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camels are just as appealing to them as to you.

CAMELS

*Costlier
Tobaccos*

From
New York to Hollywood

**No other shampoo leaves your hair
more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!**

**TONIGHT IN
HOLLYWOOD...**
after a 10-hour cross-
country flight, glamorous
Jackie Michel looks her love-
liest. "Even this hair-do of formal
curls is no trick to arrange," she says,
"for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning
action leaves my hair so smooth and manageable."

Breakfast in New York... dinner in Hol-
lywood, dancing among the stars... your
lovely, lustrous Drene-clean hair gleam-
ing in all its glory! Let Magazine Cover
Girl and Drene Girl, Jackie Michel, pre-
vue the travel thrills of the new air-age
...and the beauty thrills that can be
yours when you use Drene Shampoo.

"I'm a Drene Girl," Jackie says, "because
Drene leaves my hair radiant — alive with
all its natural highlights — yet always
beautifully behaved!" Yes, Drene Sham-
poo with Hair Conditioning action reveals
up to 33% more lustre than any soap or
soap shampoo. No other shampoo leaves
hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



Drene
**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning
Action**

**THIS
MORNING
IN NEW YORK**
... Jackie rolled
her hair into a bun
for travel convenience.
"I depend on Drene," she
says, "to bring out the lively
sparkle of my hair." Drene is not a
soap shampoo...never leaves dulling
film on hair as all soaps do...removes
unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.



About Marriage



1—EMOTIONAL MATURITY

Radio Mirror presents the first of a series of articles in which Mr. Anthony will discuss the problems of modern marriage, and give his views on the building of successful relationships.

NOT so long ago, divorce carried with it a certain social stigma. Today, very few divorced couples are faced with any degree of ostracism or criticism. In fact, today, divorce is accepted as a solution for many marital problems. If one marriage doesn't work out, you get a divorce and try again.

As far as I can see, unless the basic causes for failure in the personalities of the partners in an unsuccessful marriage are uncovered and cured, a divorce is no solution for either of them. They will take their weaknesses and failures with them, right into their subsequent marriages, and the whole thing will repeat itself. Add to this the fact that one failure at marriage always leaves behind it a sense of insecurity and insufficiency—failure at anything always does that—which can do much to hamper the free spirit of give and take that is so necessary in a healthy and happy marriage.

Go through the statistics of our rising divorce rate. You'll find many reasons given for divorce—infidelity, incompatibility, mental cruelty, nagging, excessive demands, lack of support. It is my belief that none of these reasons is the basic cause for marital difficulties, but they are obvious symptoms through which the real cause manifests itself.

In my experience, the most prevalent cause for divorce is immaturity. That seems like a contradiction. After all, in most states you have to reach your majority before the laws permit you to marry. But your age in years and your age in emotional growth can be two very differ-

ent things, a discrepancy which can cause trouble.

Many marriages which go on the rocks could be saved, if the people concerned were mature enough to understand and appreciate what a good marriage means. But too many young people bring to marriage an adolescent attitude that dooms them to failure. Their heads are full of the romantic notion that love is a constantly singing thing that sweeps you off your feet and keeps you floating on a pink cloud forever after. They enter a marriage with this feeling—and it is right that it should exist at that stage of the game—but, when it begins to wear off, they are disappointed, disillusioned, unhappy.

Too many young husbands who are charged with infidelity—and, of course, they are unfaithful—are just seeking frantically, with one woman after another, to live over and over this first stage. The same goes for many women.

Like everything else, love goes through various stages of growth—and marriage is the open, proud expression of love. First there is the romantic stage described above. It is a fine and wonderful emotion, a mixture of awe, physical desire, wild fancies and illusions. This kind of love lasts, or should last, during the courtship and through the first months of marriage. (Continued on page 89)

By **JOHN J.
ANTHONY**

Listen to John J. Anthony
every Monday through
Friday at 1:45 P.M. EST,
on the Mutual Network.





If every day were Christmas

Joyce Jordan wanted her friends to make a place in their hearts for a young refugee. She didn't expect a miracle

I CERTAINLY don't intend to preach a sermon, telling you this story, but every year, when Christmas rolls around again, I think what a wonderful world this would be if everyone really lived according to that simple phrase—*love one another*. It can be done—I know; I've seen it happen. I saw anger and pride go out of a woman's heart, to be replaced by love and understanding. And I saw the look of peace and joy that came into her eyes when it happened. Maybe it was only fitting that it was on Christmas that I saw this woman finally accept the precepts that for so many years she had only professed. But if Christmas can do things like that for people, I wish every day were Christmas!

Let me tell you about it. It all started in the fall. I was comfortably settled in my own living room that day, idly thinking, as I recall it now, how pleasant, how peaceful it was to be Dr. Joyce Jordan of Centerfield. Thinking how satisfactory and rewarding a business it was to be a doctor—especially, I told myself, a woman doctor—in a small town where life goes its even way. The telephone rang, and I went to answer it, suddenly alert, as I always am when the telephone rings, for to me—to any doctor—it is more often than not the prelude to a cry for help. And that is what the summons was, this time, although I didn't recognize it as such, at first.

It was Miss Whittaker, the 7th Grade teacher in Centerfield, and one of my oldest and best friends, (*Continued on page 62*)

B y J O Y C E J O R D A N

Joyce Jordan is heard Monday through Friday at 10:45 A.M. EST, on NBC. Joyce Jordan, at the window, is played by Betty Winkler.

What Silent Night Means

May your Christmas be as joyous as



to Me

those Bing Crosby remembers



By **BING CROSBY**

HAVING always clocked in as a crooner who just goes along singin' whatever comes naturally, I've never thought I should sing a sacred song like "Silent Night". It's a little out of my league.

But once in one of my braver moments I took a flyer on it. And because folks have a habit of being highly charitable at Christmas time, you let me get away with it. The same reason that I've been getting away with it ever since, no doubt.

I guess the answer to that is that in addition to being a religious song commemorating a very sacred occasion, "Silent Night" is as much a part of musical Americana as is "Sweet Adeline" or "Auld Lang Syne". Just let somebody give the pitch and the rest of the family all climb aboard. From there on it's every man for himself. If you go off-key or don't wind up together nobody minds. You step back as proud of yourselves as though you'd copped off first honors at the Met. Chances are you'll sing five or six choruses, so everybody can have a crack at the tenor anyway.

We all own a piece of "Silent Night". And the dividends it kicks back to us whenever we hear or sing it connect with something that's happened in the past. It's the same all over. Whether you're in Hollywood, Keokuk or Amarillo, or sitting beside a pickle barrel with a wreath around it in a country store. It takes you back to a sad Christmas. Or a good one. The time you played a bit in the Christmas school play. The important

occasion of trimming Junior's first tree. Christmas Eve in a thatched church in the South Pacific, the eerie chant of natives' voices trying "Silent Night." An Occupation troop standing duty in Frankfurt listens to a record in the Red Cross club and wonders what the gang's all doing back home.

For the most part, I think it takes us back to our childhood. The years fall away . . . in some cases a pretty steep drop . . . and we're kids again. We get a kick out of remembering the Christmases we had then.

"Silent Night" always rings that kind of a bell with me. Takes me back to those days when I was just a little groaner back in Spokane.

We lived in a sturdy brown house in a full Irish neighborhood where you could pass the blarney around with folks like the Hardigans, Sweeneys, the Kellys, and my good friend, Father Frank Corkey, who is president of Gonzaga University now. There was a sleeping porch that the Brothers Crosby usually scrapped for. A big kitchen with a table and benches on each side of it, where we took pride in ladling out our own hot breakfast mush. It was an old family custom to get your own breakfast. Mother was always busy commanding the whole morning layout, calling signals upstairs getting us all ready for the big push to school. There was a large living room where we held our Sunday night sessions, rolled up all the rugs, and (Continued on page 87)

In Living Portraits

LORENZO JONES

The story of a family whose first million is always just around the corner



BELLE JONES has her own recipe for a happy marriage. It's simple: it just consists of being everything her husband isn't. That makes her practical, down-to-earth, with modest ambitions. But, being Belle, she's also sympathetic. She knew when she married Lorenzo that he would always have his eye on the moon, and she likes him that way.

(played by Lucille Wall)



LORENZO JONES is a dreamer. That's not what he calls it; he'd say he was an inventor, a psychologist, and a student of human nature. From a prosy, practical point of view, you might call him a mechanic; he works as one at the Barker Garage. But, to Lorenzo, that's merely a wayside stop on the road to more startling achievements. (played by Karl Swenson)



FRANCINE PEABODY, having married Henry Thayer, finds that she can no longer spend her considerable income as she will—not with cautious Henry at the head of the household. Henry's maxims encouraging thrift are directed alternately against his wife and Lorenzo. (played by Irene Hubbard)



ABBY MATSON, Belle's niece, has learned a thing or two from her aunt about how to be happy though your husband is an impractical visionary. For SANDY MATSON calls Lorenzo "Mr. Jones", and thinks of him as approximately the most extraordinary man in the world. There are few of Lorenzo's contraptions that do not earn from Sandy complete, absorbed attention and a breathlessly admiring "Terrific, Mr. Jones!" (played by Jean McCoy, Joe Julian)



JIM BARKER, Lorenzo's employer, has troubles with Lorenzo that outweigh his problems at the garage. Why he continues to invest in Lorenzo's schemes, nobody who has heard Jim tear them apart will ever know—because his criticisms are always right, and he never gets his money back. (played by Frank Behrens)



IRMA BARKER, Jim's wife, is a good friend of Belle's, but if she always told Lorenzo what she thought of him there would be trouble. However, she's not so forbearing with Jim, who frequently comes to Lorenzo for advice.
(played by Mary Wickes)



CLARENCE MUGGINS, local industrialist, has done business with Lorenzo. Bluff, hearty—and hopeful—Clarence is one who will not laugh at Lorenzo. Anyone who gets ideas at all, says Clarence, is liable to get a good one some day.
(played by Roland Winters)



Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Lorenzo Jones is heard Monday through Friday on NBC, 4:30 EST.

Room with View

By ALICE REINHEART TREMAYNE

THE story of how Les Tremayne and I met and married is a zany but a merry one.

And our marriage, which is now almost a year old, is equally merry—and equally zany. Somehow we manage to have the fullest lives of anyone I know (in the smallest space—a one-room apartment!), and it promises to be even fuller. It's even resulted in a husband-wife radio show, Abbott Mysteries, in which I play Jean Abbott and Les plays Pat Abbott. And, of course, I'm still Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful, as I have been for eight years now.

But let me begin with the beginning. I first met Les two years ago, right here in my one-room apartment which is now our very crowded mutual home, thanks to the housing shortage. A friend brought him to call, and all I knew ahead of time about him was that he was from Chicago and had been in radio as long as I had. He'd been the leading man in First Nighter for seven years, the leading man in Grand Hotel for five years, a co-star with Bob Crosby two years on the Old Gold show, and Bob in Betty and Bob for four years. But I didn't have the faintest idea he'd turn out to be my leading man, at all!

At first sight I liked him. To thumbnail-sketch him, he looks like the hero of a draw-

ing room comedy. He's sophisticated looking, with light brown hair, blue eyes, a moustache, and he's tall and slim, with big shoulders. He said later that he liked short, slim brunettes like me just as well as I liked him. But at the time neither of us mentioned appearances.

He looked around my apartment for clues as to what I was like, and he found lots of them. My grand piano had the star position in the big room, and my walls are hung with pictures brought back to me by friends from Bali, Japan, China, Mexico, England, Germany. On one table I have a marble cosmetic jar from Cleopatra's tomb. And my fox terrier "Weaf" was asleep as usual on the living room couch. Also (though I hate to admit this!) my garden hose was still strung through the living room, beginning in the bathroom and ending—via the living room window—in my little terrace garden! Even in New York, gardeners must garden. Furthermore, I was in the middle of knitting a baby sweater for a friend's child—I'm always knitting something.

All of this he noticed—but then, oddly enough, we were off on a discussion of art and music. We found out that both of us were museum prowlers, art gallery addicts,



*The view that goes with this room is inside it,
not out — a heart-warming look at two people in love*





Cameraman Tremayne

and symphony lovers. So that was the basis on which he asked me on a first date. It was very soon after we met—and it was typical of the two of us. “How’d you like to go up to the museum at 125th Street?” he suggested.

I said yes. The first thing I did the day of our date was make a beauty shop appointment—I wanted to look my best for him. When he phoned to arrange where we’d meet, I asked him to meet me on a street corner near my beauty shop, at three-thirty in the afternoon. He agreed.

WELL, at three-thirty I emerged from the beauty shop, shining with grooming—I had carefully put on fresh make-up, and my nails were manicured and my hair waved to perfection. I walked to the appointed street corner and began waiting for him. I didn’t yet know that he’s invariably late to everything! While I was waiting, the New York weather played one of its famous tricks . . . one minute the skies were bright, the next they were inky black—and then came

the deluge—and no shelter in view!

By the time Les arrived, I looked exactly like a drowned puppy. Any traces of my newly-acquired beauty had been washed down the nearest street drain. I looked out through straggling, wet hair from a water-soaked face, and saw him running up the street, equally drenched.

Well, even though our shoes squashed every time we took a step, we went through the downpour up to that museum, and all through it. I don’t think either of us really knew how wet we were until we came out again. Then both of us sneezed at once, and I suggested we repair to the fireplace at my apartment—which we did. And we talked, over a delicious dinner my maid Mary Herman got us, until almost dawn. Why not? There were two things to talk about—each other.

I learned that he had been born in London, and that his mother was at that time a British actress named Dolly Tremayne. He had acted in English movies until he was four and a half years old. Then he had lived in Oklahoma, and then Chicago.

I discovered that he came from a sizable family—he has a brother who runs a restaurant in Chicago; a sister who works in an art shop in San Francisco; and a father who is an electrical engineer wherever needed. And, of course, he told me all about his highly successful radio career—and his hopes that here in New York he could change over to the theater.

And he learned that I came from San Francisco, California—and that I had been two odious things: an only child, and a child prodigy! Yes, I was one of those precocious twelve-year-old concert pianists; I had even gone to Europe to live and study music in 1924, and again in 1930. I moved to New York following that last trip and gave up my music in favor of acting in many Broadway plays, several movies, and dozens of radio shows. At various times I have owned a number of radio shows, too. And we had something else in common, besides our acting. Each of us had had a marriage that hadn’t worked out.

That was our first date, and we saw each other steadily from then on. We saw plays, we heard con-

certs, we visited every museum, and we ate—how we ate! We ate Mexican food at the Mexican Garden in the Village, Turkish food at the Golden Horn, Chinese food at Lum Fung's or the House of Chan. But most of all we ate daily roast beef at Toots Shor's Restaurant—and once in a while we danced at the Stork Club.

It was after I'd known him several months, but neither of us had dreamed of marriage, that my mother and I went off on my annual two-weeks vacation to Mexico. While I was gone, my maid Mary took her vacation too, so Les had

promised to come over daily and water my precious terrace garden. I will never forget my return, which was about eleven in the morning. My mother and I got off the plane, took a taxi to my apartment, opened the door—and there was Les, waiting.

And he hadn't been idle. He'd not only watered my tiny garden, but he'd painted a sign for it and posted it over the flowers: "Green Thumb Reinheart Botanical Gardens," it said. Most of all, he'd collected three presents for me which he handed me at once. One was a gold anklet which I never take off. It said

"Chichi" on one side of it, and "Love, Les" on the other. The other two presents were very welcome then (during shortages) but nevertheless made me laugh—they were a carton of cigarettes and a big box of chewing gum!

I had presents for him, too: gold cufflinks and a tie pin from Mexico City. Also, because I'm a sort of shopping service for my friends when I'm in Mexico, I had brought back a serape for someone else—by order. But when Les saw it, he insisted on keeping it. He rushed it home, spread it on his bed, and ten minutes later his (Continued on page 78)

and gardener Reinheart carved out space for hobbies — somehow!





Between the

Christmas takes first place on these

BRING HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

The holly is a heartening tree;
Its blood-red berries glow
To cheer the path of Christmases
Across the winter snow.
And they who hang the holly wreaths
Against the window pane
Hold fast the priceless thread of joy
As Christmas comes again.

But mystic is the memory
Of silvery mistletoe,
Recalling white-robed Druids
In dim forests long ago.
And they who fix the pale green branch
Above the doorway, seem
To walk in an enchanted wood,
Still following a dream.

Each Martha brings the holly wreath,
Each Mary, mistletoe . . .
The world will have both bread and dreams
While Yuletides come and go.

—B. Y. Williams

CHRISTMAS WISH

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

May you, this season, find your happiness
In giving more than getting, for if ever
There were receivers one may cheer and bless
With gifts the time is now. Though it was
never

More blessed to receive than give, today
The time is ripe for generosity
As it has seldom been before. So may
You kindle Christmas-fires across the sea,
Or put a Christmas carol into hearts,
Or Christmas bread on distant tables where
They would not dream of cake and jelly tarts,
Or give a lovely woolen coat to wear,
And more,—and find your Christmas shining
through

Them, brighter than in gifts that come to you.
—Elaine V. Emans

SOME THINGS WEAR SUNLIGHT PROUDLY

Some things wear sunlight proudly—hold
it high,
Gather it close, and find it warm and
good:

Great, lonely peaks stretched up against
the sky
And tall trees, rising from a dim, sweet
wood.

Some things wear sunlight briefly—let it go,
As though to fondle it were secret pain:
Dewdrops and ripples. These will lift and
glow
In instant fire, and then go out again.

Some hearts wear living proudly: length of
years
Will come to these, and they will garner
much:

Wisdom, tranquility, surcease from tears,
Will be their portion. But some hearts
will touch

Only the fringe of living, and will break
Swiftly and silently for beauty's sake.

—Helen Frazee-Bower

RADIO RHAPSODY BY TRANSCRIPTION

I love the tunes of G. Rossini,
Bach and Mozart and Puccini;
But whereabouts, in fact or fiction,
Can you find this guy, Transcription?

—Pauline Saltman

**RADIO MIRROR will pay
FIFTY DOLLARS each month**

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

Bookends

pages, as it does in everyone's heart at this season

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a bargain better driven.
His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
His heart in me his thoughts and senses
guides;
He loves my heart for once it was his own;
I cherish his because in me it abides.
His heart his wound received from my sight;
My heart was wounded with his wounded
heart;
For as from me on him his hurt did delight,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our
bliss,
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.
—William Shakespeare

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the
heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's
feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates
sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
—William Shakespeare

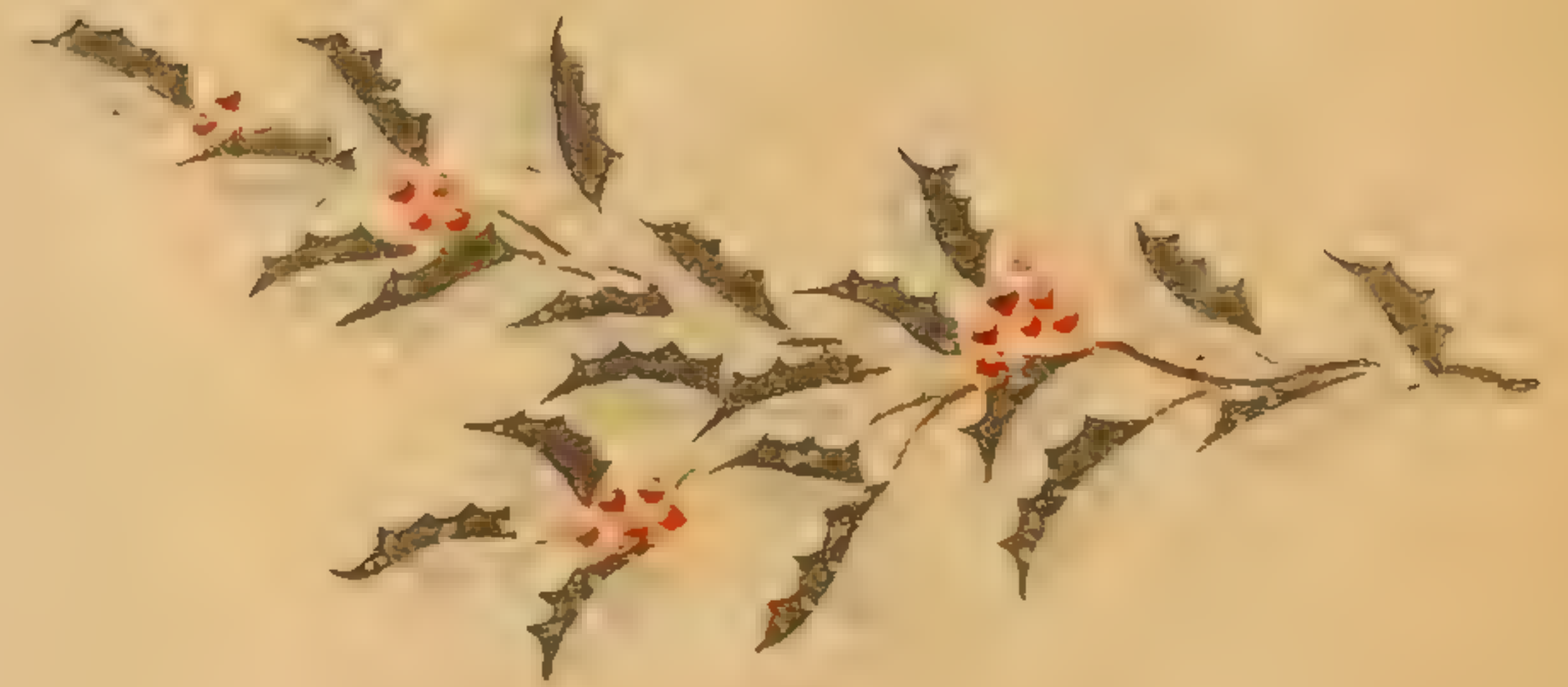
HE SEES THEM WALKING . . .

He sees them walking slowly by this stream,
Their brown hands holding books and dinner-
pail;
They are awake to life; they do not dream . . .
They shout to wind; they mock the calling quail
With laughter ringing through the thin blue
air . . .
As each runs for persimmon, pawpaw groves
To get the mellow fruit frost ripened there
To share it with the rose-lipped girl he loves
Revives the old man's dreams whose memories
Of life go back to forty years and more.
When coming home from school he pillaged
these
Same groves for the lady by him in the door
Whose hair, like his, is white as moonlit
snow . . .
Each morn and afternoon they watch them
pass,
Remembering youth carefree as winds that
blow,
And steps once light as raindrops on the
grass . . .
—Jesse Stuart



By **TED MALONE**

Be sure to listen to Ted
Malone's morning program,
Monday, Wednesday, Friday
at 11:45 EST, over ABC.



HE MUST HAVE LAUGHED . . .

He must have laughed when Joseph proudly
placed Him
Against a door-jamb, measuring "how tall;"
He must have laughed along with other
children
Or with His Mother for no reason at all.
He must have laughed when one of His
disciples
Took any trifling thing too seriously—
And I am sure he joked with troubled Martha,
Scolding her sister there in Bethany—
For had He lacked a vital sense of humor,
How had He been the Son of One whose mirth
Created tall giraffes and tiny fireflies
And hid bright gems so deeply in dark earth!
—Violet Alleen Storey

AN ANCIENT PRAYER

Give me a good digestion, Lord, and also something
to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord, and sense to keep it
at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord, to keep the
good and pure in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled, but finds a way
to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not
whimper, whine or sigh.
Don't let me worry overmuch about the fussy thing
called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord; give me the grace
to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life and pass it on to
other folk.
—Unknown

LUM "N" ABNER *Mind*

THINGS had been very quiet all day at Lum & Abner's Jot 'Em Down Store and Library. The party line phone had rung three times for Mrs. Ward, down the street, but the first two times it had just been Mrs. Ward's eldest daughter, Annie Miller, asking her mother what to do about the new Miller baby's habit of sucking his thumb. The third time, Abner didn't even bother to listen in. Lum was checking over the store's stock in an aimless sort of way, and Abner was thumbing through a new batch of books they'd gotten in for the library from the auction up at the old Sumner place.

"Here's one looks pretty good, Lum," he announced, holding up a brightly colored book. "Still got the paper cover onto it, too. Called 'Sink Or Swim—Or, Never Too Late To Learn.'"

"Uhuh," said Lum from behind a shelf. "Who wrote it?"

"How do I know? Oh, yeah—it says right here. Feller by the name of Alger—Horatio Alger. You know him?"

"I heard tell of him. Pretty good writer. Likely the young folks will enjoy the book. Put it out in front."

"Yep, I'll do that," said Abner, and went on sorting books.

It was about that time that the front door opened and a young man walked in, a little uncertainly. Abner put the books down and whispered hoarsely to Lum.

"Pssst! Lum! Cash customer!"

Lum hurriedly made a check mark



Abner (Norris Goff) and Lum (Chester Lauck) find that there's not much story written especially for RADIO MIRROR. Lum 'n' Abner are heard every

Elsie's Business



y can really do for two stubborn young people in love, in this
nday through Friday at 8:00 P.M. EST, on the American network.

They couldn't stay out of a love affair

like this one: not when Betty and Harry

were busy making a sad mess of their

lives, and it would be so easy to help!

in his inventory book, indicating that the store was down to its last two bags of rock salt, and joined Abner in staring at the newcomer. Then he straightened up and began to smile.

"By grannies, Abner," he said, "that ain't no customer—that's Harry Johnson, home from the war. How you doin', Harry?"

The young man's handsome face brightened, and he stepped toward them with his hand outstretched. "For a minute there I was afraid you didn't know me," he grinned, showing a dimple in his left cheek. "I'm fine. How're you?"

"Tolable, Harry," said Lum, taking his hand and pumping it vigorously, "right tolable. I swan to goodness—it's fine to see you."

"I guess we kinda expected to see you in one of them there Major's uniforms," said Abner, reaching out his own hand.

"Oh, I got rid of that, first thing," said young Harry.

"You ain't even wearin' a discharge button," said Abner, looking him over closely. "I thought you had to."

"Nope," said Harry. "I'm out of the Army, the war's over, and nothing's required any more. The discharge button went into the ashcan along with the uniform. And good riddance, too. No more of that military junk for me. From now on, I'm just plain Harry Johnson—and darn glad of it."

"Yeah," said Abner, puzzled, "but how about all them medals—that DFC and the Silver Star we heard about, and all them locust leaf clusters? Ain't you goin' to wear 'em?"

"Oak leaf clusters," amended Lum and then, as he noticed the dark grimness that was gathering on the young man's face, he went on hurriedly. "Leave him be, Abner. Maybe he don't want to talk about it. Maybe he's just glad to be home."

The dark look lifted from Harry's face, and he turned to Lum gratefully. "That's right, Lum. I'm just glad to be home. (Continued on page 71)

Maisie and the

Editor Maisie (Ann Sothern)
at work in this story written
especially for Radio Mirror.
Maisie is heard on CBS every
Friday night at 10:30, EST.



Maisie throws the man she loves

LION HUNTER



Nobody expects it, least of all Bill (Eliot Lewis), but he comes out the hero!

"IT'S NOT that I don't like work, Maisie," blithely explained the tall, good-looking young man lounging on the corner of the desk, "it's just that I'm allergic to it." For all his blitheness, however, his eyes didn't leave Maisie's face.

The girl ran her hands through her golden curls, and one shapely foot tapped the floor in exasperation. "You are so right," she sighed. "Every time a job comes your way you break out in a rash of excuses and—brother!—can you run up a fever just dodging the boss! It wouldn't matter, Bill, but I don't see how we can get married on what you make collecting deposits on old milk bottles you find."

Bill squirmed. It was a lovely day and sunlight streamed in through the partly-open window of the Middleton Beacon newspaper office, glanced off the frosty panes to make dancing highlights in Maisie's blond hair. On such a day as this, why bring up such unpleasant things as work? "Maisie, darling—did I ever tell you how adorable you are? How your lips are like ripe cherries and your hair so butter-yellow and how your cheeks glow with that apricot color and your eyes sparkle like dew on ripe blueberries?"

Regretfully she dodged his kiss by shoving the typewriter between them. "I sound like the Farmer's Market . . . and that reminds me, what do we eat, if you don't have a job after we're married?"

It was no use. They were back at the sixty-four dollar question.

But now it was Bill's turn. "For your sake, darling, I'd take a job. But you know what it's like in Middleton now—I'm a

marked man. I've been hired and fired from every job in town and for some reason no one seems anxious to take me back. The only offer I've had is for the doorman's job down at the burlesque show—"

"—over my dead body!"

"—so you see how it is. I'd do anything," and now he really warmed up, secure in the comfortable knowledge there was no danger of his promise being taken up—"anything at all, just to make you happy, Maisie. I'd take a job—"

The desk phone trilled and the petite editor-owner grabbed it.

"Middleton Beacon—oh, hello, Mr. Elspeth—now, you know I'm not *that* beautiful—well, if you say so—what!—you have—he did?—he didn't?—he said that?—he went—he is—? Oh, my. Oh! Thanks, Mr. Elspeth." She replaced the receiver quickly, and when she looked at Bill again there was a glint in her eye.

"Who was it, Maisie?"

"My secret agent, Operator No. 7 . . . Mr. Elspeth, the room clerk at the Middleton Hotel." But she spoke abstractedly and her eyes still held that thoughtful glint. For some reason a cold shiver went up Bill's spine.

"So you'd do anything—anything at all, for me, Bill? You'd take a job if it was offered you? Darling, never let it be said that I stood in your way . . . *you've got a job!*" She rushed on before Bill could protest. "Mr. Elspeth says there's a mysterious character acting very mysteriously who just registered at the hotel and Mr. Elspeth is sure this said mysterious character is sailing under false colors. (Continued on page 91)

to the lions... for his own good of course

Alice Trimble (Irene Tedrow) tells a little less than the truth as she presents her cousin Adelaide to Jonathan (Gale Gordon) and young Mildred (Jean Gillespie).



JONATHAN TRIMBLE'S

In-Law Trouble

*Two women keep
a secret - almost too long.*

JONATHAN TRIMBLE, Esquire, tossed down his pen, cast an appreciative eye over what he had just written, and roared, "Martinson!"

Then, while he waited for his harassed assistant to come running from the printing press, he looked contentedly out the window of his office. Through its gold lettering, spelling out the words "Bellport Inquirer," he surveyed the compact town of Bellport, and contemplated again his endless work as editor and publisher of Bellport's most Republican newspaper. It was the year 1905, and he felt that he had contributed much to 1905's welfare in his part of the world.

But now Martinson stood patiently in the doorway. "Yes, sir," he said.

Jonathan said with gruff triumph, "Just finished my editorial against that benighted company of actors coming to our neighboring town of Flowerdale this weekend. Thought you might like to hear it."

"Yes, sir," said Martinson.

Jonathan rose to his feet, settled his gold watch-chain over his slight paunch, ran a hand over his thick graying hair—and began roaring out his editorial as if to a packed audience. It was a typically quiet afternoon, and snatches of his editorial carried as far down Main Street as the livery stable, two blocks away.

"Actors and actresses are of such low character, morale and influence that (Continued on page 54)

Listen to Jonathan Trimble, Esq., over stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System.



Henry Aldrich

TAKES



1. Henry and Homer are ready to take off. Henry has autocratically put himself in charge of everything, even Homer's money and railroad ticket, to guard against all mishaps. The boys are too busy checking up on all the details of their trip to pay proper attention to Mr. Aldrich's repeated instructions to go straight to the Abbot City Hotel when they reach Abbot City.

2. As the train pulls out, Mrs. Aldrich gives way to tears and doubts, but Mr. Aldrich reassures her. Henry may think he's on his own, but really everything's arranged. The Abbot City Hotel's manager is a friend who will watch over the boys. Henry has four tickets to a basketball game and the boys have a date with two Abbot City girls. What can possibly go wrong?

A TRIP

*If only that genius,
Homer, hadn't had quite
so many bright ideas!*



THE Aldrich Family could be any American family whose life is complicated by the trials and frenzies of adolescents. For years, Henry Aldrich has been getting himself and his family into and out of scrapes which have an all too familiar ring to delighted listeners.

Henry is suffering through the pangs of growing up. He's driven by a strong urge to prove himself a self-sufficient, independent "man." For a long time, Henry's been heckling his parents to let him put himself to the real test—namely, to be allowed to go for an out-of-town weekend with his friend, Homer Brown. Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich have given in, although they have many doubts as to the wisdom of the whole thing.

(Henry is played by Ezra Stone; Homer by Jackie Kelk; Mr. Aldrich by House Jameson; Mrs. Aldrich by Katherine Raht.)

3. Henry is conscientious about his responsibilities. He's duty-bound to upbraid Homer for letting his coat be brushed off. That cost a whole nickel tip! They're not traveling businessmen! But Homer ignores the lecture. He's way ahead of Henry. As soon as they get into their hotel room, Homer's going to call room service and order as much food as he can hold, just as a starter.



4. Henry's economies suffer another threat. There's a doorman at the Abbot City Hotel. And doormen also have to be tipped! The doorman won't let Henry and Homer carry in their own bags and Henry is determined to avoid shelling out any more money in tips. In desperation, Henry decides they'll go across the street to the Queen's Hotel. There's no doorman there—no tip.





5. Evening and the end of Mr. Aldrich's peace of mind. All day, Henry's been pursuing him by phone. Henry has lost his wallet and the boys have no cash and no ball game tickets. Henry is frantic, but his father wants him to solve his own problem. Anyway, the boys are at the Abbot City Hotel, Mr. Aldrich thinks, and can charge their meals. At least they won't starve.



6. As per Mr. Aldrich's instructions, the boy But they still have to buy the tickets for the of brilliance. Why not invite the girls to dinner the check and collect the cash the girl will bring



8. Homer's had another brain wave. They will have to earn the ticket money. So, while Ruth and Doris wait at the box office, Homer and Henry are trying to rustle up the needed green stuff by selling hot dogs, said hot dogs also having been charged to their account at the Queen's Hotel. But Homer's appetite interferes with their sales.



9. Comes the awakening! Not only did their girls find other escorts, but the manager of the Queen's Hotel has caught up with Henry and Homer. It comes as a great blow to the boys that the manager has never heard of Mr. Aldrich and wants the charge account paid—but now! This looks like the end!



7. So far, everything has gone according to that genius Homer's plan. Ruth and Doris not only agreed to have dinner—Dutch—but they have even accepted all Henry's and Homer's suggestions and chosen the most expensive items on the menu. But now, while Henry is secretly signing the check for all their meals, the girls have put their cash on the small silver tray presented by the waiter and that worthy is walking off with the money, in addition, thanking them for the generous tip. The boys don't know it yet, still think they're pretty sharp.

charged a big meal.
Homer has a spasm
hotel—Dutch—sign
needs is deftness.



10. Henry's parents, alarmed on learning that the boys never turned up at the Abbot City Hotel, arrive in time to see Henry and Homer taking their first bitter pill. The boys are learning the first lesson of maturity—that independence is a hard won thing and frequently gained only by very hard work.



What color is ivy? Brown, if it's on the wallpaper in the Sparks's well-blended dining room.

Come and Visit

*You've met her
often, as Blondie.*

You'll like her even

better in her more

important job:

as Mrs. Bob Sparks

VISITORS to California who take the bus tour of fashionable West Los Angeles to see the movie stars' homes look in vain among the imposing Georgian town houses and the pillared colonials for "the house that Blondie built."

For the unpretentious Spanish bungalow where Penny Singleton, her husband, RKO Executive Producer Robert Sparks, and their two daughters live the most relaxed life in movietown is far off the beat of the sight-seers.

If there is anything "different" about the house, Penny is wont to explain, it is that there are a million more in Southern California just like it.

Like all the other houses on its particular block in the flat, suburban San Fernando Valley, the house is one-story, U-shaped, its red tile roof and open patios borrowed from the Spanish settlers, its compact arrangement of bedrooms, bathrooms and living quarters the contribution of more recent migrants to California who built their houses for comfort and not for show.

"We've been through all that," Penny and Robert will tell you if you wonder that one of the most successful young actresses in pictures and radio is content with less than an

English manor house complete to its pair of Dalmatians. "It's the bunk."

Penny's house expresses Penny—which is a nice thing to express. It's a friendly, down-to-earth house with no pretensions. Just as in all the other bungalows in the block, the "den" rather than the living room is the heart of the family's life. Just as in all the other bungalows in the block, the bronzed baby shoes warrant a place of honor among the objets d' art. Just as in all the other bungalows in the block, the brand new "post-war special" washing machine is the most prized—and probably most expensive—possession.

It could be—wait, it is—the home of Blondie herself.

The people who live there like it.

If you drop in early on any warm evening, the family is apt to be sitting together in the little outdoor patio, Penny and Robert relaxing after a rugged day in the studio, comfy in slacks and soft shoes, waiting for Sally, the Negro cook, to call them in to dinner. Dorothy Grace, their eleven-year-old daughter, and Suzie, who is three and one-half—who have their supper earlier—will be waiting with much less patience for the sound of the Good Humor bell, which heralds ice cream cones for everybody. On cooler nights, the

Penny Singleton

This is as close to a formal family portrait as the Sparkses will ever get, for they're a happily informal family.



grown-ups plop into the squashy green leather chairs in the den, listening to a re-cap of the races or glancing at the evening's headlines in the paper, while the girls hold forth in their own rooms—where each has her own radio-phonograph, her own books and records, her own clutter.

The visitor is expected, of course, to look in on Dorothy Grace and Suzie before settling down to more adult relaxing. There is always a project of some proportions in work which merits serious attention.

Suzie is likely to be re-arranging her record collection which is her particular pride despite the fact that most of the discs are hand-me-downs from Dorothy Grace and on the scratchy side. Dorothy Grace, sprawled on the counterpane of her frilly (even monogrammed!) bed, the radio blasting out swing music in her ears, can often be caught in

the act of pasting new clippings in her Cornel Wilde scrap book. She has a collection of photographs and news-clips about Guy Madison, too, but Cornel is top-favorite.

Sometimes Dorothy's friend Gretchen comes over and they cut up movie magazines together. ("I have to hide them," Penny will tell you, "or they don't last an hour in one piece.") The conversation that blows down the hall from that twosome is more fun than gin-rummy. Penny and Bob say eavesdropping is their favorite indoor sport.

"What phase are *you* going through now, Gretchen?" Dorothy Grace was heard to inquire one night, adding "I'm going through the motion picture phase myself. Mummie took me to Lucey's yesterday for lunch and I saw Randy Scott. He's really dreamy."

Gretchen and Dorothy Grace devote a lot of time to the Little (Continued on page 61)



For efficiency—and for exercise—Penny often handles household delivery herself.

*Penny Singleton, as Blondie,
is heard Sunday nights at 7:30 EST, over CBS.*

Dorothy Grace, eleven, and Suzie, almost four, have a specialist right on hand when questions of beauty come up.





Landscaping detail: Penny and Bob and an infant tree go to work on a bare bit of the Sparks acre.



Minor repair? Mrs. S. is equal to it.

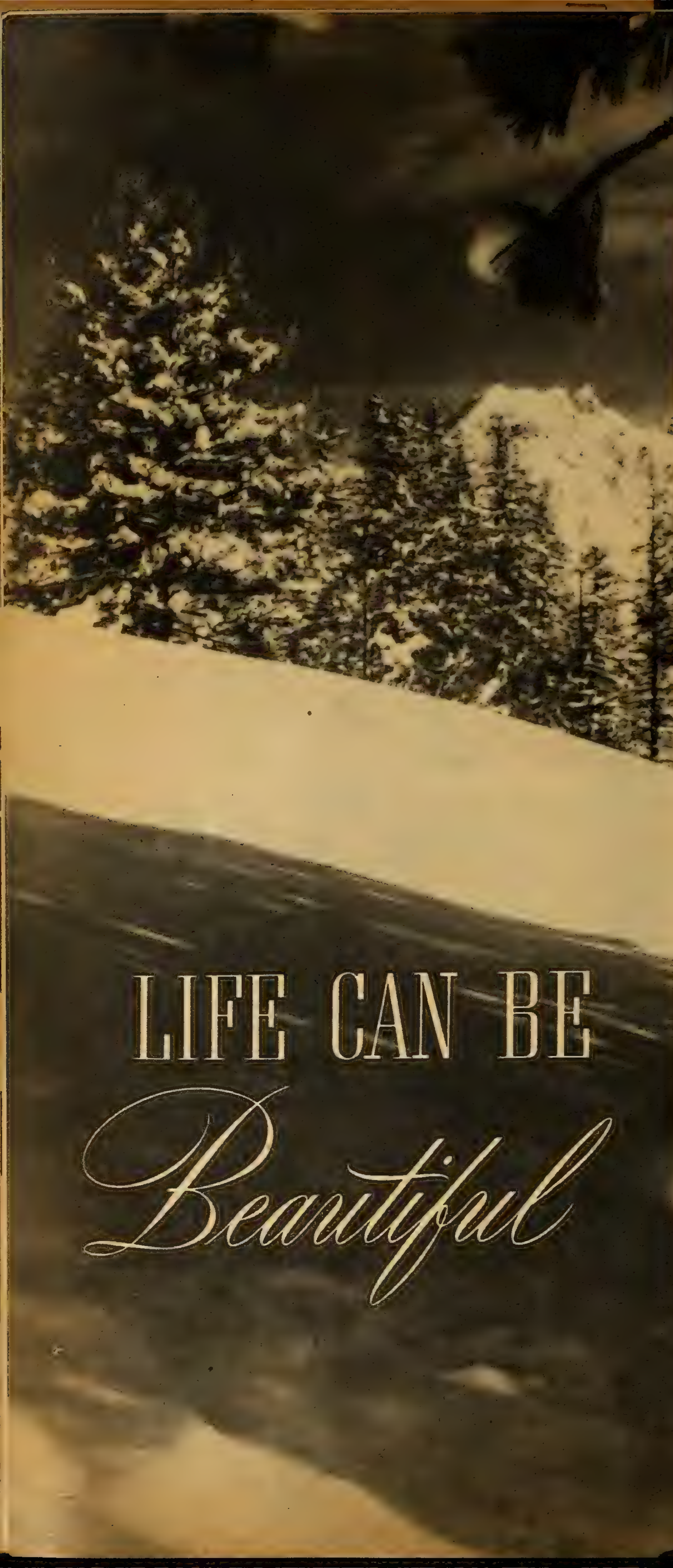


She does her own wash in her own washing machine.



Which cat is real, which fake? Small Suzie is somewhat confused. Below, Sally calls a conference, and gets a blue-ribbon opinion.





LIFE CAN BE

Beautiful

Papa David chooses

THIS is the season of the year when a mood of gaiety, of good will, of kindness, settles over our land. It is an infectious spirit, passing from heart to heart in all peoples—not only among those whose chief religious holiday it is, but in the heart of everyone. For the thing which is called “the Christmas spirit” seems to transcend the boundaries of race and creed to include all people whose faith leads them to trust in a wisdom higher than mortal wisdom, a guidance more sure than man alone can devise.

In reading this first letter, the true beauty of that Christmas spirit, the true meaning of the phrase, “men of good will,” came clearly into my mind—as it will into yours, I think, when you read it. The writer will receive this month’s RADIO MIRROR check for one hundred dollars.

Friend of Little Children

Dear Papa David:

My parents were always very poor. We lived on a run down farm and had no money for tools or much of anything else. My parents worked hard but with a family of nine children there never was money to go around.

The year of 1920 seemed to be the blackest of all years. That summer our fields dried up and crops died because of no rain. Our pigs got cholera and died.

My folks’s farm was right close to the railroad tracks. Daily trains passed and we children loved to run out and wave to the railroad men. Soon they began watching for us and would give the whistle a tug as they passed and wave to the nine little urchins lined up on an old wooden gate. We tried never to miss a train. At night or stormy days we took an old lantern and swung it so they would know we were there.

I’ve already told you how our crops and pigs died that summer and taxes were due or we’d lose the farm. Poor as it was, that farm repre-



ry of the truest Christmas spirit: the spirit of giving

sented everything we owned, and we couldn't lose it. So my father took a job in a town twenty miles away. He made the trip daily. One day they had a flat tire and as my father crawled under the car to adjust the jack, the man he rode with accidentally hit the gear shift and the wheel ran over my father. Crushing his chest and breaking some ribs. That laid him up for three months and we had no money to buy anything. But it seemed our bad luck was not at an end. For my Dad had only been back at work three weeks when he fell and broke his right arm and hand. That was bad enough but that same fall, my Dad contracted strep throat and was so ill that we were sure he would die. And there was no money for doctor bills or anything else. No coal, little food to keep going and no money for clothes for us children and December in a

Radio Mirror Offers One Hundred Dollars each month for your

Life Can Be Beautiful Letters

Have you sent in your Life Can Be Beautiful letter yet? If, some time in your life, there was a moment when the meaning of happiness became clear to you, won't you write your story to Papa David? For the letter he considers best each month, RADIO MIRROR will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received which we have space enough to print, RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay fifteen dollars. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42, New York 17, New York.

northern town means continual ice and snow.

But the day before Christmas is a day we'll never forget. For that morning the train pulled up to a stop at our very gate. Several of the crew got off carrying large boxes and packages and gave them to my mother along with a bulging envelope. Then wishing us all a "Merry Christmas," the train started on its way again.

When the boxes and envelopes were opened we all learned that Life can truly be Beautiful. For there was money for doctor bills and medicine for my sick father. Money for coal and wood and credit at a nearby store for one hundred dollars' worth of groceries. And in the boxes were clothes, including underwear, and hose and shoes for our bare feet and other things. And one box brought happiness to tiny tots who thought Santa would forget them this year. For there were candy, nuts, oranges, fruit, gum, and a toy for each child.

Our Christmas that year was one we'll always remember. For those railroad men through their great kindness gave us back our Daddy. He would have died without medicine and care. And most of all they proved to a poor family that "Life can be Beautiful" and we should never give up hope and our faith in God for friends' help in time of need.

MRS. N. N. H.

The following letters will receive RADIO MIRROR's fifteen-dollar checks:

The Good Samaritans

Dear Papa David:

Three years of war, six months of which I spent convalescing in a Hospital Plant in England, had so embittered me that I had lost all faith in mankind. The hurt inflicted by the enemy had been far deeper than my flesh wounds indicated.

This insalubrious state of mind continued long after I had been released from the hospital. I avoided my buddies on (Continued on page 80)

Very, Very Merry



Let setting your table be the only just-before-eating task. You can, if you follow Kate Smith's plan which allows you, as well as the family, to enjoy Christmas dinner.

WHAT shall we have for Christmas dinner? What shall we serve to celebrate this best-loved of holidays? These are the questions uppermost in our minds as the great day draws near and luckily for all of us there is a variety of deliciously satisfying answers—chicken or duck, goose or that favorite of favorites, turkey. Whichever you prefer, the dressing will be of major importance so here are a number to choose from together with a few cooking tips to help you to the very merriest of Christmases.

Bread and Sausage Dressing (for chicken or turkey)

2 cups stale bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water
 2 or 3 sausage links
 1 medium onion chopped fine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced celery leaves
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced parsley
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. sage

Cover bread crumbs with water and allow to stand about 10 minutes. Break sausage with a fork and add to crumbs. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. This is sufficient (about 2 cups) for a 4-lb. chicken. Increase proportions to make 6 cups for turkey.

Mashed Potato Dressing (for any fowl)

2 cups hot mashed potato
 1 tsp. sage
 1 tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper
 1 tbl. melted shortening
 1 egg, beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk

Add seasonings, shortening and beaten egg to milk. Combine mashed potato and beat well. About 2 cups. (Continued on page 90)

By

KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR**



Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night variety show, heard over the Columbia network at 6:30 EST.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

Sunday

P. S. T.		C. S. T.		Eastern Standard Time	
6:15	8:00	8:30	CBS:	Carolina Calling	
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wild, pianist	
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church	
6:30	8:30	9:00	ABC:	White Rabbit Line	
		8:15	9:15	CBS:	Renfro Valley Folks
		8:15	9:15	NBC:	Story to Order
7:00	9:00	9:30	NBC:	Words and Music	
		9:30	MBS:	Tone Tapestries	
		8:45	9:45	CBS:	Choir Practice
7:30	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air	
		10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel	
		10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible	
8:00	10:00	10:00	MBS:	Radio Bible Class	
		9:30	10:30	CBS:	Church of the Air
		9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
8:30	10:30	10:30	NBC:	Circle Arrow Show	
		10:30	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy	
		11:00	MBS:	Bible Institute	
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan	
		11:15	MBS:	Pauline Alport	
		11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir	
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand	
		10:45	11:45	NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour	
		12:00	CBS:	Invitation to Learning	
		12:30	NBC:	Eternal Light	
9:30	11:30	12:30	MBS:	Lutheran Hour	
		12:30	ABC:	String Orchestra	
		1:00	MBS:	George Carson Putnam	
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Johnny Thompson	
		1:00	CBS:	People's Platform	
		1:00	NBC:	America United	
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Leo Durocher	
		1:15	MBS:	Opportunity U.S.A.	
		1:30	CBS:	Time for Reason	
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra	
		1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table	
		1:30	MBS:	Singing Sweethearts	
11:00	1:00	1:45	MBS:	Jimmy Farrell	
		2:00	NBC:	Frank Black, Robert Merrill	
		2:00	MBS:	Private Showing	
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	Warriors of Peace	
		2:00	CBS:	Assignment Home	
		2:30	NBC:	Harvest of Stars, James Melton	
11:30	2:30	2:30	ABC:	National Vespers	
		2:45	MBS:	What the Veteran Wants to Know	
		3:00	ABC:	Danger, Dr. Danfield	
12:00	3:00	3:00	MBS:	Open House	
		3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony	
		3:00	NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro	
12:00	2:00	3:30	ABC:	A Present From Hollywood	
		3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family	
		3:30	MBS:	Vera Holly, songs	
12:30	2:30	3:45	ABC:	Samuel Pettingill	
		4:00	NBC:	The Quiz Kids	
		4:00	ABC:	Are These Our Children?	
12:45	3:45	4:00	MBS:	Mysterious Traveller	
		4:30	NBC:	Lucky Stars	
		4:30	CBS:	Hour of Charm	
1:00	3:00	4:30	ABC:	Right Down Your Alley	
		4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries	
		5:00	MBS:	NBC Symphony	
1:30	3:30	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour	
		5:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough	
		5:00	MBS:	The Shadow	
2:00	4:00	5:30	MBS:	Quick as a Flash	
		5:30	ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy	
		5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer	
2:30	4:30	6:00	CBS:	Adventure of Ozzie & Harriet	
		6:00	ABC:	Phil Davis	
		6:00	MBS:	Those Websters	
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour	
		6:30	MBS:	Nick Carter	
		6:30	ABC:	The O'Neils	
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bob Burns	
		6:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings	
		7:00	ABC:	Drew Pearson	
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS:	Let's Go to the Opera	
		7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny	
		7:00	CBS:	Gene Autry	
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS:	Star Show	
		7:30	ABC:	Dark Venture	
		7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon	
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie	
		8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy	
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board	
5:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Paul Whiteman	
		8:00	CBS:	Adventures of Sam Spade	
		8:30	MBS:	Special Investigator	
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor	
		8:30	NBC:	Fred Allen	
		8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Meet Corliss Archer	
		9:00	MBS:	Exploring the Unknown	
		9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell	
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	
		9:15	ABC:	Louella Parson's Show	
		9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton	
6:15	8:15	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing	
		9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music	
		9:30	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler	
7:00	9:00	9:45	ABC:	Policewoman, drama	
		10:00	ABC:	Take it or Leave It	
		10:00	NBC:	Theatre Guild	
7:30	9:30	10:00	MBS:	Don Ameche Variety Show	
		10:00	NBC:	Mystery Is My Hobby	
		10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's	
8:00	10:00	10:30	CBS:	We the People	
		10:30	MBS:	Serenade for Strings	
		11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello	
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story	



HEROINES MAKE THEMSELVES . . .

Bess McCammon would be the last person in the world to accept herself in the role of a heroine. Bess, who plays among other radio parts the one of Aunt Agatha in The Romance of Helen Trent (CBS, Mondays through Fridays at 12:30 P.M. EST) is calm, grey-haired, green-eyed.

Yet, in her gentle way, Bess McCammon has had to face life and fight for it, for herself and her two sons.

Bess was born and raised in Cincinnati, Ohio, brought up in the American tradition that the greatest career for a woman was that of being a good wife and mother.

For seventeen years, she acquitted herself very well. She ran her home efficiently and happily. She had two sons.

In 1932, that well being was shattered by the untimely death of Mr. McCammon and the startling realization that she had a seventeen-year-old son to see through college and a ten-year-old son to help through his formative years.

Outside of her home making, Bess had training for only one thing, the theater. Bravely, she tackled the powers-that-were at the Schuster-Martin School of the Drama and, with no trouble at all, she was hired as a faculty member of the school and shortly made the director of the school's children's theater. This was a job and hard work, but it didn't quite fulfill all the needs of her little family in terms of salary. It was this need for more money that turned Bess's efforts toward radio, which was just beginning to get a foothold on the nation at that time.

In no time at all, Bess was appointed to the dramatic staff of station WLW. For the next six years, she handled two jobs—one at the dramatic school, the other at the radio station, scrambling a bit to meet all her commitments without sacrificing her children to her career. And any woman who has had to work for a living and raise children at the same time, knows what a strain that can become at times.

By 1940, Bess was so much in demand for radio work that she was able to give up her staff work at the school. In the early spring of that year, she moved with her sons to Chicago, where for the next four years she was one of the busiest actresses on the air. In 1944, she moved to New York, that being the next port of call in her career, but also a place more accessible for her sons, who were both in the Armed Forces by that time. The war years were not easy for Bess, yet worry over her boys while they were overseas never ruffled her quiet, calm nature. She would still laugh, if anyone called her heroic.

Monday

P. S. T.		C. S. T.		Eastern Standard Time		
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club		
		9:00	NBC:	Honeymoon in New York		
		8:15	9:15	CBS:	This Is New York	
		9:15	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks		
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Joe Powers of Oakville		
		10:00	ABC:	My True Story		
		10:00	NBC:	Jack Berch		
10:30	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Once Over Lightly		
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton		
		10:15	MBS:	Faith In Our Time		
1:30	9:10	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters		
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches		
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life		
7:30		10:30	MBS:	Say It With Music		
		10:45	ABC:	Club Time		
		10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children		
11:30	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan		
		10:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill		
		9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show		
		11:00	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey		
		11:15	MBS:	Tell Your Neighbor		
10:00	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Time to Remember		
		11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn		
		11:30	MBS:	Bill Harrington Sings		
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Rosemary		
		11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone		
		11:45	MBS:	Victor H. Lindlahr		
9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor		
		12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks		
		12:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny		
9:15	11:15	12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey		
		12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent		
		11:30	12:30	ABC:	At Your Request	
9:30	11:30	12:30	MBS:	Holiday On Wings		
		12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday		
		12:45	NBC:	Maggi's Private Wire		
9:45	11:45	12:45	MBS:	Naval Academy Band		
		1:00	MBS:	Editor's Diary		
		1:00	CBS:	Big Sister		
10:00	12:00	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins		
		1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone		
		1:30	MBS:	Tex Fletcher's Orchestra		
10:15	12:15	1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony		
		1:45	CBS:	Road of Life		
		2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light		
10:45	12:45	2:00	CBS:	The Second Mrs. Burton		
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert		
		2:15	NBC:	Today's Children		
11:00	1:00	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason		
		2:15	MBS:	Smile Time		
		2:30	NBC:	Woman in White		
11:15	1:15	2:30	ABC:	Bride and Groom		
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day		
		2:45	CBS:	Time to Remember		
11:30	1:30	2:45	NBC:	Masquerade		
		3:00	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated		
		3:00	CBS:	Cinderella, Inc.		
11:45	1:45	3:00	NBC:	Life Can Be Beautiful		
		3:00	MBS:	Heart's Desire		
		3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins		
12:00	2:00	3:15	MBS:	Judy Lang, songs		
		3:30	ABC:	Meet Me In Manhattan		
		3:30	CBS:	Winner Take All		
12:15	2:15	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family		
		3:30	MBS:	Bobby Norris		
		3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness		
12:30	2:30	3:45	MBS:	Jackie Hill		
		4:00	CBS:	House Party		
		4:00	MBS:	Erskine Johnson's Hollywood		
12:45	2:45	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife		
		4:15	ABC:	Jean Colbert		
		4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas		
1:00	3:00	4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family		
		4:30	CBS:	Give and Take		
		4:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Sea Hound		
1:00	3:00	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones		
		4:45	MBS:	Buck Rogers		
		4:45	ABC:	Cliff Edwards		
1:15	3:15	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown		
		5:00	CBS:	Feature Story		
		5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates		
1:30	3:30	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries		
		5:00	MBS:	Hop Harrigan		
		5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life		
1:45	3:45	5:15	ABC:	Sky King		
		5:15	MBS:	Superman		
		5:15	CBS:	Woman's Club		
2:00	4:00	5:30	MBS:	Captain Midnight		
		5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong		
		5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill		
2:00	4:00	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed		
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk		
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix		
2:15	4:15	6:15	NBC:	Sketches in Melodies		
		6:15	CBS:	In My Opinion		
		6:30	CBS:	Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae		
2:15	4:15	7:00	CBS:	Mystery of the Week		
		7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Club		
		7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith		
2:30	4:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger		
		7:30	NBC:	Cavalcade of America		
		7:00	8:00	ABC:	Inner Sanctum	
2:45	4:45	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner		
		8:00	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond		
		8:30	ABC:	Fat Man Detective Series		
2:55	4:55	8:30	CBS:	Fighting Senator		
		8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone		
		8:30	MBS:	Case Book of Gregory Hood		
3:00	5:00	9:00	ABC:	I Deal in Crime		
		9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour		
		9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theatre		
3:00	5:00	9:15	MBS:	Real Stories		
		9:30	NBC:	Benny Goodman		
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands		
3:15	5:15	9:30	ABC:	Johnny Olsen's Rumpus Room		
		9:55	ABC:	Harry Wismer, sports		
		10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players		
3:30	5:30	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program		
		10:00	MBS:	Tommy Dorsey's Play Shop		
		10:00	ABC:	Doctors Talk It Over		
3:45	5:45	10:30	CBS:	Tonight on Broadway		
		9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.	

Tuesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	9:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
9:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Alan Scott
		10:00 NBC: Jack Berch
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Say It With Music
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 CBS: Time to Remember
		11:30 MBS: Bill Harrington
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
		10:45 ABC: Galen Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00 MBS: Editor's Diary
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, news
1:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
		1:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
		3:00 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
3:30	2:00	3:00 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00 MBS: Heart's Desire
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Bobby Norris
		3:30 CBS: Winner Take All
12:30	3:30	3:30 ABC: Meet Me in Manhattan
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 MBS: Jackie Hill
1:00	2:45	4:00 ABC: George Barnes' Orchestra
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Jean Colbert
		4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:30 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 ABC: Cliff Edwards
		4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
		4:45 MBS: Buck Rogers
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Sky King
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
2:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
		5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethancourt, marimba
		6:15 CBS: Frontiers of Science
		6:30 NBC: Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
3:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00 CBS: Mystery of the Week
		7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 MBS: Blue Barron's Orchestra
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
		7:30 NBC: Songs by Ward Donovan
		8:00 CBS: Big Town
9:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Rudy Vallee
8:30	7:00	8:00 MBS: Under Arrest
		8:15 MBS: Inside Sports
7:30	8:30	8:30 ABC: Henry Morgan
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Mel Blanc Show
		8:30 MBS: Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Amos 'n' Andy
		9:00 CBS: Vox Pop
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
		9:30 ABC: Boston Symphony
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee & Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
		9:30 CBS: Hollywood Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
		10:00 CBS: Talent Scouts
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Open Hearing
		10:30 MBS: Dance Orchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
		11:15 CBS: Frontiers of Science



FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

When a radio producer in Chicago needs a mad cockatoo, a pink elephant, an over-worked and complaining horse, or an alligator noise, his automatic choice for an authentic portrayal is Wilms Herbert. Wilms is also greatly in demand as a leading man and character actor, being heard daily and weekly in many shows. He plays Keith Armour in NBC's Today's Children, Mr. Garrett in NBC and CBS's Ma Perkins and is the narrator on the NBC series, Tales of the Foreign Service. In addition, he portrays all the different animal characters that turn up in Mutual's Those Websters.

All this versatility isn't just a knack. It's the result of research, study and hard work. Wilms loves all animals and spends much of his time at the zoo, watching and listening to them and absorbing every nuance of the sounds they utter. That's what makes his animal imitations so authentic. His dialects come from intensive reading and wandering about the city listening to the way people speak.

Wilms, an attractive bachelor of some thirty-odd years, was born in Chicago. He began his acting career early, working as a professional actor while he was still a student at Lake View High School. He toured during the summer with Chautauqua and Toby shows.

The restlessness in him, which is now satisfied by wanderings in and around Chicago, was always with him. On one of his tours about the country, he stopped off in Hollywood for several years. There he ran a dance studio, at the same time singing in the Los Angeles Opera Company and the Light Opera Company, with flyers in musical movies, both singing and dancing before the cameras. During his spare time—what there was of it—he wrote dance reviews for the *Los Angeles Daily News*.

A wanderer at heart, Wilms tired of staying in Hollywood and began traveling, arranging and booking musical units for movie theaters throughout the country. He finally got to Milwaukee and, in 1940, took over the stage direction of the Milwaukee Opera. He still commutes to Milwaukee once a week, where he is narrating for a children's opera company.

In 1942, Wilms decided to try his hand at radio and, after a very short time, he had a leading part in *Lonely Women*. Since then, he has developed into one of the busiest actors in Chicago.

He's not sure how long it will last, but for the moment, Wilms has settled down in Evanston, Illinois, where he lives with his mother and brother. One of the things which may anchor him for some time is his fine collection of rare birds and the modern, scientific aviary in which he breeds them. You can't just walk off and leave such a hobby to gather dust, while you gallivant about the country.

Wednesday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
		10:00 NBC: Jack Berch
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Say It With Music
10:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45	9:40	10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 MBS: Jackie Jill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 CBS: Time to Remember
		11:30 MBS: Bill Harrington
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00 CBS: Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
		3:00 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
3:30	2:00	3:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
12:00	2:00	3:00 MBS: Heart's Desire
		3:00 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
		3:00 MBS: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Winner Takes All
		2:30 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Meet Me in Manhattan
12:30	3:30	3:30 MBS: Bobby Norris
		3:30 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 MBS: Jackie Hill
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
		4:00 CBS: George Barnes' Orchestra
		4:15 ABC: Jean Colbert
1:15	3:15	4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
		4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:30 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
		4:45 MBS: Buck Rogers
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Sky King
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
2:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
		5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Word From the Country
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethancourt
		6:30 CBS: Skyline Roof
4:00	7:00	7:00 ABC: Headline Edition
8:00	8:00	7:00 CBS: Mystery of the Week
8:00	8:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 MBS: The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Adventures of Ellery Queen
7:00	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
		7:30 MBS: Battle of the Commentators
		7:30 NBC: Carolyn Gilbert
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00 MBS: What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:00 CBS: Jack Carson
		8:15 ABC: Listen to La Guardia
		8:30 MBS: It's Up to Youth
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: Fishing and Hunting
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
		9:00 ABC: Court of Missing Heirs
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Duffy's Tavern
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
		9:30 ABC: Pot o' Gold
		9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
		9:30 CBS: Dinah Shore
7:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Academy Award
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Frank Morgan
9:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Bing Crosby
		10:00 MBS: Concert Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Information Please
		10:30 MBS: Author Meets Critics
		10:30 ABC: Fantasy in Melody

Thursday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	3:30	9:30 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 NBC: Jack Berch
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
		10:30 MBS: Say It With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 MBS: Jackie Hill
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:15 MBS: Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 MBS: Bill Harrington
		11:30 CBS: Time to Remember
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Quaker City Serenade
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
		12:45 MBS: U. S. Navy Band
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Big Sister
		1:00 MBS: Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
		1:45 CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
		2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
2:45	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
		3:00 MBS: Heart's Desire
		3:00 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30 ABC: Meet Me in Manhattan
		3:30 MBS: Bobby Norris
		3:30 CBS: Winner Takes All
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 MBS: Jackie Hill
1:00		4:00 ABC: George Barnes' Orchestra
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:45	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
		4:15 ABC: Jean Colbert
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:30 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45 ABC: Cliff Edwards
		4:45 MBS: Buck Rogers
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
5:00	5:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Sky King
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:15 CBS: In My Opinion
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
		6:30 CBS: Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
		6:30 NBC: Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Mr. Keen
		7:30 ABC: Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Dennis Day
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
8:30		8:30 NBC: Aldrich Family
		8:00 MBS: Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Burns and Allen
		8:30 MBS: Vic and Sade
		8:30 CBS: F.B.I. in Peace and War
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Dick Haymes
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Duchin, Edward Everett Horton
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
		9:30 CBS: Crime Photographer
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Pot o' Gold
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
		9:30 MBS: By Popular Demand
		9:30 NBC: Jack Haley with Eve Arden
		10:00 ABC: Sammy Kaye
		10:00 MBS: Eddie Dooley's All American Football Roundup
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
		10:30 ABC: Ralph Norman's Orchestra
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Eddie Cantor
		10:30 MBS: Crime, Cause and Prevention
		10:30 CBS: Phone Again Finnegan



CHATTERBOX

Fran Allison's characterizations of genial, gossipy, gauche "Aunt Fanny" on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday broadcasts of the ABC Breakfast Club (weekdays 8 A.M., CST), are so realistic that Fran's mother, back in Iowa, is in a constant dither for fear that kinfolk might be offended.

Fran says that this puzzles her because the quaint people and rural events she describes a la Aunt Fanny are purely fictitious. There are really no such persons as Lutie Larson, Bert and Birdie Beer-bower, Nether Hennicut and the rest of the rustics that pop up in her monologues. When challenged, however, she does admit that certain characters are composites of actual people she has met and watched and listened to—but that's something else again. Where else should an artist go for material, if not to life itself?

Fran was born in La Porte City, Iowa, and spent her girlhood, as she puts it, "... in the shadows of the tall corn." She went to Coe College in Cedar Rapids, majoring in music and education. As a member of the college glee club, she discovered that she had a flair for putting vitamins into undernourished ballads, which talent resulted in an early debut as a singer on a local radio station.

Like so many successful characterizations, the creation of "Aunt Fanny" was spontaneous. Fran had strolled casually into the studio one day while an announcer was giving forth on the air. As a break, the announcer interrupted his program to remark, "Why, here's Aunt Fanny—why don't you come over and say hello to the folks?" The "Aunt Fanny" clicked in Fran's inventive brain and she went to the microphone and for five minutes ad-libbed her first, hilarious Aunt Fanny routine.

Once born, Aunt Fanny took a firm hold on listeners who kept writing in for more of the loquacious lady. From that moment, Fran led a dual life, singing as Fran Allison and chattering as Aunt Fanny.

In 1937, Fran moved to Chicago, where she and Aunt Fanny became fixtures on the Breakfast Club.

Fran is a warm, friendly and unaffected person, who prides herself—as well she may—on maintaining an even temper at all times. That even temper is being sorely tried, these days, too. Through the last two and a half years of the war, while her husband, a lieutenant in the infantry, was overseas, Fran spent most of her spare time trying to locate an apartment that had a lease of more than three months. Her efforts were valiant but not very fruitful. Fran claims that she spent most of that time changing apartment and phone listings. And now that her husband is back home again, she'd like to settle down and cook for him—a chore she loves—and get an efficient person to keep house.

Friday

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
		9:15 CBS: This is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00 CBS: Joe Powers of Oakville
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 NBC: Jack Berch
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
12:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
10:55		10:30 ABC: Betty Crocker
		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
7:30		10:30 MBS: Say It With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
		10:45 MBS: The Jackie Hill Show
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Tell Your Neighbor
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 CBS: Time to Remember
		11:30 MBS: Bill Harrington Sings
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Division Diary
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		12:45 MBS: Division Diary
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Big Sister
		1:00 MBS: The Editor's Diary
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
9:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Tex Fletcher's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, news
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
2:45		2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
3:30	2:00	3:00 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
		3:00 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00 MBS: Heart's Desire
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
		3:30 CBS: Winner Takes All
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Meet Me in Manhattan
12:30		3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Bobby Norris
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45 MBS: Jackie Hill
1:00		4:00 ABC: George Barnes's Orchestra
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
		4:15 ABC: Jean Colbert
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
3:00		4:30 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
		4:45 MBS: Buck Rogers
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Sky King
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:00 ABC: Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Report From Washington
		6:30 NBC: Skyline Roof, Gordon Macrae
		6:40 NBC: Clem McCarthy
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
9:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Baby Snooks
		7:00 NBC: Highways in Melody
		7:00 MBS: Paul Lavalle
		8:00 MBS: Voice in the Night
		8:15 MBS: Inside of Sports
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Alan Young Show
9:30	9:30	8:30 CBS: Adventures of Thin Man
		8:30 MBS: Endorsed by Dorsey
		8:30 ABC: This Is Your F.B.I.
9:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Break the Bank
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: People Are Funny
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Waltz Time
		9:30 CBS: Durante and Moore
7:00	10:00	10:00 ABC: Boxing Bouts
		10:00 MBS: Spotlight on America
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Mollie Mystery Theater
		10:00 CBS: It Pays to Be Ignorant
		10:30 MBS: Meet the Press
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Maisie

Saturday

Jonathan Trimble's In-Law Trouble

(Continued from page 39)

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
		8:15 CBS: Phil Cook
		8:15 NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30 CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30 ABC: Musical Novelty Group
		8:45 CBS: Margaret Arlen
8:15		9:00 ABC: Wake Up and Smile
		9:00 Percolator Party
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate
6:15		9:30 CBS: Carolina Calling
		9:30 NBC: Camp Meetin' Choir
		9:45 NBC: A Miss and a Male
9:00		10:00 ABC: Buddy Weed, Trio
11:30	11:30	10:00 CBS: Give and Take
		10:00 MBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
		10:00 NBC: Adventures of Frank Merriwell
		10:30 MBS: Rainbow House
11:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30 NBC: Adventures of Archie Andrews
3:30		10:30 ABC: Junior Junction
	10:00	11:00 ABC: Elizabeth Woodward
4:30		11:00 NBC: Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05 CBS: Let's Pretend
		11:15 ABC: Johnny Thompson
		11:15 MBS: Vacation Symphonies
		11:30 ABC: Tell Me, Doctor
		11:30 CBS: Give and Take
		11:30 NBC: Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30 MBS: Quaker City Serenade
		11:45 ABC: Piano Playhouse
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater Today
		12:00 MBS: Saturday Symphonies
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30 ABC: American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Home is What You Make It
		12:30 MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: National Farm & Home Hour
		1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: To Live in Peace
		1:00 MBS: Checkerboard Jamboree
		1:00 ABC: To Live in Peace
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Football Preview
10:00	12:30	1:30 CBS: County Fair
		1:30 NBC: The Veteran's Aid
		1:45 ABC: Football Game
4:30	1:00	2:00 NBC: Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:00 MBS: Sports Parade
		2:15 CBS: Adventures in Science
		2:30 CBS: Of Men and Books
		2:30 NBC: The Baxters
		2:30 MBS: Palmer House Concert Orchestra
		2:45 MBS: Game of the Week
		3:00 MBS: Football
		3:00 CBS: Assignment Home
		3:00 NBC: Saturday Showcase
		3:45 CBS: Cross Section AFL
		4:00 NBC: Doctors at Home
1:00		5:00 CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
		5:00 ABC: Saturday Concert
		5:30 MBS: George Towne's Orchestra
		5:30 NBC: Edward Tomlinson
		6:00 MBS: Paul Schubert
3:15	5:15	6:15 ABC: Jimmy Blair
		6:15 CBS: Columbia Workshop
		6:15 MBS: Lorenzo Fuller
4:15	5:30	6:30 ABC: Harry Wismer, sports
		6:30 MBS: Eddie Howard
		6:30 CBS: American Portrait
2:45		6:45 ABC: Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Our Foreign Policy
		7:00 MBS: Hawaii Calls
3:00		7:00 ABC: It's Your Business
		7:00 CBS: Sweeney and Marsh
9:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Green Hornet
		7:30 NBC: Curtain Time, drama
4:30	4:30	7:30 CBS: Tony Martin
		7:45 MBS: Korn Kobblers
		7:45 MBS: Crime Doesn't Pay
8:30		8:00 MBS: 20 Questions
		8:00 ABC: Stump the Authors
		8:00 CBS: Hollywood Star Time
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Life of Riley
7:30		8:30 ABC: Famous Jury Trials
		8:30 MBS: Juvenile Jury
		8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
		8:30 CBS: Mayor of the Town
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
9:00		9:00 MBS: Gold and Silver Minstrels
		9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Roy Rogers
9:00		9:00 ABC: Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This?
		9:30 MBS: Leave It to the Girls
		9:30 ABC: Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
R	6:45	8:45 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
M		10:00 ABC: American Melodies
		10:00 NBC: Theater of the Air
	7:00	10:00 MBS: Judy Canova
	7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC: Grand Old Opry
		10:30 ABC: Hayloft Hoedown

no self-respecting town like Bellport should permit itself even a sidelong glance at a neighboring town that would harbor a reportory company—a town such as Bellport's neighbor, Flowerdale," the loungers around the stable heard. "Therefore we fully expect that all the refined and cultured people of Bellport will keep away from Flowerdale this weekend, when 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will be exhibited on the stage . . . Women's and children's innocent minds can be warped beyond redeeming by so much as a glimpse of the charlatans and thieves who call themselves actors . . ." And so on.

HE wound up in a crescendo of shouting, and Martinson was duly appreciative. Jonathan felt fine. Contentedly, he clapped his bowler hat on his head, picked up his gold-tipped cane, snapped it against his gray spats, and barged homeward through the wide and tree-lined streets of Bellport. As he passed the livery stable, he bowed warmly to his unknown audience of loungers. Only one thing on the way home wiped the happy expression off his face—a sign advertising the acting troupe coming to Flowerdale. But once past that, Jonathan's face resumed its contented set. And once settled at the dinner table at his home, he was more than content—he was beaming.

As he ate his way through soup, fish, roast beef, creamed chicken, salad, two vegetables, potatoes (sweet and Irish), and a chocolate steamed pudding, he listened pleasantly to the conversation of his wife Alice, his twelve-year-old son Morgan, and his attractive almost-grown daughter Mildred. And he roared "A fine meal, Norah!" to the Trimble maid-of-all-work as she carried in, at last, the coffee. If his wife seemed to have been watching him with closer attention than was her wont, he didn't notice it. And if she seemed to clear her throat unduly before she asked him a direct question over coffee, that too missed his attention.

"Dear," she said then, "will it be all right if we have a house guest over the weekend? I know it's rather sudden."

Jonathan turned his contented countenance her way. "Depends on the house guest," he remarked cheerfully. "A man—no. A beautiful woman—yes."

Alice looked relieved. "It's a woman, but I don't know how beautiful because I haven't seen her since I was six," she said. "It's my cousin Addie. She's English, and this is her first trip back to America since then—I received a telegram this afternoon."

"Fine with me," Jonathan nodded. Then, pouring a little brandy in his coffee, he added, "What's she doing in Bellport this weekend—why the sudden visit?"

"Uh—I don't really know," Alice stammered, with uncharacteristic vagueness.

But Jonathan missed this too. He picked up his cup and headed for his library. Over his shoulder he called back, "Why, I'd be delighted to show an Englishwoman a real American home. She'll find out we've got more breeding and culture than her country ever dreamed of." He paused in the doorway and added, "The only thing more ignorant than a Britisher is—an actor!" Then he made a triumphant

exit, on the wings of his near-epigram.

Behind his back, Alice jumped as if she'd been unexpectedly pushed, and a guilty expression hurried across her face and disappeared again. But she said nothing to her lord and master, who was now roaring out a song from Gilbert and Sullivan in his library as if he had forgotten that those two gentlemen were English—and also tarred with the theatrical brush.

The following Thursday's luncheon was a meal Alice was sure she'd never forget. It was the day her cousin Addie was due to arrive, and she had spent the morning scouring the house with Norah's aid. She sat down breathlessly at lunch wearing a dust cap over her hair—and listened in mounting horror to the news Jonathan had brought home.

"Bellport," he shouted, as if he were addressing a meeting of the town council instead of three Trimbles, "is to be honored tomorrow night by an unofficial campaign visit of our fine Governor!" He looked around for approval, reaped awed interest, and continued. "He's arriving on the 9:00 P.M. train, and the town council had an emergency meeting this morning to decide how to introduce him to all his loyal Republican followers in Bellport. It was finally decided to give him a garden party reception at a leading citizen's home."

He got ready for his punch line. "And now, my dears—guess whose home was chosen for the honor of giving that party?"

Alice croaked out the answer. "Our home—and I think I'm going to faint."

JONATHAN said, "Nonsense! Take a deep breath." Then he went back to his triumph. "Our home was picked for two reasons—one, we have a magnificent garden; two, I edit the most outspokenly Republican newspaper in this part of the state!"

"That's fine, dear, and I'm proud of you," his wife said feebly. "But let's get down to details about this party. What do you want it to be like?"

Jonathan wanted it to be tremendously successful; that was all . . . with sixty jack-o-lanterns decorating the grounds, plenty of chairs rented from the funeral parlor, a small stringed orchestra rented from the hotel, and the customary refreshments—ice cream, fruit punch, cake, lemonade, and so on.

He got up from the table, ready to head back toward his office for his afternoon's work, and paused. He had just recalled that their house guest was due that afternoon.

"I hope your cousin is presentable enough to fit into the party tomorrow night," he said. "Being British, it's hard to say. By the way, Alice, what's her name? Might as well begin memorizing it so I can introduce her around tomorrow night."

"Well . . ." his wife answered. Then she squared her shoulders, seemed to win some inner struggle, and said firmly, "Her name is Adelaide Summer, just as it always was. Miss Adelaide Summer."

Jonathan looked displeased. "Oh, one of those British old maids," he stated. Then he added with a shrug, "Still, that's a pretty name. Easy to remember too. Adelaide Summer . . . say, haven't I heard that somewhere before?" He frowned, concentrating.

"I don't know . . ." (Con't'd on p. 56)

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(Continued from page 54) Alice answered faintly.

“Oh, well,” Jonathan dismissed the subject. In the doorway he turned to deliver a final speech. “There’s only one blot on the Governor’s coming—those disgusting signs along Main Street advertising that cheap theatrical troupe.”

With that he left his home and set out to walk back to his office. On the way, he passed one of the repugnant signs advertising the arrival of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” He read it absently as he went past it, continued walking on for a few feet—and then made an abrupt U-turn and hurried back to study it. He had not been wrong. There was the name “Adelaide Summer” listed as one of the troupe!

HE hastened right back home, trying to hold his agitated gait down to a trot. Once at his own house, however, he threw dignity to the winds and galloped across the lawn, over the porch and through the front door. As he went he was roaring, “Alice! What is this outrage! Don’t tell me that your fine-feathered British cousin is a vulgar member . . .”

He got that far in his speech, and his fiery progress had led him into the living room, when he came upon Alice. She looked as horrified as he—but for a different reason. She was sitting talking to her just-arrived cousin, Adelaide Summer . . . who was as beautiful a woman as Jonathan could have wished for a house guest.

Jonathan took in this scene and stopped his speech in full-stride. But if Adelaide had heard his denunciation—and how could she have missed hearing it?—she gave no sign. She said, “So this is your handsome husband! You’re so kind to put me up!”

“Er—ahem—of course,” stuttered Jonathan. But he looked like a man who was smothering. Finally he bowed stiffly to her, shouted to Alice, “I’ll see you upstairs!”, and charged from the room. On his way through the hall he couldn’t resist stealing a look at himself in the mirror to check on his handsomeness.

But his attitude on her career was unchanged, as he roared to Alice the minute she appeared in their bedroom.

“Of course I cannot refuse to put up a female relative—no gentleman can do that,” he shouted at her. “But I can and do refuse to have the town know I am putting up an actress. I shall have a talk with her about it.”

Without waiting for Alice’s answer, he tore open the bedroom door, advanced down the hall to the guest room door, and gave it a series of crashing knocks.

“Come in,” called Adelaide sweetly. Once inside, he found his daughter Mildred watching Adelaide unpack with her eyes starting from her head.

“Look, Father,” she called to

Jonathan the second he entered. She held up a box overflowing with lovely jewels. “Look at Cousin Adelaide’s beautiful gems—and see, some of them are engraved in their gold settings: ‘With love from Gilbert.’”

This news flabbergasted Jonathan. With his last breath, he said shortly to Mildred, “Please leave so that I can speak to my wife’s cousin alone.” He could hardly wait for the door to close on Mildred’s reluctant back. Then he faced Adelaide.

Jonathan explained to her that the immorality of theater people was no secret to the world, although he was broadminded about it, of course. “But as a father and husband, I must ask you to stop flinging the trophies of your romances in my innocent family’s face!”

“Yes, Jonathan,” said Adelaide. Her lip seemed to be twitching unduly, and she clamped her handkerchief to it.

This was easier than he could have hoped for. He went on. “Furthermore, based on the fact that some people in Bellport regard all theater people as beyond the pale—it would help my standing in the community a great deal if there were some means of concealing your livelihood from Bellport. You are obviously a charming woman in yourself,” he added graciously. “But as an actress you might be misunderstood.”

ADELAIDE settled this problem promptly. She explained that the play was “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” and she would be playing in black-face; no one would recognize her.

“But there’s still another problem,” she added, working at her twitching mouth with her handkerchief again. “And that is how to get me to the theater? If I hire a carriage in Bellport, the driver might spread the word around . . .”

“Impossible!” roared Jonathan. Then, after a moment of fuming, he announced that he himself would drive her to the theater. “I’ll have time to get back before my party for the Governor begins; and by the time I have to call for you after the play, the party should be over . . . Too bad you’ll miss it,” he added with obvious relief.

Everything was settled satisfactorily. He started for the door, then swung around. “There’s the problem of your name! We’ll have to introduce you occasionally to our friends, and the name Adelaide Summer is obviously wrong if you are to be incognito.” Thinking, his eye lit on her jewel box. With his lips tightened, he said, “Now, if we could call you Mrs. Gilbert—er—something . . .”

Adelaide choked back what sounded like a giggle—probably of hysteria. But she said demurely, “Let’s call me Mrs. Gilbert Reed. How’s that?”

“That’s fine!” Jonathan beamed. “You are a good sport, Adelaide, even if you are British and—er—an actress,” and went from the room with satisfac-

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tion in every line of his black broadcloth suit. Downstairs, he boomed to the assembled Trimblees that for reasons best known to himself and Adelaide, she would be known as Mrs. Gilbert Reed to Bellport. And no mention of her acting would be breathed outside the house. Alice was to relay this news to Norah in the kitchen, too.

By the next evening, when he was due to drive Adelaide to the theater, Jonathan arrived home to find his household disrupted. All day the women had been getting things ready for the party that night—and Adelaide's influence was marked. Alice took him on a tour to show him the wonders her cousin had wrought—based on the British way of doing things. Jonathan found that Norah had made a special kind of caviar canape that was delicious. But the cost! Also, Adelaide had herself mixed a champagne punch that was sheer nectar. But again the cost! She had also arranged Mildred's hair in a new way, and fitted out Alice in one of her own fashionable gowns. "Makes you look like a London hussy!" Jonathan fumed, but he couldn't help admiring his wife's appearance nevertheless. And he had to admit that the garden, strung with jack-o-lanterns and set up with chairs and tables, looked beautiful.

BUT meanwhile he had made his bargain to drive the upsetting influence to the theater, and he was braced to carry it out. After gulping a sandwich, he helped Adelaide into the carriage—together with two suitcases of costumes and a make-up kit—and they were off for Flowerdale.

Once started, Jonathan made a chilling discovery: half of Bellport's finest carriages were on the road to perdition—headed for the theater in Flowerdale. He had almost turned into the main road to Flowerdale before he observed this unexpected turn of events. At once he yelled, "Whoa!" to his horses, and then, after a moment's thought, he turned resolutely around and headed the carriage in another direction.

"What are you doing?" Adelaide demanded anxiously. "We haven't any too much time, you know."

"I'm taking you to Flowerdale, all right," Jonathan told her. "But by the back roads. I don't want my fellow townsmen to think I too am made of clay!"

Adelaide said nothing more. But as they jounced along on rutted back roads she kept glancing at the tiny diamond-studded watch pinned to her shirt-front. And finally she told Jonathan that they were going to be so late that she would have to begin putting on her make-up in the carriage—she wouldn't have time, once they reached the theater.

"A thousand times no!" Jonathan roared at her, outraged. "You might as well take a bath in public!"

But in spite of him, she opened her make-up kit and began smearing charcoal on her face. It was half-on, and Jonathan was still bellowing his disapproval at her, when the unbelievably tragic happened—while they raced down a narrow back road lined with high hedges. Jonathan, still shouting at Adelaide, galloped his horses recklessly around a corner and ran smack into another carriage! And even as the crash sounded, Jonathan's carriage sagged to one side—a wheel had been torn off.

What made things worse was that Jonathan instantly recognized the face

"Darling, Darling," you said

"I fell deep in love," you said, *"when I touched your soft little hand."*
How can any girl risk rough hands? Jergens Lotion care is so easy—preferred by the loveliest women. Hollywood-Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion.



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TWISSORS—sure grip—scissor handle tweezers, a beauty care necessity..... 50¢

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that poked from the other carriage. It belonged to Dunny Turner, the Mayor's son... and Mildred's most ardent beau. Right now, Dunny's round face expressed two thoughts in quick succession: the first was recognition of Jonathan, and the second was open-mouthed astonishment at sight of Jonathan's beautiful companion—whose beauty was still evident, even if the left side of her face was coated with charcoal!

Jonathan sat transfixed in his lop-sided position in his broken carriage for a long moment, peering at Dunny. Then he opened his mouth for a roar, changed his mind and sighed instead. Very quietly he said, "Dunny, will you be kind enough to drive this lady to the theater in Flowerdale?"

Dunny's gaping mouth closed, then widened in an interested grin. "Surest thing you know, Mr. Trimble," he said. "Fact is, I was sort of heading that way myself. Quietly."

THERE was something about the way he said "quietly" that jolted Jonathan back into his customary personality. He began roaring that yes, this was his wife's cousin; yes, she was an actress; and that if Dunny could keep his mouth shut in Bellport about her identity and the errand, Jonathan's answer to Dunny's marital hopes toward Mildred might be yes too!

"Yes, sir," said Dunny, instantly respectful—and instantly active. In a second he had helped Adelaide into his carriage, packed her suitcases around her, and promised to drive her back again after the theater. His carriage drove off in a sudden flurry of dust and excitement.

It took Jonathan an hour to fix the wheel to the carriage again. He finally drove home grimy, boiling with pent-up emotion, and an hour late to his own party. From his bedroom window, as he hastily attired himself in his white tie and tails, he could see the back garden already sparsely dotted with people dressed in their best, and lit by the bobbing jack-o-lanterns strung through the trees. He was just wrestling his tie into place when Alice came rushing in, her prettiness a little blurred by agitation.

"Jonathan!" she wailed. "It's not going well! The Governor seems—well, sort of listless. He's hard to talk to. I'm afraid he's hurt because the crowd is so small. Where is everyone, Jonathan? Could they possibly have gone to that—that theater in Flowerdale?"

"They could positively have gone to that theater in Flowerdale," said Jonathan glumly. He followed her down to the garden and joined in her efforts to make gay conversation with the Governor. But it was indeed an uphill task. The Governor seemed withdrawn and indifferent. Finally he looked openly at his watch and asked a flat question of Jonathan.

"Are these all the Republicans in Bellport?" he demanded.

"No—there will be lots of others here," Jonathan said unhappily. "They're—detained somewhere."

The Governor made his decision. "I too shall be detained somewhere," he said with finality. "I shall be detained in my hotel room bed." He added that it had been a charming party, but that he had to get up to catch an early train—and it was time to go. With Jonathan and Alice trailing him unhappily, he started for the front garden.

There, just for a moment, it looked as

if the party might yet be saved. For just as the Governor reached the front driveway, so did the first of a long string of carriages that began pulling up in front of the Trimble home... all of them splashed with the mud of Flowerdale, Jonathan noticed grimly.

But even this new rush of people couldn't turn the tide of the party. Despite everyone crowded around him, the Governor firmly refused to be guided back toward the back garden again. "No, I have to get to bed," he said truculently. Then Jonathan saw further disaster headed his way!

Out of the corner of his eye he observed Dunny's carriage driving up—with a beautiful Adelaide inside it. As she put one small foot on the carriage step, Jonathan said pleadingly to the Governor, "Please, sir—back to the punch-bowl!"

He was too late—the Governor's eye had caught sight of Adelaide too. And once sighted, she remained sighted. The Governor stared at her as if hypnotized. Then, suddenly, he gave a shout.

"Strike me if it isn't Lady Gilbert Reed!" he yelled heartily. "I haven't seen you since my trip to London."

Jonathan felt as if his knees were about to turn to jelly. Amazed, he stared at his wife, who stared amazed back at him. Meanwhile, the Governor was now holding Adelaide's hand and inquiring how dear Lord Gilbert was.

"Fine," said she, "and so are my two children."

Jonathan felt a slight giddy feeling in his head. But as the Governor swept Adelaide around the house and into the back garden, talking and laughing to her and followed by a swarm of guests, Jonathan tottered after them. He got there just in time to hear the Governor say that he must drink a toast in Adelaide's honor. With which he climbed on a chair and waved a glass of punch in her direction.

"I WANT to introduce everyone in Bellport to Lady Gilbert Reed, one of England's most charming hostesses," the Governor announced into the waiting silence of the party. He bowed toward Adelaide. "She is also, as you must know, one of its most gifted actresses, under her maiden name of Adelaide Summer. To Adelaide Summer, then, alias Lady Gilbert Reed!"

A mixture of astonishment and fascination held every face at the party. Jonathan still felt as if he might faint any minute.

"And now a toast to our host, Jonathan Trimble, Esquire!" the Governor boomed. "A man so broadminded that while he denounces the stage in his newspaper, he cordially receives such relatives of his who act into his own home!"

Alice nudged Jonathan, who bowed suddenly and dizzily to his guest of honor and to his guests in general.

And then, suddenly, he was playing a new role. He found himself on a chair drinking a toast to the Governor—and offering to take His Honor and twelve guests to the theater tomorrow night to see Adelaide play... if the Governor would stay over another day in Bellport.

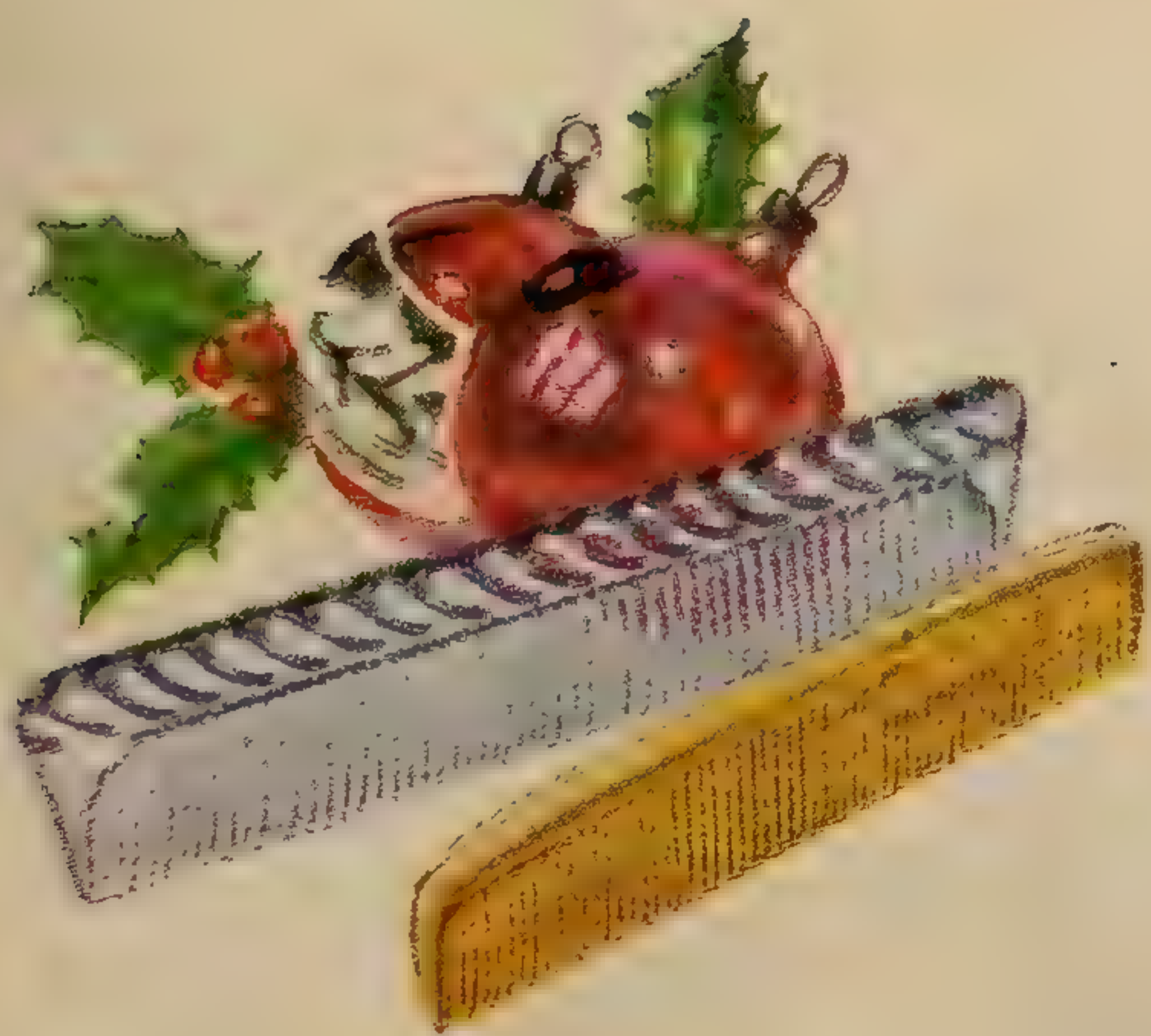
"It might be arranged," the Governor said, gazing with pleasure at Adelaide.

Young Morgan Trimble elbowed his sister Mildred knowingly. "Definitely," he whispered, "the old man has landed on his size-twelves again!"

"Morgan!" said that young lady reprovingly. But she had to admit it was true.

If she cares for lovely things... she'll treasure

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Finger Tips

by Helen Neushaefer

For smooth, soft hands he'll love, be your own hand masseuse! Place palm of one hand over back of other: rotate firmly until you feel muscles underneath are moved.

Come and Visit Penny Singleton

(Continued from page 47)

Sister Problem. Dorothy's cross is the heavier to bear.

"Your sister is *eight* and you are *eleven*," Dorothy has been heard to complain, "and that's only three years difference. But *my* sister is three and a half—not even four yet. That is eight years difference. Why, that's as old as your sister is! Why, I just broil, all the time."

Suzie, far from being stung by this light opinion of her worth, is scornful right back at her big sister. "Movie stars!" she snorts.

"But you like movies too, Suzie," her mother will remind her laughing.

"Sure," Suzie will reply, "Smoky. Black Beauty. Horses, horses, horses."

Which, in turn, reminds her that there is an errand she wants her daddy to do for her the next time he is near the book store. "Have him bring me *Black Beauty and the Beast*," she demands. She's crazy over horses.

Bob Sparks is a friendly and forthright fellow whose relaxed and casual manner in the family environment belies his important position in the motion picture business as an Executive Producer at RKO.

He is terribly proud of Penny, but insists upon staying in the background in so far as her career is concerned. He would never tell you—but Penny would—that she might never have been Blondie were it not for Bob.

He was the first producer of the "Blondie" films, and it was he who conducted the search for an actress to play the most beguiling young matron of the comic strips. When Penny's manager took her in to Columbia studios for an interview with Bob, she looked anything but the part... she had quite dark hair, and a look that was anything but young-matronly. But Bob felt that the voice—the personality—were what he was looking for. Penny was sent out for a peroxide job, made tests—and there was Blondie!

He has had a comprehensive career in the theater and films which covered the departments of exploitation, public relations, writing, stage managing and producing. At home, however, he is anything but the executive. It is he whom Suzie calls on to fix her radio when—as often—it breaks down. It is he who must take both kids to every circus, carnival and side show which comes to town.

The recent polio epidemic which, for safety's sake, restricted going-out activities somewhat, was hard on the youngsters—and on Bob, who has as much fun as the children when they're all turned loose together. But he tried to make up for it by arranging shows of his own, Mickey Mouse movies and Donald Ducks, in the projection room at his studio. Suzie, though grateful, was wistful for the glamorous past when children could go fearlessly into crowds.

"Donald is funnier," she said—her father thought, very discerningly—"when lots of people are laughing at him."

Still, it's the horses Suzie prefers above all else. She wishes the magazines would print more stories about horse movie stars, so that she could have a clipping book of her favorite actor, just like her sister's.

If you insist, Penny will show you around the house, although she warns you that it's nothing fancy. Until she can build her post-war dream castle—an S-shaped house with all the work-parts, kitchen, laundry, pantry separated from the fun parts, living rooms, bedrooms, sun space by a long, tactful hall—the bungalow in the valley does just fine.

The outdoors is the best part of the valley house, so you look first at the vegetable garden, and the orchard with walnut, apricot, peach, avocado and fig trees—all bearing like mad.

Inside you start with the living room, which is cheerful with chintz—red mostly, with greyed accents of blue and yellow. Your eye catches the glint of Penny's collection of old pewter mugs. The handwoven rag rug in bright, primitive colors spills over, out into the hall and on into the other living areas of the house.

The dining room is early American, but not self-conscious about its antiques. Penny chose the brown and white ivy wall paper "just to be different."

If you have time, you'll come upon some of Suzie's handwork in the linen drawers. When a fan sent Penny a set of hand-crocheted lace table mats in a handsome oak leaf pattern, Suzie determined to improve upon the original. With her crayolas, she carefully stained every leaf green.

"A leave isn't a leave," she protested,

"unless it is green." The green leaves look very nice with the brown and white paper.

Down the hall from the dining room is a little room which the Sparks will tell you is the real reason they bought the house. It houses the stamp collection. Both Penny and Bob are impassioned philatelists, and not all the stamps they collect are from Penny, Kentucky, or Singleton, Texas, either!

Besides the big green leather chairs, the den has a vast and comfortable glazed chintz sofa, books and the radio, a red leather bar. The children's rooms are not "decorated," except by the girls themselves. Penny and Bob, however, gave some thought to their own room, which is warm and inviting with its maroon and white printed wallpaper, the soft blue chaise, and canopied four poster bed. Most important among the decorative effects is the collection of family daguerrotypes with all the Sparkses and Singletons framed and on display from Grandpa Sparks, through Penny herself prim in white organdy for her first Holy Communion, to Suzie on her christening day. Other decorations come and go. Current exhibit is a group of three "paintings" by Dorothy Grace Sparks: one of Johnny Toothbrush, the others versions of Dorothy's own invention, the Candy Cane Tree. Very good they are, too, if Penny does say so as shouldn't.

The house isn't complete as yet. The Sparkses bought it when they were evicted from a rented house during the war. (As who in California wasn't?) They had to make a fast move. They moved in with three beds—period—since their furniture and belongings were stored at that time in the Navy warehouse in Quantico, Virginia.

Little by little since then they have got together the essentials for living—with emphasis on that new washing machine, which Penny loves so much she won't let anybody else touch it.

The war years were, all in all, fairly vigorous ones for the Sparks family. Bob was called into the service early, in the Marine Corps, and ordered to Quantico as a Major. Penny and Dorothy Grace joined him there for the only thirteen-week period Blondie has been off the air in eight years, giving Suzie the distinction of being the only "movie" child to be born in a Naval hospital.

When they returned to Hollywood, they went in for ranching on a big—and patriotic—scale, and Penny was A.W.O.L. from her radio program for the one and only time in her life when they were snowbound at the ranch for nearly a week in the spring of 1944.

The ranch now has gone the way of the big and lavish houses in the Sparks's past. "Too much like work," sighs Penny, who as Blondie of films and radio probably does more solid, hard work than any actress in Hollywood.

Penny hopes there will be no more moves for awhile. It's pleasant in the San Fernando valley—and plenty ritzy enough for the Sparkses and all their friends who will continue to be urged colloquially to "come right in and make yourself to home."

"Home is where you can let your hair down and relax," to hard-working Blondie.

There should be more such homes—and there would be fewer broken families—in Hollywood.



*"Drama that's thrilling
...and down-to-earth, too!"*

—Real experiences... a complete one dramatized for you every day. That's what makes "MY TRUE STORY" one of America's best-loved morning radio programs among women. You'll "see your neighbors"—you'll "see yourself"—in the problems, joys, experiences of the people from the "My True Story" programs, from the files of True Story magazine. Don't miss this *different* morning show!

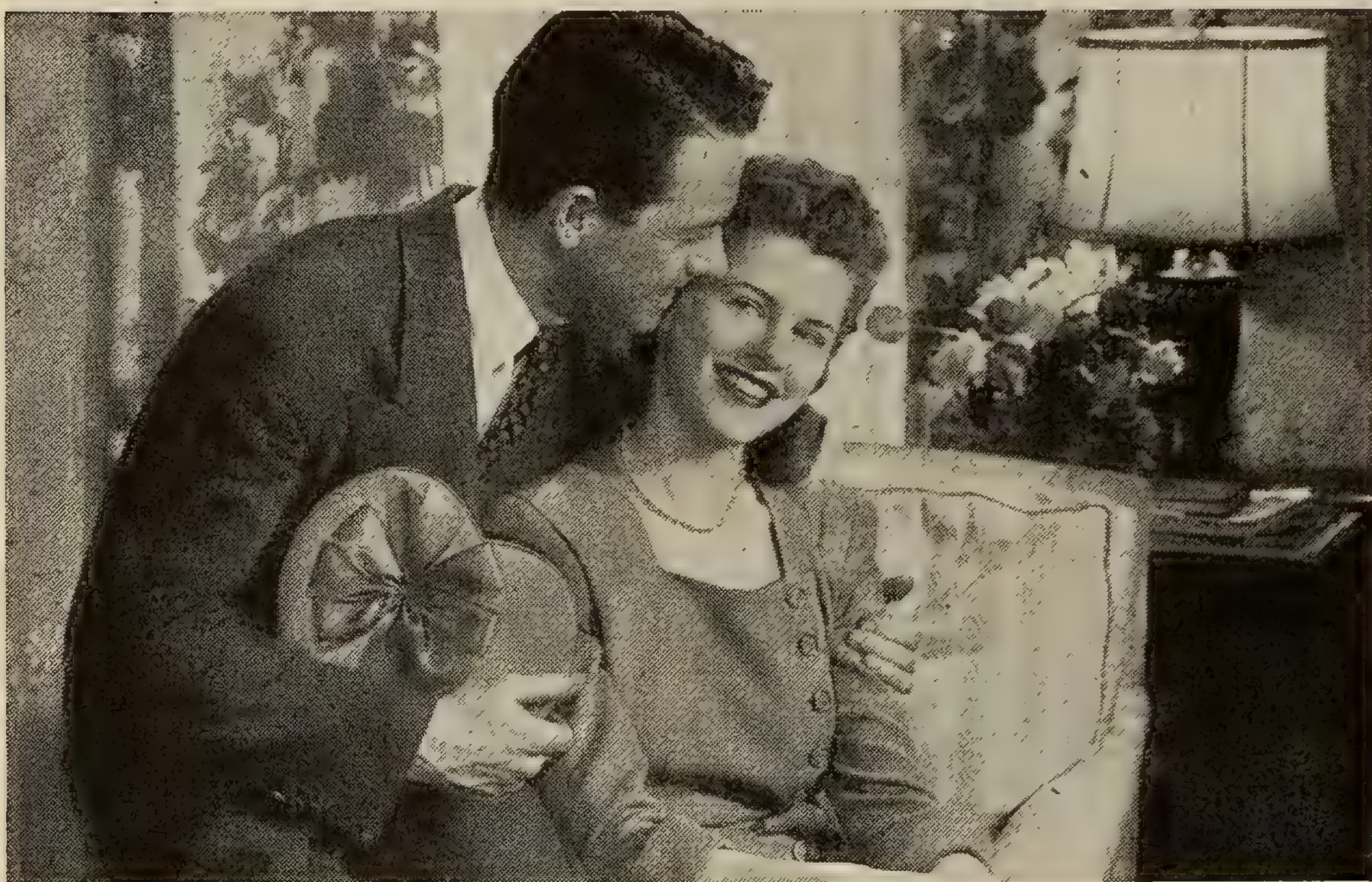
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"Divided hearts at our house . . ."

Somehow, somewhere, we'd lost our lovely, thrilling *oneness*. I didn't realize that *I* was at fault. Sure, I knew about feminine hygiene . . . or so I thought. But finally I learned, from my doctor, that the

careless, *now-and-then* care I'd trusted to, was a frequent cause of marriage failure. He said a wife can't afford such neglect . . . advised my using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"Now it's one heart again"

"Two hearts that beat as one"—that's *us* again! I wouldn't have believed *careful* feminine hygiene was so important in married happiness. But my doctor was *right*! I always use "Lysol" for douching, now, and

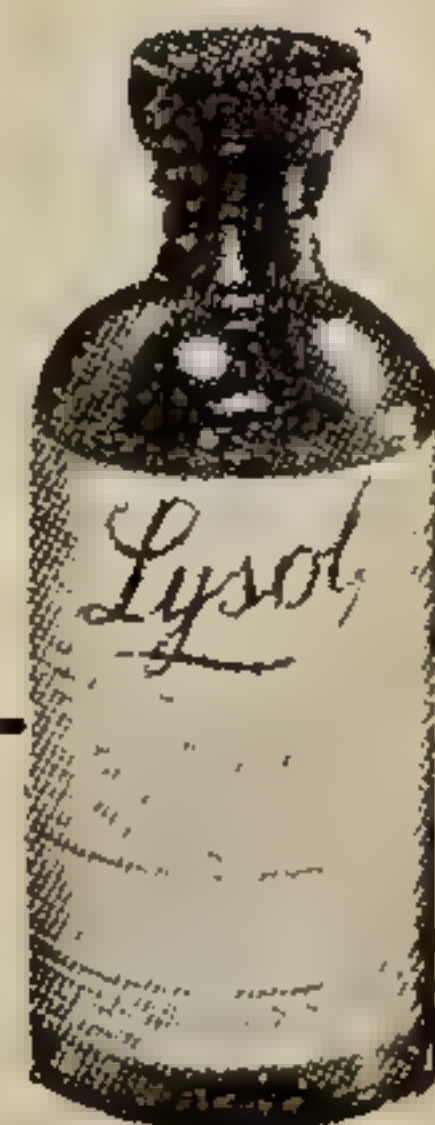
can recommend its thorough yet gentle cleansing. "Lysol" is thorough—far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. It's a proved *germ-killer*—it *works*—and it's so easy and economical to use.

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

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Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant

If Every Day Were Christmas

(Continued from page 21)

phoning to ask me to drop in at her house that afternoon. She told me to bring my "little black bag" because the call was to be at least partly professional. That's all she told me over the phone, but when I arrived at her house, she pulled me gently into the hall and explained in a whisper that she wanted me to look at a friend of hers who was in the guest room upstairs. It was a girl, she said, a refugee girl who had arrived just the day before from Europe.

"Not Dorothy Meyer?" I asked in surprise. I knew how long Whit had been working on getting Dorothy Meyer over to this country. Dorothy had been the ward of Whit's Polish friend, Marya Valenti. Whit had evidently forgotten how much she had told me about Dorothy in the past few months, and I could see relief spreading over her face now.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"SHE'S so thin and tired looking. And frightened. She's been in a Displaced Persons camp in Poland. I don't know much about what happened before that—she won't talk about it—but her whole family is dead. Marya Valenti told me that. It was just sheer luck that Dorothy wasn't killed, too. Her friends managed to keep her hidden during the worst of the war years. Poor thing. We'll probably never know what she's gone through."

I don't know what I expected to see in Whit's big canopied bed in the guest room, but as we went in and Whit opened the window curtains to let in the bright sunshine, I was aware of a sharp emotion of pity and surprise. The girl on the bed was one of the most beautiful creatures I'd ever seen—or would be with a few weeks of proper food and care. Shining coal black hair framed a small oval face. And out of that face, with its clear-cut, almost transparent structure of flesh and bone, stared unwinkingly two huge wells of eyes—deep brown, they were, and looked as though they'd witnessed every sorrow on earth.

Whit was introducing us now, and the girl's sensitive mouth shaped itself into a faint smile as she said, "How do you do," in low cultured tones with just a faint hint of an accent. We drew up chairs, and as I came closer to her, I saw the fatigue and nervousness that overlay her beauty like tarnish on a silver goblet. Her small hands lay clenched at her sides.

I knew this was no time for a prolonged question and answer session so I merely said that I was glad she was here and that we'd been waiting for her for a long time. "And," I went on, "since I'm a doctor, I'm also going to see to it that you get well and strong and healthy so that you can enjoy life over here."

She brightened up at that. "Oh, you have studied medicine? How nice. I had a friend at the University. . . ." her voice trailed off then, and she turned her face away for a moment. When she looked back at me, I could see that her lips were set to keep them from trembling. With a visible effort, she went on, "But she's gone now. And they say I mustn't think about it any more. She was—she was—Jewish, too."

I tried to hide the shiver that went

through me as the import of her words struck me, and went on quickly to tell her that her most important job now was to get lots of rest and good food. Then, when she felt stronger, there would be plenty of time for her to make some friends, and figure out something to occupy her time and mind.

"Oh, yes," she responded eagerly, "I want to be doing something useful. I can't just sit and do nothing."

When we got back downstairs, Whit said anxiously, "She's going to be all right, isn't she, Joyce?"

"Yes," I said, "it won't take long to get her back on her feet physically. She's just fatigued, and rest and food will take care of that. But I think the real problem is—well—her soul has been hurt, Whit. Anyone can see that. She's been hurt so badly that it'll take a long time for those inner bruises to heal. We'll all have to help her."

Whit's steady eyes looked into mine and she nodded her head slowly. "I know what you mean, Joyce. We'll do our best, won't we?"

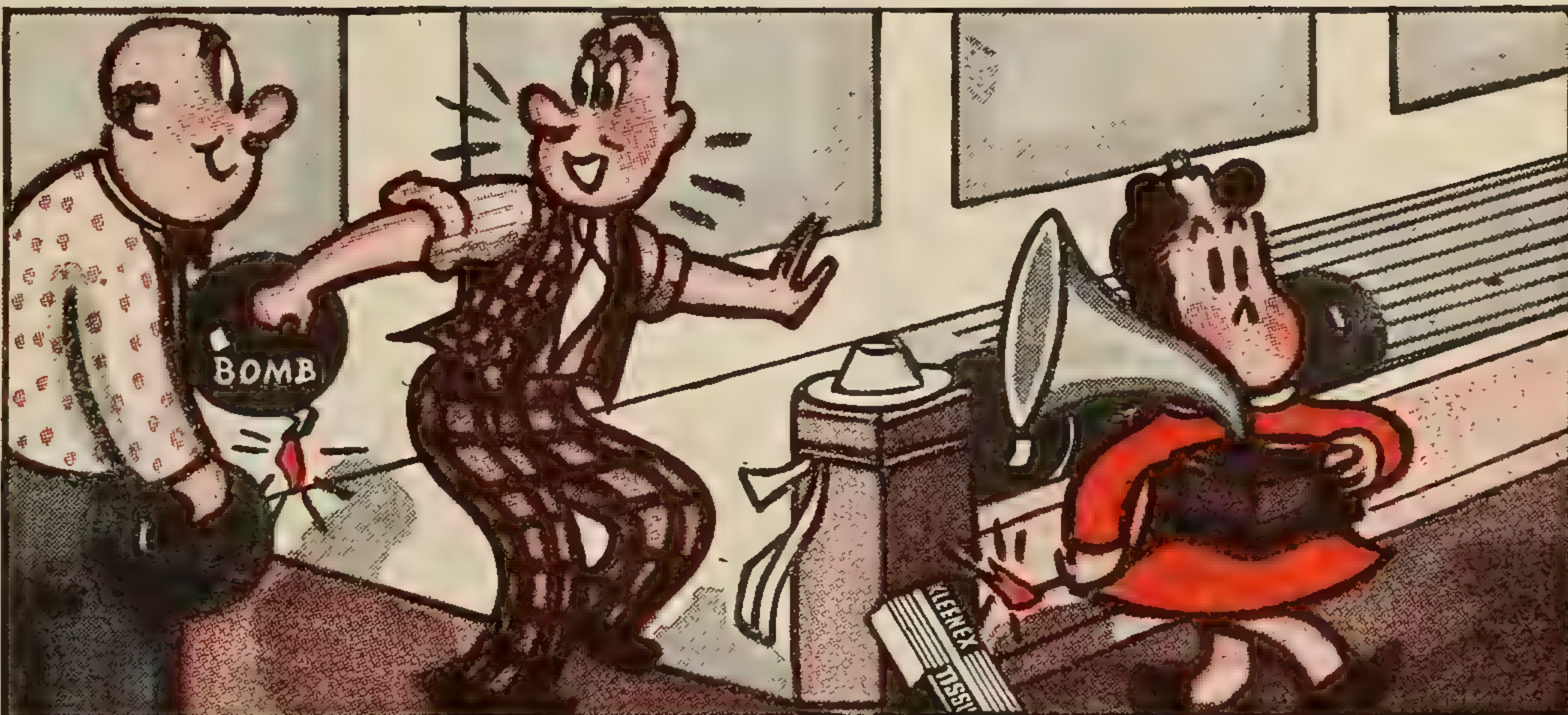
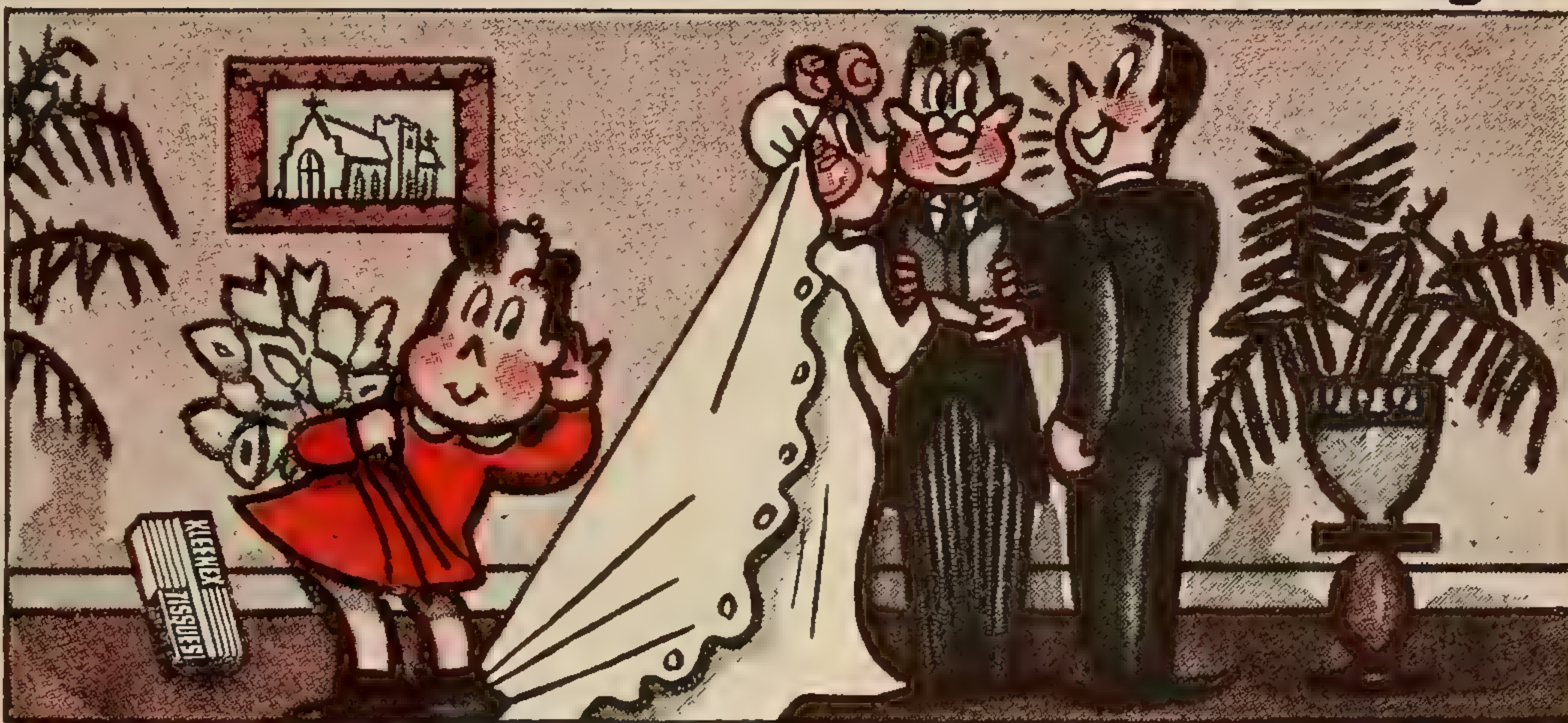
I saw Dorothy almost every day for the next few weeks, and grew very fond of her. Gradually, as the rest and quiet and good food and sympathy began to take effect, the veil of fatigue and terror wore away. She had a true little voice, without a great deal of volume, and I used to love to sit and listen to her. She really knew music—Whit told me once that she had studied music most of her life—and her repertoire was made up of snatches of the great symphonies and concertos, Polish folk songs, Hebrew chants, and even bits of modern music that had been popular in Europe before the war. One day she came across some old Church hymnals in Whit's book-case and for the next few days all we heard was familiar Sunday-School music.

It soon became evident that it was time for Dorothy to broaden her horizons a little. She'd had enough solitude and convalescence and was beginning to get a little restless. I felt that she was strong enough now, so Whit and I arranged a sort of "coming out" party.

People had heard about Miss Whitaker's European guest, of course, and were consumed with curiosity about her. And I must say that Dorothy fulfilled all the good reports that had gone around about her. She fairly glowed with excitement and subdued happiness. And she wore practically no make-up which, I could see, made a

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by Marge



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good impression on the older women.

It was interesting to see how the various people reacted to her. The young men were obviously attracted to her—her dark beauty and queer little foreign tricks of speech drew them like magnets. I particularly noticed young David Barden's eyes lighting up whenever she came near him. He couldn't stop staring at her. The girls were reserved at first. They scented a rival—a stranger in their midst. But her friendliness soon broke down those barriers. Most of the older people, who understood perhaps a little more of her story and background, were curious about her and at the same time sympathetic. I could see that some of them almost had an impulse to pat her on the head and say "There, there. You're safe now."

I say, some of them. There were a few who watched her with hard impersonal eyes, as though she were a strange specimen in a zoo or a museum—something to study but not to make friends with. There will always be people like that, I thought with a sigh. They're so afraid of anything outside their own circle of understanding that they can't relax and be at ease. Fear of the unknown, that's what it is—almost a tribal fear that probably goes back to cave-man days. Well, I told myself, they'll get used to her after a while and then they'll warm up. It takes time.

DOROTHY was over at the piano now, with the young people clustered around her. She was playing a Chopin Etude. David Barden was leaning against the piano, as close to her as he could get. When she finished, there was a scattered clapping of hands, and I heard one of the boys ask her if she knew "Sioux City Sue." She shook her head laughingly and some of the others suggested various popular songs. She had to admit that she didn't know any of them. Then, on an impulse, she struck a chord and asked them if they knew this one. It was "Rock of Ages." They all knew it, of course, and after a moment or two of surprise that she should choose a hymn to play at a party, they began, one by one, to sing. My eyes met Whit's from across the room and we smiled at each other. Things were going well!

While all this was going on, I sat down for a moment next to Mrs. Barden, David's mother. Mrs. Barden was one of our close neighbors. She was not a clubwoman, but was considered a Pillar of the Church, her main interest being the Church choir and the musical arrangements for the various religious holidays and special Church entertainments. She was a plump merry little woman, perhaps a little hasty in her judgments and maybe a little too domineering, but she'd been a widow for a long time and was used to handling her own life and making her own decisions. David was her only son.

Mrs. Barden was talking now about the Church organist, Ellie Danvers, who was leaving town in a week or so to be married. Mrs. Barden was very upset about it.

"You'd think," she laughed to me ruefully, "that I begrudged the poor girl a husband! I don't. I think it's wonderful that she finally got one—after all, she must be at least thirty by now. But I don't know what we're going to do about another organist!"

"How about Mrs. Merryfield?" I suggested.

Mrs. Barden shook her head. "She can read the notes and punch the keys, but that's about all. You see, one of

the duties of the organist is to train the children's Christmas chorus. And that requires a general knowledge of music—at least an ability to carry a tune. I've heard Helen Merryfield sing!"

I smiled at her and sympathized with her predicament.

"Well," she shrugged. "It'll probably work itself out. Something's got to happen soon, though. Christmas is coming and the children haven't even been organized yet. They usually go around singing carols on Christmas Eve, you know, and then come to the Christmas party and sing there."

She leaned back in her chair and looked over to the corner toward the group around the piano. Dorothy was playing "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," and the young voices were booming out the song joyfully. "My," said Mrs. Barden, "it's been a long time since I've heard that one. Where do you suppose she picked that up?"

"Out of one of Miss Whittaker's old hymnals," I told her. "She's learned just about every hymn in the book."

"That's rather odd, isn't it?" mused Mrs. Barden. "A girl like that—a foreigner, you know—learning our hymns."

"She likes them," I assured her, "she says some of them are very like the songs her mother used to sing to her."

"Very odd," Mrs. Barden went on. "She plays them well, though, and she has a nice voice—what you can hear of it."

And then I had my inspiration. "Why, Mrs. Barden," I exclaimed, trying not to let too much excitement creep into my voice, "that's the answer to your problem!"

"What problem?" asked Mrs. Barden absently, her fingers tapping on the chair arm in time to the music.

"Your children's chorus! Why couldn't Dorothy train them? She'd be perfect, and I know she'd love to do it."

Mrs. Barden stopped tapping her fingers and stared at me. "Are you out of your mind, Joyce?"

"No, of course not. I think it's a wonderful idea."

BUT—oh, it's ridiculous. Nobody knows her or who she is or where she comes from. And she's not a member of the Church. Why . . . no, it's out of the question."

"Look, Mrs. Barden," I said eagerly, "this is the best way in the world for people to get to know her and who she is and where she comes from. And lots of regular church-goers aren't necessarily members. Miss Whittaker and I would vouch for her character."

She gave me a troubled look. "You know what I'm thinking, Joyce. Let's be frank about it. The girl's Jewish, isn't she?"

I'd been waiting for that. "Yes, she is. And when I think of the terrible things that so-called Christians have done to her and to the rest of her people during the war, I should think every right-minded person in the world would try to bend over backward to right those wrongs. I don't think this is a matter of religion or what Bible you happen to read, Mrs. Barden. Dorothy believes in God, as all of us do. It's really a matter of simple kindness and generosity. She wants to be friends with all of us in Centerfield. That doesn't seem like asking too much, does it? And what better way could there be than to let her help train the children's chorus? She needs you, you need her."

Mrs. Barden looked thoughtful. "It does sound simple the way you put it, Joyce. But . . ." Then she made up her

mind. "Oh, all right—let's try it! I'll get the children together some afternoon next week, and we'll let her go to work on them. There—how's that?"

I felt limp with relief. This had been Dorothy's first battle and it had been won without her even knowing about it! "You're wonderful, Mrs. Barden," I said, and felt like kissing her right then and there. "Let me know what day, and Dorothy will be there."

It was getting late now and there were signs that the party was ready to break up. Dorothy and Whit and I stood near the door to say goodnight to the guests. Everyone had nice things to say to Dorothy, and her face was shining with pleasure. "Don't forget," one of the girls called out to her, "we're all going on a picnic next week if it's not too cold," and Dorothy nodded eagerly.

When David and his mother came up to say goodnight, I noticed that he held Dorothy's hand just a trifle longer than necessary and almost stammered as he told her how much he had enjoyed meeting her. A quick flush of color rose to her cheeks and she shyly said she hoped she would see him again soon. I saw Mrs. Barden flash a penetrating glance at her son.

Finally, after everyone had gone, the three of us settled down for one last cup of tea and an after-party talk. I told Dorothy what Mrs. Barden had in mind, and she was enthusiastic.

"Oh, I'm so happy," she breathed ecstatically. "I never thought things could be like this. Everybody is so nice, and you two are wonderful, and I know I'll adore working with those children. I don't know how I can ever repay you."

"Don't try," said Whit gruffly, try-

ing to hide her own emotions, "We're having just as good a time as you are. We needed someone like you to stir up the town a bit. It was getting stale. Now the folks will have something new to think about and discuss."

I couldn't resist a little teasing. "Especially David Barden, eh?"

Dorothy burst out, "Oh, my goodness, was it that obvious?" Then, as she saw our delighted grins, she flushed and lowered her eyes.

I probably wouldn't have felt so gay and confident about things if I'd had any idea of some of the results and complications that were to arise from that simple little "debut" of Dorothy's. Perhaps it's just as well we can't see into the future! As it was, everything went along beautifully for a while. Dorothy began the training of her group of little angel-devils, as she called them, and from the few rehearsals I watched, I realized that she was doing an excellent job.

The children were fascinated. After every rehearsal, they'd all gather around the piano and beg her to sing some of the little old-country folk songs that she loved so much. Good, I thought, when I saw this happening. She's learned their songs, now let them learn some of hers.

Whit's old-fashioned little house was becoming quite a young people's rendezvous, too. More and more often in the evenings, as time went on, the windows would be ablaze with lights and passersby could hear the happy sounds of music and laughter from inside. David Barden, Whit said, was always there, sometimes with the rest of the group, sometimes just he alone, gravely discussing life and the world with Dorothy. Whit said they looked charming

together—David so blond and tall, and Dorothy so dark and tiny, and both of them so earnest and courteous with each other.

It wasn't long before trouble began to brew. Mrs. Barden couldn't help realizing, sooner or later, what was going on, and when she finally understood, she must have gone through some bad moments. I knew how she'd feel about it. It was all right for Dorothy to train the children's chorus. Mrs. Barden felt she'd been very big and understanding about that. But her only son, David—that was another matter, and a much more important one. She'd always thought of David as settling down eventually with one of the Centerfield girls he'd known all his life—one with a good solid American background, and preferably one whose family attended the same Church that Mrs. Barden did. That she was resigned to. But for David to begin to show too great an interest in this little nobody of a girl—this foreigner from Lord knows where in Europe—this—this Jew! It was intolerable!

She began finding excuses to keep David home in the evening or inventing errands for him to do which would prevent him from dropping in at Whit's. When he did get over to see Dorothy, inevitably there would be a phone call from Mrs. Barden, asking him to go here or there or to come home and keep her company because she was lonely. Lonely! She knew everyone in town, and I don't think she'd spent a lonely hour in her whole life. But David didn't complain or criticize. Maybe he didn't realize what she was trying to do. Anyway, he loved his mother, and it didn't occur to him to defy her.

Then she began to show her dis-

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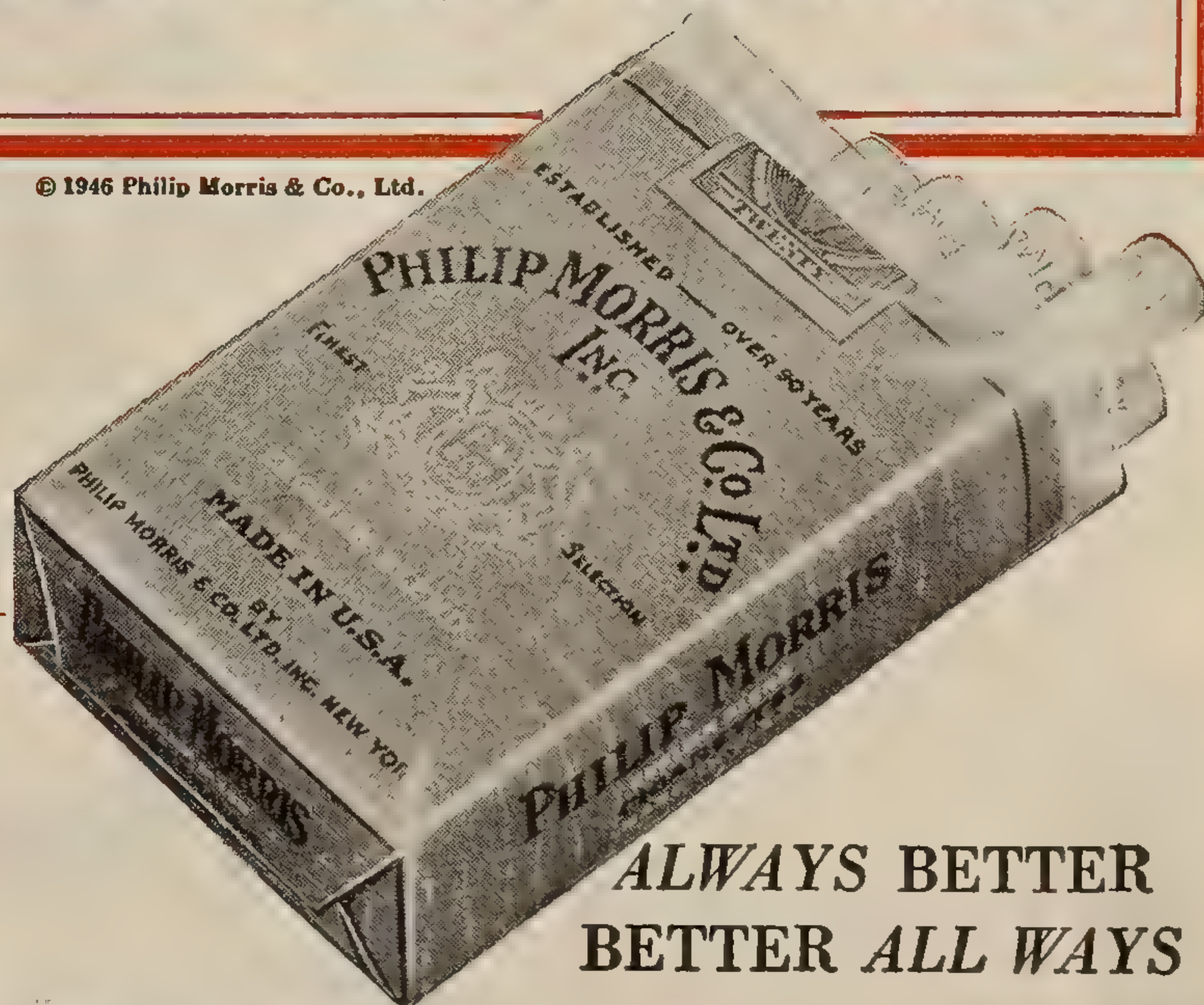
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pleasure to Dorothy. She would drop in at the chorus rehearsals and just sit there disapprovingly and watch with narrowed eyes, trying to find something to complain about.

It was after one of these rehearsals that Dorothy came over to my house, her shoulders sagging with discouragement, and her eyes bright with unshed tears. "I think she hates me, Dr. Jordan," she burst out, "she said I was teaching the children all wrong and that I was a bad influence on them—singing my 'foreign trash' songs to them after rehearsals. She said their parents didn't like it and didn't want me to train the chorus any more."

"Sit down, Dorothy," I told her gently, "we may as well get this thrashed out right now."

She sat down quietly enough, and I started to explain as simply as I could. "First of all—and let's not have any false modesty or embarrassment about this—you and David are in love, aren't you?"

She looked straight at me for a moment. Then, slowly, she nodded her head. "Yes, Dr. Jordan, we are."

"WELL, you know what small towns are like. You've lived in them. And you know what ordinary people are like—especially mothers with only one son. Dorothy, think how your own mother would react in a similar circumstance. And I'm not trying to be cruel—I'm just trying to make you see Mrs. Barden's point of view. Suppose your brother were to fall in love with a girl from another country—another culture—another religion, Dorothy! Do you think your mother would have accepted it calmly without trying to stop it?"

Two big tears began to form in Dorothy's eyes, and she hastily lowered her head. In a muffled voice the honest answer came. "I don't think she'd have liked it, Dr. Jordan. I know she wouldn't. She was old-fashioned and very religious."

"Then," I went on, "you know just what is going through Mrs. Barden's mind. Except that she's trying to avoid coming right out and saying it. She thinks she's modern and broad-minded. But those old ideas and standards are hard to forget. And she hasn't forgotten them. She doesn't want David to be in love with you, Dorothy."

Dorothy lifted her head then. "But it's too late to stop it now. I love him, and he loves me. Oh, what am I to do? Must we stop seeing each other? Must I give him up? Is that the only way? Is America no different from Europe?"

My heart cringed at her words. There it was—stated at last. Was there a place in our great country for someone like Dorothy? Could she have a part in our life, in our hearts? I knew there was a place for her in *my* life—in *my* heart.

"Dorothy," I said gently, and took her hand, "you don't think there's any reason why you and David shouldn't be in love and eventually get married and live the rest of your lives together, do you?"

She didn't trust her voice. She just shook her head violently.

I went on. "And David feels the same way you do?"

"Yes, he does," she said tiredly. "I know how he feels. He feels that love and decency and kindness are the only things that matter. He feels that people like us are the only solution to the world's problems. Because we love each other and try to understand."

"Then wipe those tears away. It's

up to you and David to prove to the world that you're right. Get up on your two feet—both of you—and fight for what you believe."

She stared at me unbelievably through her tears. "But what about Mrs. Barden, and—and—all the other people who feel the way she does?"

"She—and they—are partly your problem. But it's their problem, too, you know. You can't live for everybody. You can do everything you can to help them—up to a point. But from there on, they've got to do it for themselves. In the meantime, you've got yourself to consider. You and David. I don't believe in martyrdom. You do what you think is best for the two of you, and I'll back you up to the limit—or at least as far as I can go. And always remember—there are two things to consider:—your own happiness, and that bigger principle that both you and David believe. I'd say that included the children's chorus, too. It's a job you've taken on, you're doing it well, and I don't think you should give it up for anybody!"

Dorothy's eyes had gotten bigger and bigger as I talked. The tears had disappeared now and a soft lustrous light was beginning to shine through. Speechlessly, she rose to her feet and came over and threw her arms around me. "That's what I've been wanting to hear," she said breathlessly. "Now I can do anything!"

I FELT a little frightened after she'd gone. I was really in for it now. Right up in the front lines, not just in an observer's seat. And I needed help. Wise, understanding help. Because, although I was whole-heartedly with Dorothy and David, there were other things to consider. There was Mrs. Barden.

It finally came—a solution so simple and obvious I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. Or, if not a solution—at least an approach to one. The Reverend Williams—pastor of Mrs. Barden's church. She respected him probably more than she did anyone else in town.

So the next day I called on Reverend Williams. Stumblingly at first I tried to explain what was happening—who Dorothy was, why Mrs. Barden was so upset about David's feeling about her, why I was mixed up in it.

"I have a feeling somehow," I told him, "that David and Dorothy are symbolical of the world itself—of the chance we have now for more love and understanding than we've ever had before. And if it doesn't work out for them, I'll know in my inner heart that nothing will ever work out for any of the rest of us—the United Nations, the Four Freedoms, winning the Peace—anything!"

His wise old eyes twinkled as they looked into mine. "Well," he said, "perhaps you're right. Perhaps everyone would be better off if we could always manage to see the bigger things behind the small ones. And, as far as religion goes, we don't have to look very far in the Bible to find guidance. The good Samaritan wasn't concerned over whether or not the wounded man in the ditch was of his own faith. Jesus didn't ask to see people's identification papers before he stretched out his hand to them—even if it did get him into trouble occasionally. St. Paul preached to Jews and Gentiles, alike.

"Those precepts are good enough for me." He paused for a moment and his eyebrows went up in a gentle quirk. "What I say is—what has Centerfield

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got that the Founders of Christianity didn't have?"

I laughed with him. That was the wonderful thing about Reverend Williams. He could be serious in one breath and gently ironic in the next. You felt that he had an intense awareness of life about him—that he understood people. It was a comforting thought.

"We'll figure out something," he promised, "and—I was just thinking—don't you suppose it might be a good idea to have the children's chorus sing at the Midnight Services on Christmas Eve as well as at the Christmas party? It would give them something to work especially hard for. And I'm sure I could persuade Mrs. Barden that her young friend, Miss Meyer, will be able to give them the proper training in the short time that is left."

Oh, that wonderful devious man! I felt like singing. "Reverend Williams," I chuckled, "if you ever skin your knuckles or bark your shins, just let me know. I'll come running with the iodine bottle!"

THINGS seemed to move swiftly after that. In spite of his mother, David spent most of his time with Dorothy at Whit's or at my house and managed, gently, not to be available when his mother telephoned. I ran into Mrs. Barden once at the Post Office. She glared at me through narrowed eyes and said, "I just want you to know, Joyce Jordan, than I hold you responsible for whatever happens." She didn't explain further, and I didn't ask her to, and that's all she said.

In an unbelievably short time, it was Christmas Eve, and the whole town was bright and shining with Christmas trees, holly wreaths and fat red candles. I was sitting in front of my fireplace, trying to read a book but not being able to keep my thoughts in order, when the doorbell rang. It was David, a rather high-colored, excited David, with his hair rumpled as though he'd been running his hands through it, and his eyes burning with a desperate gleam.

"Come in, David," I greeted him, "I'll fix you a Christmas egg-nog."

"I'd love it," he said "but first I've got to tell you something. I've done it, Joyce; I've told Mother. And she's fit to be tied."

"Told her what?" I asked, although I knew very well!

"That Dorothy and I are going to be married. I thought she'd hit the ceiling. She said she knew that I was up to something behind her back. She said I'd disgrace the family and the whole town. She said she'd never be able to hold her head up in public again. She said lots of things—all of them bitter and cutting. So I just left the house and ran—over here. Joyce, will you go to the Services with us tonight? I don't think I can face Mother alone again for a while."

"Of course I will," I told him. "Now you sit down here in front of the fire and admire my Christmas tree, and I'll get your egg-nog. Take it easy. Things will work out—see if they don't."

When I came back from the kitchen he was sunk deep in the easy chair, with a worried look on his face. "This is the first time in my life we've ever had a row," he said. "I don't like hurting her, Joyce, but what else can I do?"

"She just has to get used to it," I soothed him. And we talked quietly for a while as he sipped at the egg-nog. It was about nine o'clock when we heard the first thin little treble of familiar music—"Oh, little town of

Bethlehem—how still we see thee lie..."

"Oh, David," I exclaimed, "there they are!—Dorothy and the children singing their carols." Quickly I ran to the window and flung it wide. And my heart seemed to expand as I looked down on the little group below. There were the youngsters—almost twenty of them, their cheeks pink with the night air, their eyes bright with excitement, their little mouths wide open as they sang those old well loved words: "Above thy deep and dreamless sleep—the silent stars go by."

And there, to one side, was Dorothy, leading them, giving them confidence by her very presence, urging them on to sweeter purer tones as they sang about the birth of the Saviour. She was snugly wrapped in an old great-coat of mine and wore a perky little beaver bonnet that she'd made from a long unused fur collar of Whit's. Her face was lifted to my window and I turned to whisper to David, "Quick, come look. They're like a choir of angels."

He stood by my side at the window, and I could see a happy smile illumine Dorothy's face, there in the shadow.

David left shortly after that, and I sat and dreamed in front of the fire. Two hours later, he was back. "Come on," he said, "Mother's outside in the car. Time for Church."

Mrs. Barden tried hard to speak cordially to me, as we climbed into the car, but I could see that it was an effort for her. Her back was stiff as a ramrod, and her chin was high in the air. I wondered if her lips were trembling, but it was so dark I couldn't see.

The Church was beginning to fill up when we arrived, and we took our places in a pew down front. Soon everyone had settled down, and Reverend Williams came out to greet his congregation and offer a prayer. The air was sweet with the scent of pine boughs and bayberry candles. The Church choir sang, and then slowly they filed from their places, and Dorothy led her little group to the choir loft. People held their breaths. This was the first time a children's chorus had ever sung at the Midnight Service. It was something very special.

The children were ready to sing now, their eyes solemnly on Dorothy, the hymn-books in their hands, their little faces lifted and shining. The organist struck a soft note, the children took a deep breath in unison, and the high soprano voices rang out—"Hark the Herald Angels sing..."

It was a moment of poignant beauty, and everyone in the Church that night reacted to it. I think, if applause had

been possible in Church, the whole building would have rocked with it. As it was, when the tender voices finished on "Glory to the new-born King," and sank away, there was a long ecstatic pause, and people looked at each other with shining eyes. The children began another hymn then, and I saw Mrs. Barden wipe a tear away.

After that hymn, the children sat down quietly, and Reverend Williams took his place in the pulpit. He looked around the congregation slowly, his eyes seeming to come to a full stop when they rested on Mrs. Barden.

"I had intended," he began, "to bring you now the usual Christmas story, as I always have at our Christmas Eve services in the past. But tonight, for reasons which seem to me very urgent, I have decided to take my text from the 25th Chapter of Matthew, the 40th Verse: 'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

And then, to my astonishment, and evidently to that of the congregation, he proceeded to preach the most beautiful sermon on tolerance I've ever heard in my life. I can remember only a small part of it now, but I'll never forget the feeling of hope and faith that swept over me as his beautiful words poured out.

"And when the Pharisees asked Him what was the greatest Commandment of all, He answered them with two. The first, He said, was 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. The second, He said, was very like the first. It was: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'..."

REVEREND WILLIAMS paused for just a moment, and his eyes sought Mrs. Barden's. "Who is your neighbor? You know in your heart who it is. It is the one you can help in an hour of need. It is the one who helps you when every other hand is withdrawn. Not just the friend next-door whom you've known all your life. Not just the person who sits next to you in your own Church. Not just the individual whose beliefs happen to coincide with yours. No. It is he who has mercy in his heart, or to whom you show mercy. That is your neighbor. And now, in the words of our Lord, our gentle Saviour who gave his very life that we might be saved,—'Go, and do thou likewise'."

He ended his sermon and began the Benediction. Mrs. Barden sat as though stunned. I don't know what thoughts were going through her mind, but her head was bowed. Slowly, she slipped a handkerchief from her bag and wiped her eyes. Lifting her head, she looked toward the choir loft where Dorothy sat with the little ones. And slowly she turned her head to David. Finally, with a smile of utter acceptance, she took his hand and pressed it. She listened quietly and lovingly while Dorothy led the children's chorus in the final hymn of the evening.

I don't feel that there's much to say, now that this story is told. It says enough of itself. But I'll always know that that Christmas Eve, I saw a miracle being performed—a miracle of love and generosity and understanding. And, knowing that it happened once, I'll always have faith that it can happen again—wherever people stop to think. Peace on earth—good will toward men. That's what we all want. And that's what we can have—if we will only love one another.

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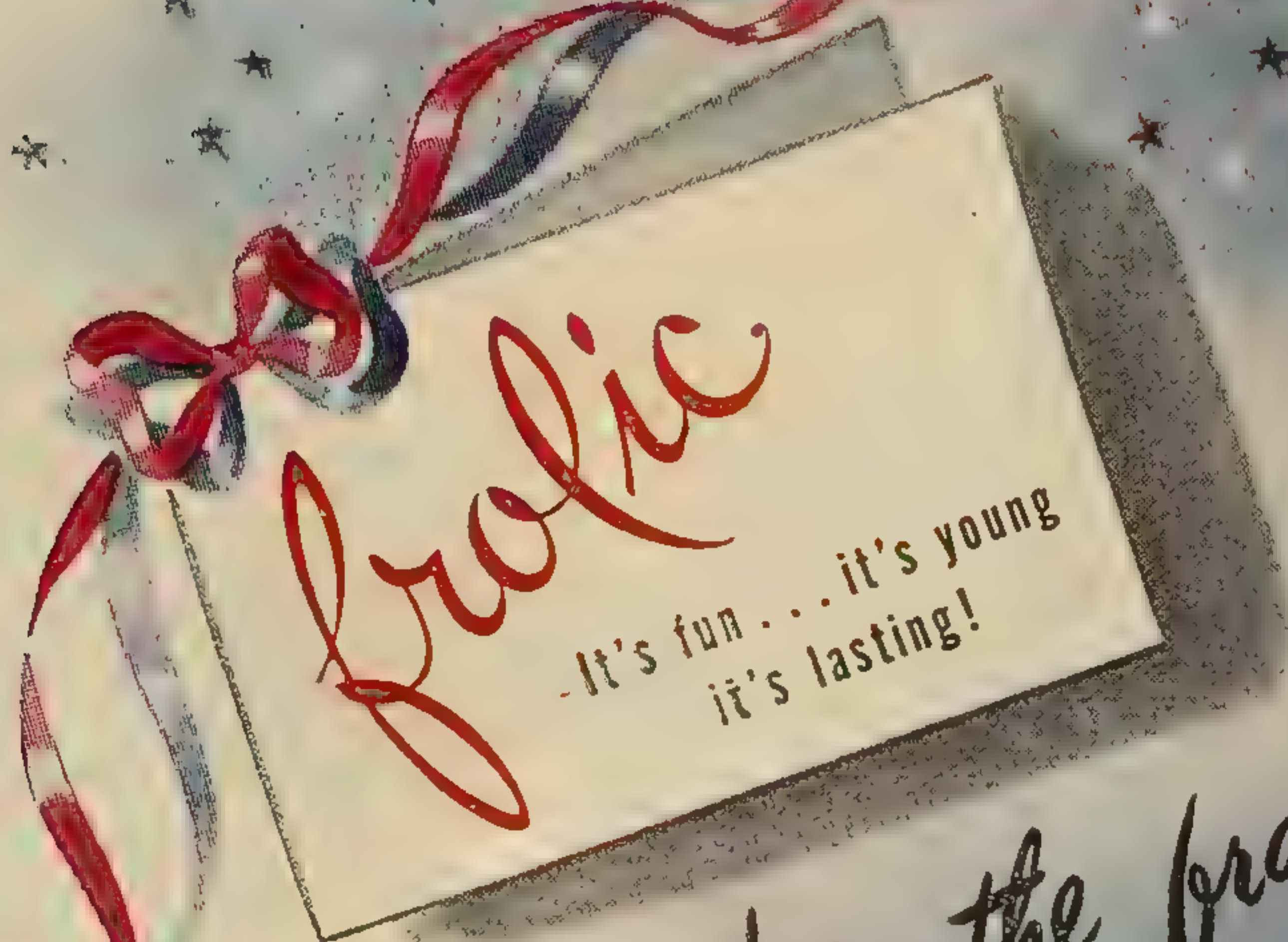


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Lum 'n' Abner Mind Somebody Else's Business

(Continued from page 35)

I never want to hear about the war again—it was enough to last me for two lifetimes." His voice thickened. "And, most of all, I want to quit remembering those empty beds in the barracks after a mission." He turned his head away for a moment, and his throat worked oddly.

"We know what you mean, Harry," said Lum softly, "and I can't say as we blame you. Well, the mill will likely be glad to have you back. They been short handed ever since the war started. You ought to be able to get a right good job over there now."

"My old job is good enough. In fact, it's got to be the old job or none at all. I want it to be like it was only yesterday that I left."

"But, Jimineties, Harry," objected Abner, "your old job didn't amount to a row o' pins. Pushin' carts and stuff around! Anybody could do that. It was all right for a young kid just startin' out, but you been gone four years now and you're grewed up. You oughta get somethin' better."

HARRY'S jaw tightened, and the lines that appeared in his young face gave him a strangely old and weary look. "It's those four years I want to forget about," he said sharply. "I want to wipe 'em right out. And the only way I can do it is to pretend they never happened. I want to pick up at the mill right where I left off—as though there hadn't been any time in between. Can't you understand that?"

Lum motioned Abner to be quiet and hurriedly cut in. "We understand, Harry. Course you'll probably find there've been some changes out at the mill—but everybody's got to do things their own way. And you sure earned your right to do things your way for a while."

Harry relaxed. "Thanks, fellas. And—let's change the subject. What's been going on down here lately?"

Abner looked at Lum, and Lum nodded imperceptibly. "Well," he began cautiously, "Annie Miller's got a new baby. I hear it's takin' to chewin' on its thumb all the time, but likely it'll get over that. And Squire Skimp's finally puttin' some new shingles on his roof. And Mose Moots is usin' some new-fangled kind of bay-rum a drummer sold him a few weeks back. Gettin' so everybody has a haircut these days comes out smellin' like Granny Masters' lilac bush. What else, Lum?"

Harry was smiling delightedly now, so Lum joined in. "The County put in a new bridge over the Mill River and now there ain't no place for the kids to sit when they go fishin'. They're mighty upset about it. Oh yes, the young Sumner boy got a good job out in Denver, so the Sumners had an auction couple weeks ago and moved up to Denver, lock, stock an' barrel."

"Yeah," interrupted Abner eagerly. "And we got a bunch of new books for the library from the auction. Maybe you'd like to read one of 'em, Harry—looks like a humdinger to me—called 'Sink or Swim'. Brand new author feller, too. Lum says he's pretty good." He held the book out to Harry, who looked at it and tucked it under his arm, his eyes twinkling.

"It sure is good to be back," he said. "And now I guess I better be shoving off. Got to get out to the mill and see about my job and then find out if my

old work clothes still fit. Be seeing you." He opened the door. Lum and Abner said goodbye and watched him as he closed it softly behind him and walked off.

With Harry a safe distance away, Abner shook his head and sighed. "What do you s'pose is eatin' on him?"

Lum shrugged his shoulders. "Seems plain enough," he answered. "He just got too much of the war and now he wants to forget it. Can't blame him for that, can you?"

Abner sighed again. "I guess not. But he's goin' to have his troubles. Folks are goin' to want him to tell about all those German planes he shot down, and they ain't goin' to understand about him goin' back to work at the mill in his old job. Gee whilikers, Lum, that boy's a hero! He's been writ up in the newspapers. They said he was an Ace. He was the leader of his whole squadron. He can't just throw all that in the junk heap and go back to bein' a mill-hand."

"Well, that's what he's plannin' on," said Lum, "and I guess folks'll have to take it, whether they understand it or not." Then his eyes narrowed and he looked at Abner speculatively. "Say, Abner, ain't Betty Holden workin' up to the mill now?"

"Yeah," said Abner, "she's doin' secretary work for the manager. What's that go to do with it?" Suddenly his face lighted up. "Say, that's right, Lum. Harry used to be sweet on her, didn't he? D'you reckon she'll be able to talk some sense into him?"

Lum got out the inventory book again. "You never can tell," he said.

BUT the reports that came into the Jot 'Em Down Store And Library during the next few weeks about Harry Johnson weren't any too good. Folks said he'd gone queer-like. They said he got a blank look on his face when they talked to him, and wouldn't answer questions. They said he'd lost all his ambition and would probably end up as nothing but an unskilled mill-hand till the day he died. They said they were beginning not to respect him any more.

One day Betty Holden came in for a library book. There wasn't anybody else in the store, so Lum edged over and started talking to her.

"How're things out to the mill, Betty?" he asked casually.

"Pretty good, Mr. Edwards," she replied. "We've still got so many orders we can't fill them, but we're doing the best we can."

"I hear young Harry Johnson got back his old job."

"Yes," she said, and slid a look at him out of the corner of her eyes.

"How's he makin' out?"

Her pert little nose twitched ever so slightly. "I really wouldn't know, Mr. Edwards."

Lum had expected something like this. "Now, Betty, you don't need to get on your high horse with me. I've known you ever since you were knee-high to a grass-hopper. And I know how you and Harry used to feel about each other before the war. Betty, I'm worried about that boy. Both Abner and me are worried. I thought you might be able to help us figure out what to do about him."

She looked straight at him then, and the pert little nose wasn't twitching



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now. Instead, the corners of her mouth had turned down despondently and a quick moisture gleamed in her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Edwards," she said, "I wish I knew what the matter was. He hasn't been out to our house even once since he got back. I tried to ask him about it one day—jokingly, you know—and he said that I'd gone up in the world so much, being Mr. Ellis' secretary and all, that I was too good for a mill-hand any more—that I'd changed so much he'd never catch up with me."

"Well, this is the way we figured it, Betty," said Lum slowly. "He wanted things to be just exactly the way they were before he went away. He thinks he can be the same person he was four years ago, and I guess it bothers him because other people ain't exactly the same. He's tryin' so hard to forget those four years that he don't want to admit to himself that other people have been livin' right on through them. He's kinda like that old king in the fairy story that tried to hold back the tide just by holdin' up his hand."

"I GUESS so," Betty nodded miserably. "It's sort of like that combat fatigue you read about in the papers all the time. Lots of times they don't even know they've got it. It just gives them peculiar ideas, and they think it's all very reasonable. I think the worst of it all is Al Middleton."

"What about Al Middleton?"

"Well, he's just back from overseas, too, you know, and he's foreman at the mill now. He was a Corporal in the Infantry, and according to him the Infantry didn't think much of the Air Force—especially Air Force officers. He says they were a bunch of 'Glamor Boys'. Anyway, he makes fun of Harry all the time, and pushes him around every chance he gets. He says Harry may have been a fighter pilot and a Major and all that, but the war's over and now he's back where he belongs—working in a mill as a day-laborer. And the horrible thing about it is that Harry seems to agree with him. He never talks back. He just shrugs his shoulders and does everything Al tells him to."

She choked back a sob at this. "It just makes me kind of sick to my stomach, Mr. Edwards—it really does. Harry is a lot smarter than Al will ever be. But you'd never know it out at the mill these days. He's like a Zombie, that's what he's like—a Zombie!"

Lum patted her on the shoulder sympathetically. "I can see how it'd be kinda hard for you, Betty. But I don't think we can do much about it for a while. Just wait and see what happens. What is it they say in the Army—'sweat it out'?"

After Betty had gone, Lum sat down and tried to figure it out, but the more he thought, the more mixed-up the whole thing got. It just didn't make sense. There was Harry—as bright a boy as Pine Ridge had ever turned out. The Army had recognized that, and had promoted him as fast as they could—had given him a lot of responsibility and a big job to do. And then there was Al Middleton. He'd never been very long on brains or ability. He was no master mind, and evidently the Army had recognized that, too. He hadn't gotten any farther than Corporal.

But now, suddenly, Al was Harry's boss and was gloating over it. And Harry accepted the whole thing as right and natural. Just because Al had quit school in the eighth grade and had

gone to work in the mill instead of going on to High School, he had reached a higher position there than Harry could in the short time he had put in at the mill. But did that make Al smarter or more able than Harry, just because he had a better job? Lum didn't think so.

Harry was a better man than Al Middleton, any day in the week. He'd bet his right arm on that. But if Harry didn't think so, how could it ever be proved? Lum sighed, and went to get the broom to sweep off the front sidewalk. Folks sure could get their lives mixed up, he decided.

He didn't have any occasion to change his mind about that, either, during the next few weeks. From all he and Abner could find out, Harry was still behaving just the way he had when he'd first come home—going to work doggedly every day, doing his job—no more and no less—and taking orders from Al, no matter how insulting or inefficient those orders might seem. Everybody in town was beginning to accept the fact that the Army had ruined Harry. Everybody but Betty and the proprietors of the Jot 'Em Down Store And Library.

Harry dropped in at the store now and then—more as a matter of habit than anything else—and Lum and Abner tried to get him to talk, to bolster up his lost pride a little. It usually didn't work out too well.

"How about them German pilots?" Abner would ask. "Were they as good as everybody says they were?"

BUT Harry would wave a deprecatory hand. "The old Eagle Squadron boys had it tough in the early days, but by the time I got over there, we outnumbered 'em—ten to one sometimes. We had American production backing us up. And there's no glory in just plain weight of numbers."

"The Army must have thought there was some glory to what you did," Abner would suggest cautiously, "or they wouldn't have given you all those medals and a whole squadron to lead."

But Harry wouldn't accept that. "It was a different world over there. Everything was different—and abnormal. It wasn't life. It was a bad dream. And the Army was built to fit. Sure—I was a big shot—a big shot in a nightmare. So what does that make me now? The nightmare's over. I'm awake again and it's the next morning and I'm right back where I started. I'm just plain Harry Johnson, a mill-hand in Pine Ridge, Arkansas. And nothing that's happened in that bad dream can change it. Besides, I don't want to think about it any more."

So Lum and Abner would lapse into unhappy silence and pretty soon Harry would say it was time for him to go, and they wouldn't see him again for a long time.

Then the spring rains started, and all of Pine Ridge was a sodden dispirited place where people stayed indoors as much as they could, and only ventured out when they had to, in raincoats and umbrellas and rubber boots. It had been a dry year so far, and it seemed as though the weather were trying to balance itself with a continuous down-pour. The Mill River began to rise, and the lower road—the old dirt road that wound through the back country—was washed out in two places.

Harry came stomping into the store one evening, shaking the rain from his hat and mopping his dripping face with an already wet handkerchief. "Gosh," he said, "I sure hope this lets up pretty

soon. The river's up another foot to-night. Sixteen more inches and it'll be up to the 1927 level."

"How's the dam holding?" asked Lum. The dam was the one built by the mill people years ago, to furnish the power for their operations. In case of flood it was the one thing Pine Ridge had to fear—the lake formed by the mill dam would practically wipe out the town if the dam were to burst. The town had long stopped worrying about that, though. The dam never had burst, and in the usual human way, people figured that since it never had it never would. The rain, to the people of Pine Ridge, was just a nuisance that would stop eventually. Almost no one was giving a thought to the dam and what would happen if it burst.

Harry's next words, then, were a little startling. "The dam seems to be all right," he said, "but I don't know how much more pressure it'll stand. The thing that worries me is the machinery the mill has set up to divert the water in case of emergency. You know—the breakwater farther up the river where that other channel cuts in? They diverted the water years ago into its present channel, to get enough power for the mill. But the breakwater can be lifted and the water rediverted if necessary, right from the engine room at the mill."

"Well, then," cut in Lum, "there's nothing to worry about. I didn't even know about changin' the river bed."

"There wouldn't be anything to worry about," Harry told him, "except that I took a look at the engine room today, and I've never seen a junkier mess of old rusted machinery in my life. It's never been used, of course, and I guess the mill people figured it'd never have to be used. They've just let it go and neglected it until now I doubt if it could be started with a sledge-hammer."

"Did you report it?" asked Abner.

"All the bosses are up in Chicago at a convention or something," said Harry. "Al Middleton's in charge. I told him, but he doesn't like me much anyway, and he told me to mind my own business." He shrugged. "Well, at least I told him, so it's not my responsibility any more. And maybe it'll quit raining before morning anyway."

But the next morning it was still raining, and Lum and Abner heard to their alarm that the river had risen another eleven inches. That afternoon Betty Holden telephoned to them. Her voice was tight with panic as she told Lum she had phoned the store because she didn't know where else to turn. Could they come out right away, she asked. She'd feel better if they were there. She had wired to the mill superintendent and manager in Chicago, but the weather was so bad they wouldn't be able to fly, and it would take too long for them to get back to Pine Ridge in time by train. Al Middleton didn't seem to know what to do about the dam, and Harry wouldn't say a word to her.

Lum said they'd be right out. They locked the store, putting up a sign that

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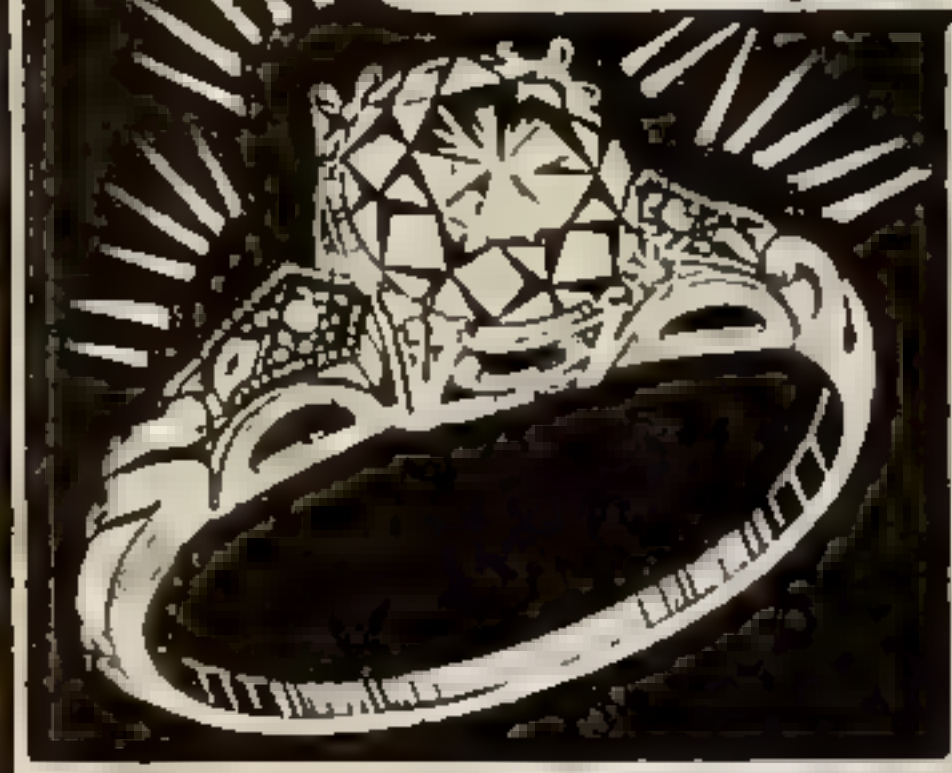
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it would be closed until they returned, climbed into their old car, and drove through the mud and rain to the mill.

The mill was in a turmoil when they arrived. Al Middleton had every man in the place loading sand-bags on top of the dam and along the sides. His face was perspiring and his voice was hoarse as he urged them on. "Can't talk to you now," he roared at Lum and Abner as they approached him, "too busy." So they backed away and looked for Harry. They found him coming in from a trip to the dam, his wet shirt sticking to his shoulders, his face grimy from sand and mud and rain.

"Harry," called Lum as he walked toward them, "isn't it about time something was done about that engine room?"

Betty had joined them and listened anxiously as Harry replied, "It sure is. Those sand-bags are just a drop in the bucket. They won't hold the dam two minutes when the water gets up six inches higher—and it's rising fast."

"Well," said Abner, "how about the engine room?"

"There's the boss over there," said Harry grimly, waving toward Al.

"Please, Harry," pleaded Betty, "if that dam bursts, the whole town will be flooded."

HARRY just jerked his thumb in Al Middleton's direction.

"Maybe we better try talkin' to him again," suggested Lum, and they all walked over to Al. "Listen, Middleton," began Lum, "Harry says the only way to save the dam is to divert . . ."

But Al interrupted him. "Can't you see I'm busy?" he shouted. "The only thing we can do is get more sand-bags out there. And we can do that quicker without you buttin' in."

"It won't do any good, Al," said Harry quietly. "Six more inches and that dam's a goner—sand-bags or no sand-bags."

"I told you once to mind your own business," yelled Al.

"But if that machinery could be made to work . . ." insisted Harry.

A thick vein in Al's forehead stood out as he turned to Harry. "Who's the boss here, you or me?" he demanded hoarsely. "You learned to obey orders in the Army, didn't you, you stuffed shirt? Well, obey them. Get on back to that pile of sand-bags." He turned away from them, and began to shout once more to the men.

Harry's jaw set and his lips tightened, but he didn't make a move, and there was a long moment of silence. Then in a small voice, Betty spoke.

"It's not the mill I'm worried about. It's the town—all those people who live down there—the little children and the old people and the mothers and fathers. That water getting ready to break down the dam is sort of like the Germans were when the war started—getting ready to break out and drown all the little innocent people who couldn't get out of their way . . . Isn't there any way to stop it?"

"The Allies stopped the Germans," suggested Abner, almost as though he were saying it to himself, "and seems to me I've heard tell that when a Commander wasn't big enough for his job, he got replaced by somebody else. Ain't that right, Harry?"

Harry looked at each one in turn, and he looked longest at Betty. Then he shook his head violently, as if to clear it. "Okay," he said finally, "I guess you're right—all of you." Then, straightening his shoulders and taking a deep breath, he strode over to Al.

Catching him by the shoulder, he spun him around. "Pull your rip-cord, Middleton," he said softly, "this is May-Day for you." With that, he hit Al squarely on the chin, with a blow that seemed to send a quiver all through the man's body. Al's head snapped back, and he slumped soundless to the floor. Harry looked wonderingly at his fist.

"Attaboy, Harry," Lum told him quietly, "now all you got to do is get that machinery working."

Harry flashed him a quick smile. Picking out a nearby bench, he walked over and jumped up on it. Then he raised his voice and shouted to the men.

"Listen, fellows," he said when he'd gotten their attention. "There's only one way to keep the dam from bursting, and that's to divert the river into its old bed, a mile upstream. There's machinery in the engine room right here to do it with. It's in bad shape and maybe it won't work, but we've got about half an hour to try it. What do you say?"

There was a stunned silence. Then a man called out, "What's Middleton say about it?"

"Middleton isn't saying a word," Harry shouted back grimly. "I just knocked him out."

More silence. Then came a long, low whistle from the back of the big room, and somebody laughed. That broke the tension. "Okay, Harry," came a voice, "what do we do first?"

Harry's eyes gleamed and bright color rose into his face. Briskly he issued his orders, and quickly the men dispersed under his directions.

The engine room was the whole problem, of course, but the men who followed Harry into it knew their business. Wordlessly they settled to their task of cleaning, oiling, filing, and scraping away the years' accumulation of dirt, grease and rust. Harry himself went to work adjusting the delicate starting mechanism that was to set off the heavier machinery. He found that the principle it operated on wasn't much different from that used in automobile or airplane engines.

TWENTY minutes passed before Harry straightened up. Lum and Abner, who stood with Betty by the wall, out of the way of the workmen, could see the tension in his face.

"I've done everything I can to it," he said to the others. "You all set?" The men nodded in turn, making final adjustments and last-minute polishes at the now gleaming machines.

"Let's try her, then," said Harry, and grinned palely as he held up two crossed fingers. The men stood back and held their breaths as Harry pushed a button. Nothing happened. He reached over and twisted a wire, fastening it more securely. Then he pushed the button again. A sudden whir rang out in the hushed room. Then, almost as though a giant were waking up after years of death-like sleep, the engines shuddered and came to life. There was a sputter and then a hum. They were working!

"The breakwater should be lifting right now," said Harry breathlessly, and watched a gauge that began to move slowly in the central engine. When the needle pointed straight up in the air, he pushed a lever and the engines stopped. Everybody just stood and waited, then. If it were a success, the river should now be pouring into its old bed—to lose itself harmlessly below the town and eventually join the larger river of which it was a tributary.

Suddenly there was a shout from the outer room. A man stationed out on the dam had reported that the water was going down. Harry drooped and sat down tiredly on a bench. It was all over. That desperate last-minute effort had worked. The dam was not going to give way, and the town was saved. He could only grin faintly at the men as they crowded around him to shake his hand and thump him on the back. And Abner was the only one who noticed that his eyes sought out Betty's, as she stood against the wall, swallowing hard.

The next day, with the irony of nature, the rain stopped pouring down, and the sun came out to shine dimly on Pine Ridge. Life took up its normal comings and goings, and Lum got out his inventory book again to check on the store's stocks. A week had gone by and they hadn't seen or heard anything of Harry. And then Betty came in for a library book. Lum stopped inventorying and went over to talk to her.

"How're things going up at the mill?" he asked guardedly, and Betty smiled delightedly at him.

"WELL," she began with the fond air of a doting mother about to distribute lollipops, "Mr. Ellis and the others got back from Chicago, and of course they had to have a full report about what happened. So they called Harry in. And you should have seen him while he was talking to them. He was just like a different person—sort of brisk and sure of himself. He wasn't a bit afraid of them—or subservient—or anything. He just told them what had to be done under the circumstances and how he did it. It must have been just like when he was a fighter pilot, reporting back to his Colonel after a mission."

"So what'd they say?" asked Abner. "Well, first they asked him all about himself, and he answered all their questions, without hedging a bit or getting embarrassed like he used to when people asked him things. And then they offered him Al Middleton's job. But he wouldn't take it!"

"He wouldn't take it?" gasped Lum. "No. He said he didn't think he'd like being a foreman. He said he had other things in mind. Besides, he told them that Al was a good foreman. Al's only trouble during the flood was that he was mad at Harry and that momentarily affected his judgment."

"Well, if that don't beat the bugs a-fightin'," breathed Lum. "Did he tell 'em what other things he had in mind?"

"Yes, he did," said Betty, and her eyes sparkled. "He told them he'd gotten interested in flood control. He said the control measures they had at the mill, if they hadn't been allowed to get into such bad shape, were about the best things he'd ever heard of. They liked that, I can tell you! And he said he'd like to study flood control and then work into some kind of job having to do with it."

"What'd they have to say about that?" asked Abner eagerly.

"They thought it was fine," said Betty. "They told him they'd find out all there was to find out about it and help him get started. And then when he got going, they said they'd recom-

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mend him to a group of engineers or something that advise a whole lot of different mills about their various problems—maintenance, emergency controls and that kind of thing. They said it was a great field for a young man and they were delighted that one of their own men was going into it. They will help him, too, like they said they would. Mr. Ellis has got a lot of influence."

"Well, by Grannies," said Lum, "that's about the best news I've heard in a coon's age. I guess that flood was the 'something' that had to happen to Harry, eh, Betty?"

"I guess so," said Betty, and then her face dropped a little. "But he still hasn't been over to our house yet."

"Say," broke in Abner out of a deep thought, "I tell you what—we ought to have a kind of a celebration."

"A celebration?" asked Lum in surprise.

"Sure," said Abner. "For Harry. We still got some cider left from last fall. We can throw a party."

"Who'll we ask?" inquired Lum a little doubtfully.

"Well,—Harry, and—uh—uh—and—Betty—and,—shucks, that's all we need. Just us four. We'll have a whackin' good time."

"I think maybe you got somethin' there, Abner," said Lum, looking sideways at Betty. "All right with you, Betty?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Edwards. That'd be fine, I guess. When'll it be?"

"What's the matter with tomorrow night?" asked Abner triumphantly, and they decided then and there that tomorrow night would be fine.

It was a whackin' good party, too, just as Abner had said it would be. Betty was looking her very prettiest, in a pink outfit that almost matched the color in her cheeks, and Harry's shoulders were straighter and his head higher than even before he'd gone away to war. Lum had found an old victrola, and they had music with their cider.

About half way through the evening, Harry jumped to his feet and held up his hand. "I've got an announcement to make," he said, his eyes sparkling. And then he turned to Betty. "I didn't really intend to say this in public," he grinned, "but I can't think of any better audience. The thing is, I've been a big jerk and a bigger sap, but I think I've finally got my feet on the ground again, and it looks as though things are going to go all right from now on. What I wanted to say was . . ." he hesitated for just a fraction of a second, and then blurted

it out, "Betty, will you marry me?"

They all turned to look at Betty. Her eyes dropped in confusion, and then they opened wide and her chin came up. She faced Harry and said firmly, "What else do you think I've been waiting for all these years?"

Abner whooped, and Lum put another record on the victrola. Harry walked over to where Betty was sitting and bowed deeply. "May I have the honor of this next dance?" he asked gravely.

Just as gravely, she rose and walked into his arms. They danced around the room twice without a word before they stopped, with their arms around each other, and proceeded to forget about the music, about Lum and Abner, about everything else in the world except each other.

Two minutes later, by the Jot 'Em Down Store and Library clock, they sat down again and the party went on. But this time the talk was no longer about what had happened before—it was all about what was going to happen from now on. And Lum and Abner couldn't get a word in edgewise.

Then, so suddenly that it startled all of them, the front door banged open, and Al Middleton strode in. As they stared at him speechlessly, he walked over to Harry and held out his hand. Harry rose to his feet, looked at Al for a long moment, and then accepted the hand and shook it heartily.

Al's set face broke into a big smile as he said, "I was hoping you'd take it like that, Johnson. I got some apologizin' to do, and I think now's the time to do it. I just want to say that maybe the Army wasn't as wet as I been sayin' it was. I guess maybe you deserved your Major's leaves and them medals. And I guess maybe they stretched a point to even give me stripes."

Harry grinned at him, and Lum came forward with a glass of cider and a plate of cheese and crackers. Al sat down on an upturned orange crate and accepted them humbly.

"Just the same," he said, "I figure that if I keep my nose clean, and work a little harder mindin' my own business, and act like a grown man instead of like a spoiled kid, maybe I'll even work up to Sergeant's stripes some day. And when that happens, I'd like to be in your Squadron, Harry!"

Harry thumped him on the back, and Lum put another record on the victrola. Abner blew his nose loudly on a big red and white bandanna handkerchief. The Jot 'Em Down Store and Library was once again at peace with the world.

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Cover Girl

(Continued from page 2)

of the homeless McCambridge menage ever since!

But throughout her childhood and young girlhood Mercedes always had a home, and it was always Joliet. She went to a convent for most of those years, and then attended Mundelein University in Chicago. While she was a sophomore there she idly auditioned with NBC. Two days later the college year ended and she happily left for a long vacation in Bermuda. She got as far as New York before outraged NBC executives tracked her down and dragged her to a microphone. "Your audition," they told her, "was highly successful. From now on you're working for us!" That was nine years ago, and she hasn't had a single vacation since. And very few homes, since she lived in Hollywood and New York during the worst part of the housing problem.

SHE'S called "Mercy" by her friends, and shows none of it in expressing her opinions. She flatly despises gossip, gin rummy, bridge, indifference, and people who waste time. She also loathes harsh voices, corsages, and books wrapped in stores. Gold fish, she's convinced, are bad luck.

But she's equally strong-flavored in her likes—which include people with imagination, the late President Roosevelt, and such writers as Dostoevsky, Thomas Wolfe, Eugene O'Neill, Ibsen, and Shakespeare. She loves books and has collected 4,000 to prove it. She also loves spare-ribs at midnight, Chinese food any time, and playing the piano all the time. But more than anything else she loves acting. She began loving acting when she was five and first recited a poem at a church bazaar. When the audience applauded, she stepped forward and began reciting the poem over again—and wept when she was stopped!

What she doesn't love at all is her own taste in clothes. Not that her shopping system isn't a boon to her acquaintances. She drifts through a store, saying "I'll take it" toward anything that strikes her fancy, and drifts out again laden with purchases. Nothing is ever tried on until she gets home—with the result that half of her clothes wind up on her friends, regardless of price.

You don't believe this? Well, recently she bought a platina fox coat. She loved it dearly until she got it out of the store. Then her passion waned. She threw it in the back of her closet until she ran into a friend wearing a gay pink hat. Mercedes' eyes lit up. "Want to swap?" she demanded. "I'll give you my platina coat for that hat!"

She meant it, too. Only the friend's unnatural honesty spoiled the deal. And some day that coat will walk off on some one Mercedes runs into!

For the most part, Mercedes turns up for rehearsals and broadcasts in clothes that are well- and strictly-tailored. Man-tailored suits that show off her small, trim figure to great advantage; plain shirts; no stockings when the weather is at all warm. And, whenever she can get away with it—no hat! She dresses, in a word, for comfort.

But that gives you a very neat idea of Mercedes, the girl who rehearses while she drives, who doesn't have a home—but who nevertheless manages to be one of the best actresses on the airwaves!

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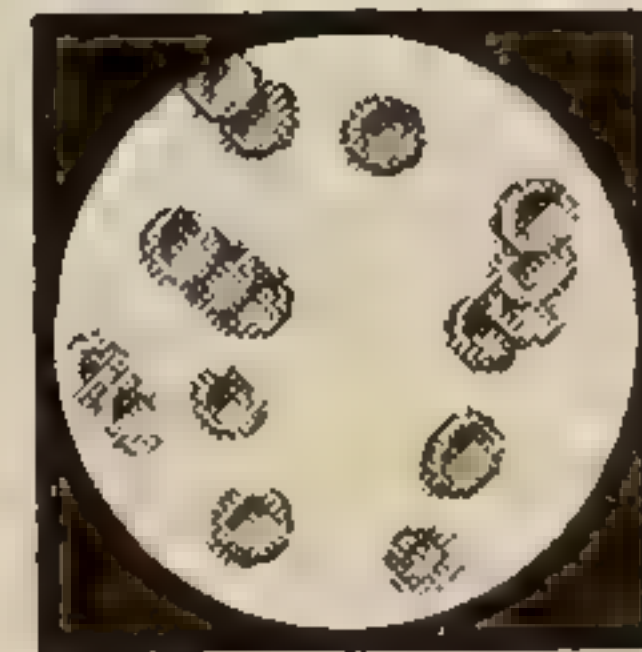
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TABLETS



Room With View

(Continued from page 31)

Great Dane, Thor, had eaten a big hole out of it! Meanwhile, I had to send down to Mexico for a second serape, so as not to disappoint my first "client"!

But to tell you about how he proposed to me: this happened a couple of weeks after my return from Mexico. We had started taking Spanish lessons together down in Greenwich Village, and after one of our lessons we dropped into a little restaurant there for dinner. I remember there was a lot of commotion in the restaurant when we went in, with three policemen present—because four people had just walked out without paying their bill.

Anyway, we sat down and ordered. I can even remember what we ordered—tomato soup, steak, salad, coffee. We both began eating our soup hungrily. In the middle of it, Les suddenly looked up and said very quickly, "Would you like to marry me?"

I WAS stunned. I said, "Are you kidding?"

"No," said he, hastily swallowing another mouthful of soup.

"My answer is—yes," I said then.

He said, in a stricken tone, "Good heavens!" And then both of us felt stricken. Because of our previous sad marital experiences, we were in terror of matrimony. But stricken or not, we wanted to go through with it. "We'll have to find a big apartment," we told each other in hollow tones. And that was the romantic way we plighted our troth!

That was September 26, 1945. We began apartment-hunting like mad. We hunted through October and November and part of December, with no luck. Then we decided that it was better to be married in one room than not at all. We chose my apartment as our home because my one room was bigger than his one room . . . and we were finally married at two o'clock one afternoon early last December, at the Park Avenue Methodist-Episcopal Church. Reverend Haas officiated, and fifty of our friends were there—including Mary, my maid.

The wedding itself was lovely in many respects—and slightly zany in others! In the first place, Les and I didn't look our best by any means. Each of us had had an accident just before the ceremony.

I arrived twenty minutes late, wearing a custom-made chocolate brown silk dress. It was short, with a plunging neckline—the kind Les likes best on me; and it was dark brown to match his suit. Since I'd hardly ever worn brown before, I only owned a very old and seedy pair of brown oxfords; and I'd ordered a stunning pair of high heeled brown pumps for the wedding—which didn't appear in time!

So I arrived in a brand-new sophisticated dress . . . and my run-down old brown oxfords. Meanwhile, I noticed that Les seemed a little ill at ease too. Later I found out why. In his nervousness just before the ceremony, he'd stepped into the men's room for a glass of water—and spilled it right down the front of his trousers! Nobody noticed the water stain, I think, because of the darkness of his suit; but naturally he was miserably conscious of it.

Otherwise everything went off beautifully. Carl Bixby, Life Can Be Beautiful writer, gave me away, and my friend and fellow actress Kathleen

Niday was my attendant. Actor Arthur Kohl was Les's best man. Our friend Gene Parazzo played the organ, and among the wedding guests were so many radio actors that when a little four-year-old boy began applauding by mistake, when the ceremony was over, they all had to catch themselves to keep from applauding too! And Les told me later he almost took a bow!

But if there was any lack of dignity in our wedding, my ring made up for it. Les designed it himself, and it is so lovely it is beyond description. But I'll try. It's a platinum band half an inch wide, with a coronet design worked into the metal. Thirty square-cut diamonds edge the top and bottom of the band, and set among the coronets are six emeralds—my favorite stone, and also my birthstone.

However, back to the church—which we left almost at once in order to rush to Les's apartment. He hadn't finished packing yet, and I helped him. Then we were finally off on our honeymoon.

We had five days of it. We stayed at a little Inn in Goshen, New York. The famous trotting races are held there in the summer, but in the winter it is utterly quiet—except for honeymooners. We discovered that everyone in the Inn was honeymooning. We also discovered that the Inn had strict rules—breakfast at nine in the morning, lunch at twelve, and if you were late you went hungry.

But we didn't much care about the rules. We had brought champagne and caviar with us, which we kept chilled on the snowy window sill outside our room. We went for long hikes through the white countryside, and took pictures, and once we climbed Bear Mountain. But of course even our honeymoon was a little confused . . .

WE arrived on a Tuesday, and Thursday we had to rush back into New York to move Les out of his apartment and into mine. That took us about eight hours. Then we came straight back to our little Inn, and stayed until Sunday when Les had to appear on *The Thin Man* in New York. And that definitely ended our five-day honeymoon and started us off as Mr. and Mrs. Les Tremayne, in my apartment, in Manhattan.

There's so much to say about Mr. and Mrs. Les Tremayne's life together that I don't know where to start. There are Les's interests—hobbies, you might call them—that have almost crowded us out of house and home. He is a sculptor, and a good one. He makes masks—tragedy and comedy masks, devil masks, all kinds. He's an excellent amateur photographer, and has won prizes for his Leica shots; and also he owns (and uses) two motion picture cameras—an 8-millimeter, and a 16. He also is an enthusiastic collector of classical music, with thousands of records by this time.

After hearing all this, you won't be surprised to learn that taking Les into my home meant taking a ton of furniture and equipment too! I had to store my grand piano, my sofa and my dressing room set to make room for his twin beds, Capehart, dropleaf table, record cabinets, and—finally—his enormous specially-built wardrobe which houses his clothes, his motion picture projectors, and his hundreds of camera slides and rolls of film!

You can imagine the turmoil in which we live. You can also imagine how hard we are looking for a larger apartment—since Les now has in storage three rooms of furniture, a complete dark room, all of his sculpture equipment, fifteen hundred books, and fourteen pieces of electric-driven machinery for a wood shop! And I have five rooms of furniture stored, including my piano and all my silver, china, and linens.

Naturally, we can't entertain at home, which breaks my heart because I love giving formal dinners. We let only Mother come to share our hodge-podge way of eating. All our other friends we entertain at restaurants, out of necessity. And I must say that between us we have a big assortment of friends. Among them are Fibber McGee and Molly, Perry Como, Andy Russell, Judith Anderson, Johnny Johnston, Don Ameche, Bob and Bing Crosby, Helen Hayes, Ramon Navarro, Ed Sullivan, Shirley Booth—and sculptors like Gutson Borglum and Loreda Taft.

ASIDE from entertaining, we've only had one minor problem since we married: what to do with our two wonderful dogs, since my terrier and his Great Dane don't get along with each other the way Les and I do. We solved that by alternating their visits with us—each dog stays in the kennel two months, while the other lives with us.

But this puzzle too will be answered when we find a big apartment. I hope nothing else about our lives will change . . . especially our habit of present-giving, which happens unexpectedly and all the time. For instance, I mentioned to Les that I needed a new compact. So for the Fourth of July he bought me the most magnificent gold combination-of-everything you can imagine—a compact, cigarette case, lipstick container and rouge box all in one. It's initialed "A. R. T."

As far as my clothes go, Les has made me over. I used to wear suits a great deal; now fourteen of them gather dust in my closet because he doesn't like them. Instead I wear custom-made dresses, with V necklines, and several of them in colorful prints. Also I wear high heeled ankle-strap shoes to please him. And how I ever shopped alone, I don't know; now Les goes with me to the dressmaker's, and has more ideas in five minutes than I had in months!

But most of the time I'm showing off my clothes only to Les, because we have so little time left over from our careers. Our favorite time together is when the rest of the city is going to sleep—that's when we get started. You see, Les eats at least six meals a day, and his favorite one comes at midnight. Every midnight we raid the ice-box for a huge cold dinner—cold meats, milk, cake, fruit, cheese, sandwiches.

Then we get into our twin beds—and read aloud to each other until four in the morning! We've read endlessly, and everything . . . Kipling, Shakespeare, "Alice in Wonderland," Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year," Browning's poems. Right now we're reading Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom." And some nights (just to make sure we never get any sleep!) we vary reading aloud with a three-hour game of Gugenheim.

Yes, except for the housing problem Mr. and Mrs. Les Tremayne love the life they lead!

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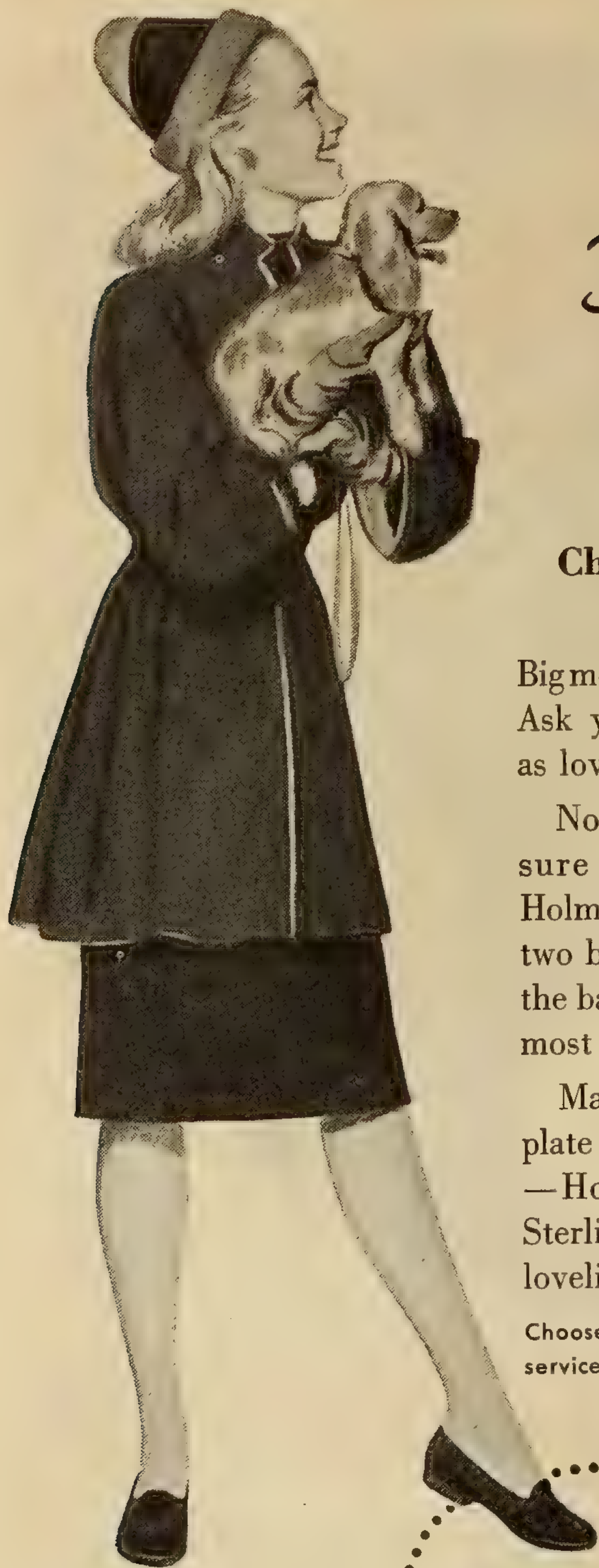


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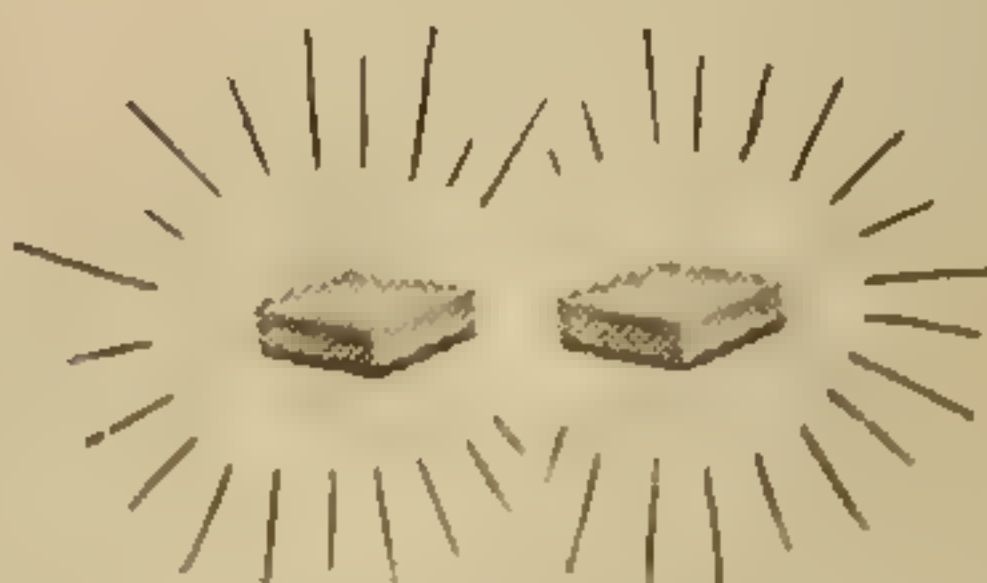
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Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 49)

the post and spent my off duty time alone. I elected to wander through the blitzed streets of London unaccompanied; until I was sufficiently exhausted to insure sleep born of fatigue. The devastation encountered on these excursions did much to strengthen my dislike for all humanity. I detested people; they were greedy, heartless; killers all.

Christmas Eve found me friendless and bitter. I emerged from the Underground at Tottenham Court Road and started toward my billet, where I hoped to be able to sleep.

As I turned into Museum Street I decided to have a final stout. It was late when I entered the Pub, and I had just been served when the familiar "Time, Please" denoted the closing hour. I did not heed the warning. I lapsed into near apathy; thought and feeling deserting me.

I was aroused from this stupor by an elderly gentleman and the woman I remembered as having served me. They proved to be the proprietors of the establishment. All the other patrons had gone, and the old couple were ready to lock up for the night.

MY despair must have been so obvious that the lady ignored the alleged English reserve, and inquired if I was spending the Christmas Holidays in Camp. When she insisted I take dinner with them, her husband took up the plea, insisting I go directly to their home and share their entire holiday.

I refused repeatedly, not wishing to be bothered. However, they became so very insistent I accepted through sheer lack of more excuses.

I was warned not to expect anything grand. They explained their own home had been "bombed out," and that they had been very fortunate in finding a small flat in Bloomsbury.

The apartment was severely plain. The furnishings were cheap and worn, but the entire place was scrupulously clean. The Christmas Eve supper proved delicious; however, it was very meager fare. The old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Sands, did their best to make me feel at home.

After the meal I was shown to the room I was to occupy during my brief stay. Mrs. Sands explained her only son had used the room on his last leave at home. There wasn't the trace of a tear when she related how her boy had been killed upon his return to the continent. The old lady smiled sweetly, as she bid me good night.

When I crawled into bed I found the sheets had been warmed, and a hot water bottle placed for my feet. It seemed as if I had hardly closed my eyes when I was awakened by Mrs. Sands.

She wished me a Merry Christmas, as she kissed me on the cheek. Mr. Sands followed her into the room, carrying a piping hot cup of tea and a small parcel. We exchanged greetings and I was instructed to dress and come directly to breakfast.

The package contained my Christmas gift from the old folks. It was a lovely, hand-knitted sweater. I realized Mrs. Sands had undoubtedly made it for her son. I brushed an imaginary particle from the corner of my eye.

As I started to enter the dining room I overheard a remark that changed my entire life. Mrs. Sands was saying,

Life Can Be Beautiful

"John, we are so very fortunate. This is going to be such a beautiful Christmas. Oh, we've so much for which to be thankful. God is just; so good. John, he has given us our boy back for Christmas day."

R. H.

LIVING IN YOUR HEART

Dear Papa David:

For many years I was a nurse in a sanatorium for tubercular patients. It was an institution run by the state and most of the patients were not only worried by their disease but also greatly troubled by the financial cares of their families. One of my patients had been hospitalized for twelve years and there was no hope for any cure. In the side rooms off the ward two young boys were dying, nice young boys who didn't ask much of life except life itself, and were not going to get it. Day after day seeing the sorrow of most and the hopelessness of many I became so depressed I decided to give up nursing.

"I can't bear it," I thought. "All their misery had become mine." I felt like crying both in the hospital and out of it.

Then one day one of my nicest patients left his dinner untouched and kept his face pressed against his pillow for hours. At three o'clock when I went to take his temperature I said, "Maybe it isn't as bad as you think." I had found out that the doctor had advised a rib operation called a thoracoplasty in which pieces of the ribs are removed to collapse the diseased lung. It was bad enough.

The patient looked at me and there was so much misery in his face I nearly choked.

"Think I want to be a cripple like Bill and Steve?" Tommy asked bitterly.

Bill and Steve had gone through with the operation and they did look quite deformed.

"But they are only two out of hundreds," I reminded Tommy. Then I named others, since discharged from the institution who had only a slight disfiguration.

Tommy didn't answer. He had a body like Apollo and to look at him it seemed incredible that one lung was so badly infected as to endanger his life.

"Besides, Tommy," I went on, "aren't we all cripples? I have a tin ear and a rheumatic heart. You know what they call people with rheumatic hearts? Cardiac cripples. There are many things we can't do." I lowered my voice. "Take Benny across the way from you. Good old punch drunk Benny. The tough little relic from the ring. He's certainly some kind of mental cripple, isn't he? And Dr. Burns with his arthritis. Notice his fingers. Getting out of shape. Not the nice tools they once were. Crippled fingers. You, see, Tommy? If you notice you'll find out that nearly every adult is some kind of cripple. After the 'op' you won't look nice in a swim suit but with your clothes on you'll be as handsome as ever."

It was the first time I had realized myself that most of us are given some kind of a handicap. The thought helped

Tommy too. He decided to accept the operation and seemed cheerful about it. Which gave me an idea. Life is life no matter where you live it, even in a hospital, and most of our living is done right inside our heads. From then on instead of brooding over misfortunes I couldn't help I'd scratch up ideas and thoughts for my patients, things that would make the living they did inside their heads a happier living.

A. T.

BETTER WIFE, BETTER HOME

Dear Papa David:

Irvin and I were married in November 1941 and I was terribly jealous with no cause to be at all. I was eighteen then and for a year I realize now that I made life almost unbearable for him. In December 1942, Irvin was drafted into the army.

I had already filed for a divorce and it became final in February—just a month before Irvin was sent overseas to Europe.

I missed him after I knew he was no longer within traveling distance. We didn't write to each other but since his mother lived close, I always knew where he was.

My daughter, Patty, was born in May 1943 and shortly afterward my mother and I moved to a distant town. There I secured a job clerking in a store which took most of my time.

Irvin's mother wrote mother and asked her to bring Patty to see her. It was on that visit that she told my mother that Irvin was missing in action over Germany. In his last letter to

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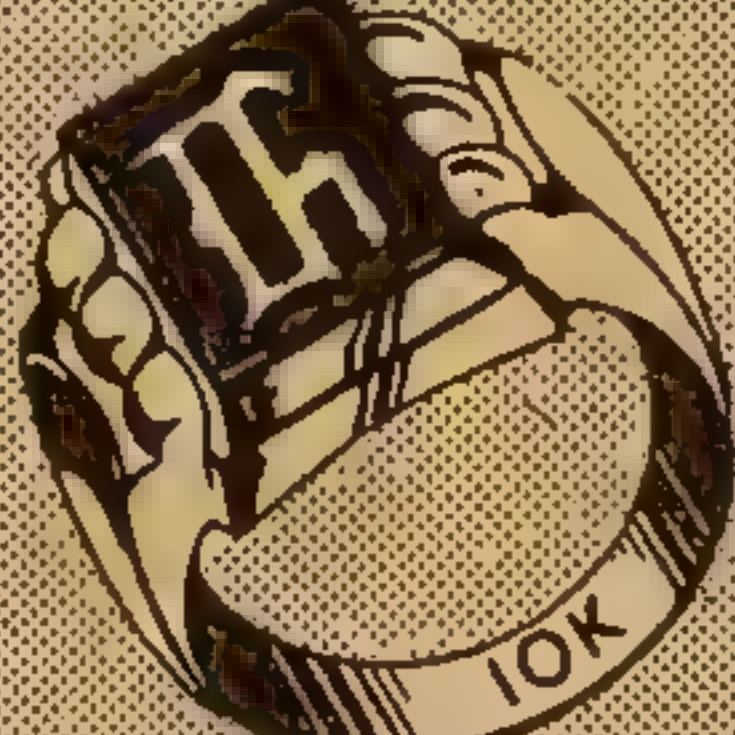
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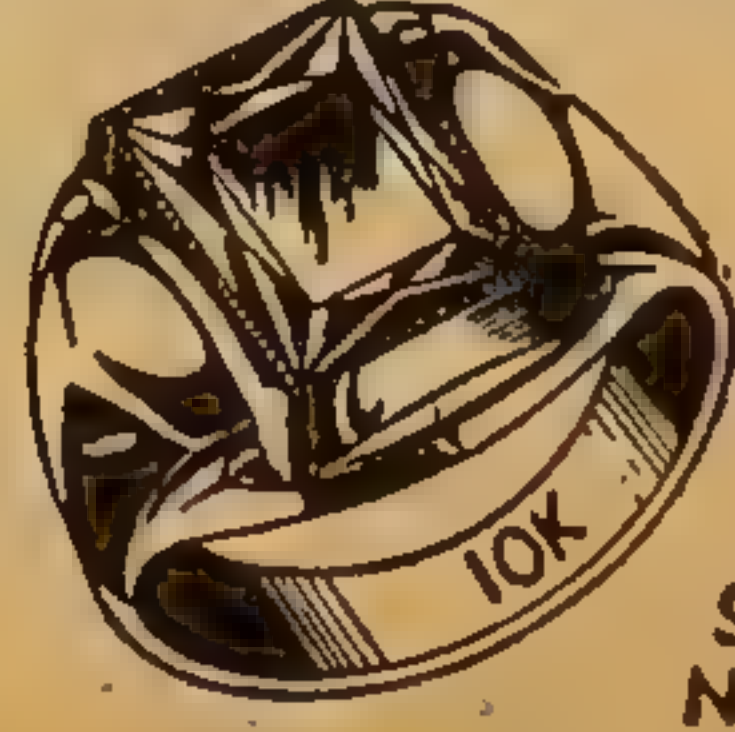
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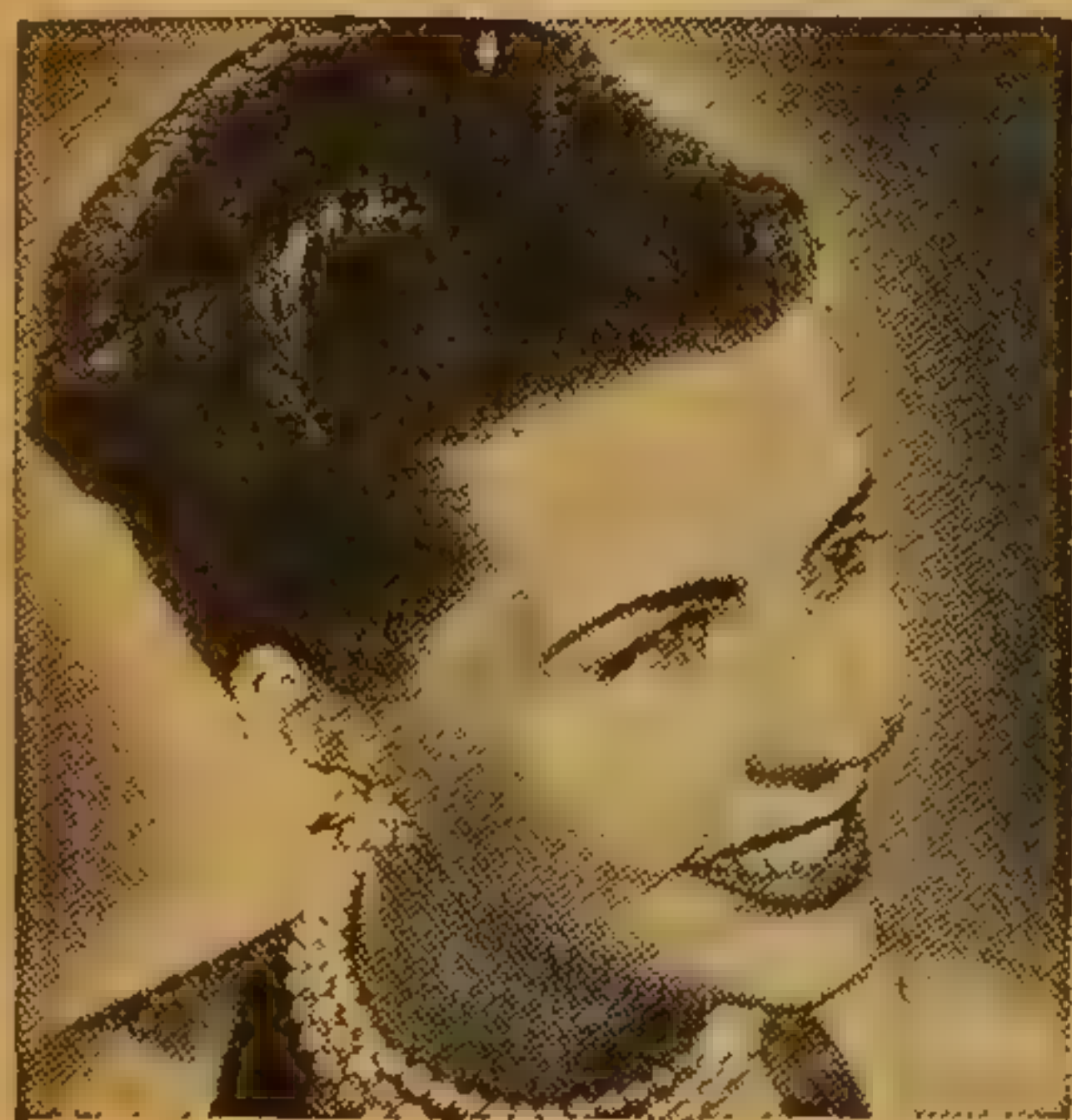
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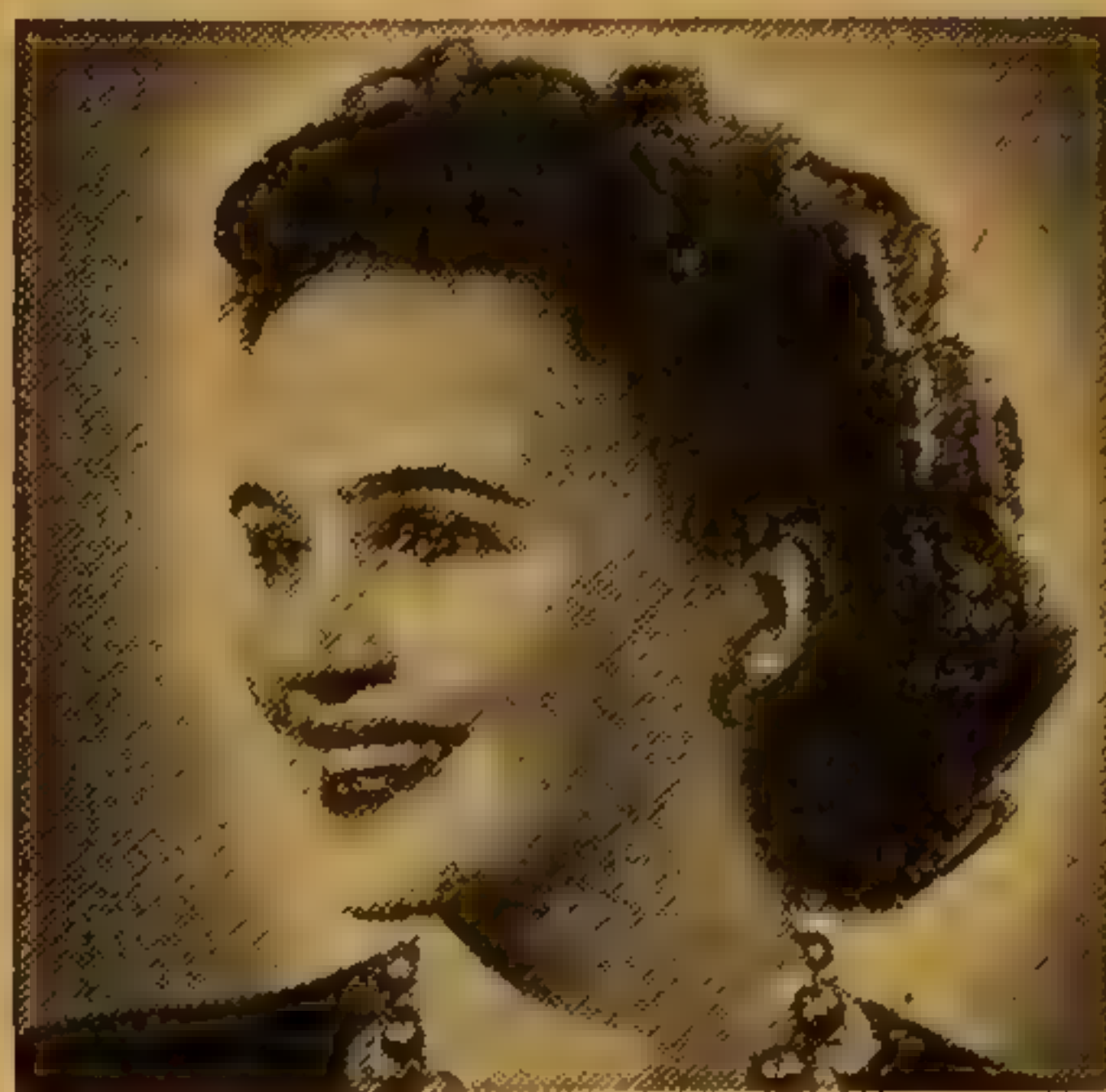
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1. "UP-DO." Brush hair up to crown of head and fasten. Pin tight ringlets flat on top or make roll, turning ends under. Jo-Cur will keep up-hair-do sleek and smooth; make curls last longer.



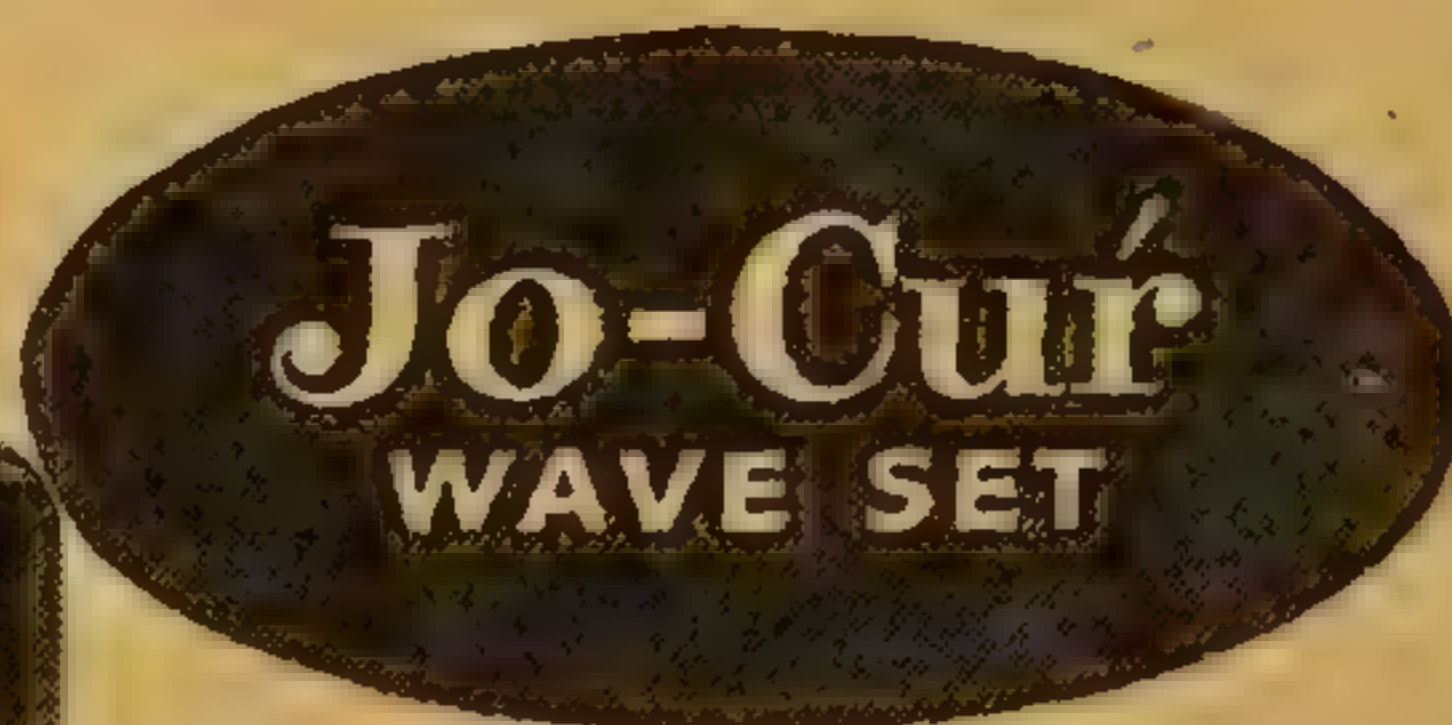
2. PAGE-BOY. Comb Jo-Cur through your hair. Tie a ribbon around your head low in back; then set two rows of pin curls along the neckline; comb upside hair and set in clockwise pin curls.



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No. 602. Has the look of a high-priced timepiece. Sweep second hand. High-polished metal case. Genuine leather strap. A value find at \$8.45

No. 604. Accurate, handsome seven jewel wrist watch with sweep second hand. Radium dial. Chrome top, stainless steel back case. Leather strap. \$13.45

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her, he asked his mother to come to see me and write to him and tell him how I looked and if I had changed any. The letter she wrote about me returned to her however as did all those she wrote afterward. And then came the telegram declaring him officially dead.

Papa David, you can never know what I went through when his mother came to see me and told me. She also let me read the letters he had written and he mentioned me in nearly everyone and also Patty.

And as is often the case, I realized how much I loved Irvin—but only too late. I tried to make it up to Patty and gave her everything money could buy. I worked constantly and bought a small home and a second-hand car.

You can imagine how I lived again when his mother came to see me and told me that Irvin was coming home! That was in March 1945 and in June he came. He was thinner and not so brown because of his stay in a German prison camp. He was also minus his left leg and his left arm. He limped pitifully and he was clumsy with the claw which replaced his left hand—but I loved him so much!

I DIDN'T see him often and then only on the streets. It was sheer luck for me that he and his mother and father had moved to the same town as had my mother and I. His father was head of a plant there.

Irvin came over to see mother and Patty nearly every day but I was always at work.

It was in September when he came over after supper. He asked if I would like to go riding. It was on the tip of my tongue to refuse when Patty exclaimed joyously that she wanted to go, so the three of us climbed into Irvin's car which he managed with some difficulty.

He came over more often after that and would meet me at work and take me to lunch. He finally asked me to marry him again and we planned to be married in April of this year.

But when April came, Patty was in bed with diphtheria and was very slow in recovering. She was able to go out in May and again we planned to be married. But the first of June, Irvin's mother and father were both killed in an automobile-train collision. His father had bought the plant of which he was head and Irvin took his father's place in the plant learning about the work.

Irvin and I will be married on my birthday and we are going to have a church wedding. Not a big affair but just a small number of close friends with my mother and our daughter, Patty, who will carry the rings and we are going to have a double ring ceremony.

I honestly don't think there has ever been a bride as happy as I, Papa David, and I believe that Irvin and I love each other more than we did when we were first married. And I know that I will make a much better wife and a better home for him now than before.

R. M.

SHE WANTED TO BE WORTHY

Dear Papa David:

My little son taught me that "life can be beautiful" if you will let it be.

After several years of reverses, big hospital bills, and so on, my husband took to drink and I soon began drinking with him. One morning after an all-night drinking party I awoke with the usual headache and got up to find

a headache powder. A glance in the mirror showed my bloodshot eyes and disheveled hair . . . not a pretty sight, I must admit. As I sat looking at myself my little boy returned from Sunday School. It was Sunday, God's Day. I felt unclean.

Laying his Bible and Sunday School leaflet on the table by me he placed his arms around me and told me what some ladies had said to him at Church . . . he was such a good boy his mother must raise him right . . . and they would like to meet his mother.

I found my headache powder, took it, kissed him, and went back to bed to sleep off my "hangover." But I couldn't shake off his words. If those nice church women knew his mother they would pull up their skirts and cross on the other side of the street. Finally I closed my eyes and prayed humbly to God to make me worthy of that son and to save me from myself.

THE next day I told my husband what I had happened. I also told him I was going to quit drinking, with or without him, and would quit him, too, if necessary to stop drinking.

Neither of us have touched a drop for a long time now. We are working to beautify our home as we never did before. We are happier, healthier, and are making plans for the future. We want to be worthy of our little boy.

Mrs. D. A. M.

GIFTS FOR GRANDDAUGHTER

Dear Papa David:

Our first grandchild took her first steps recently. Watching her, I was amazed at her fortitude. She must have fallen a dozen times in thirty minutes. In my mind I began picturing her . . . in later years, using this same determination to get what she wanted from life. Then a familiar rebellion started arising within me.

Why, I asked myself, should my granddaughter have to fight for anything? Why hadn't we been able to save or make more money, that we might pass on to her . . . so that she would never have to fret and scrimp and worry about material things? Why indeed, had my daughter, (the child's mother) not married some wealthy boy who could provide his child with the many things to which I felt she would be entitled? I wanted her to have the best of everything, to be able to do and have all of the things which I had missed as a child, and more than I had been able to give her own Mother.

Resentment stirred deeper and deeper within me, and soon I became disagreeable to my whole family. I would, I vowed, see that she had the things I thought she deserved . . . I'd get them for her . . . somehow.

I tossed, and planned and schemed all of one night . . . planning a campaign. I meant to tell my daughter that she must insist that her husband get busy and earn more money. Also, my own husband who had retired—he could find something to do in his spare time besides work in his flower garden, visit with his old friends, and run errands for all the families in the neighborhood. True, he had worked hard for nearly fifty years . . . but we must all strain a point for this precious grandchild's sake.

Early the next morning, I opened my newspaper. I would look through the want ads. Maybe there was something there for both of us, something which we could do that would add to our in-



Hey Kids! Look at these "scooper-duper" JIVE SHIRTS

STRICTLY "ON THE BEAM"
FOR "RELAXIN' and STUFF"



You'll Live in Them from Sun-up 'til the Cats Stop Jumpin' . . . Really Solid!

Sensational **\$1.79**
Low Price each

You'll be delighted with this new JIVE "T" SHIRT, made especially for teenagers. It's all the go with rug-cutters everywhere. Helps give you that care-free inner glow of self-confidence that makes the fellas shine and the gals glitter. The fit is easy and loose. Comfort is the main theme. But it's high on looks, too, with a couple of jitterbugs sounding off right on the front of the shirt in dazzling colors. Send for yours today on our 10 day examination offer. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Gentlemen: ☐ Send me the new JIVE "T" SHIRT C.O.D. for only \$1.79 plus postage on your money back guarantee. If you want 2 shirts for \$3.25 check here ☐

☐ CHECK SIZE WANTED
Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐

NAME _____

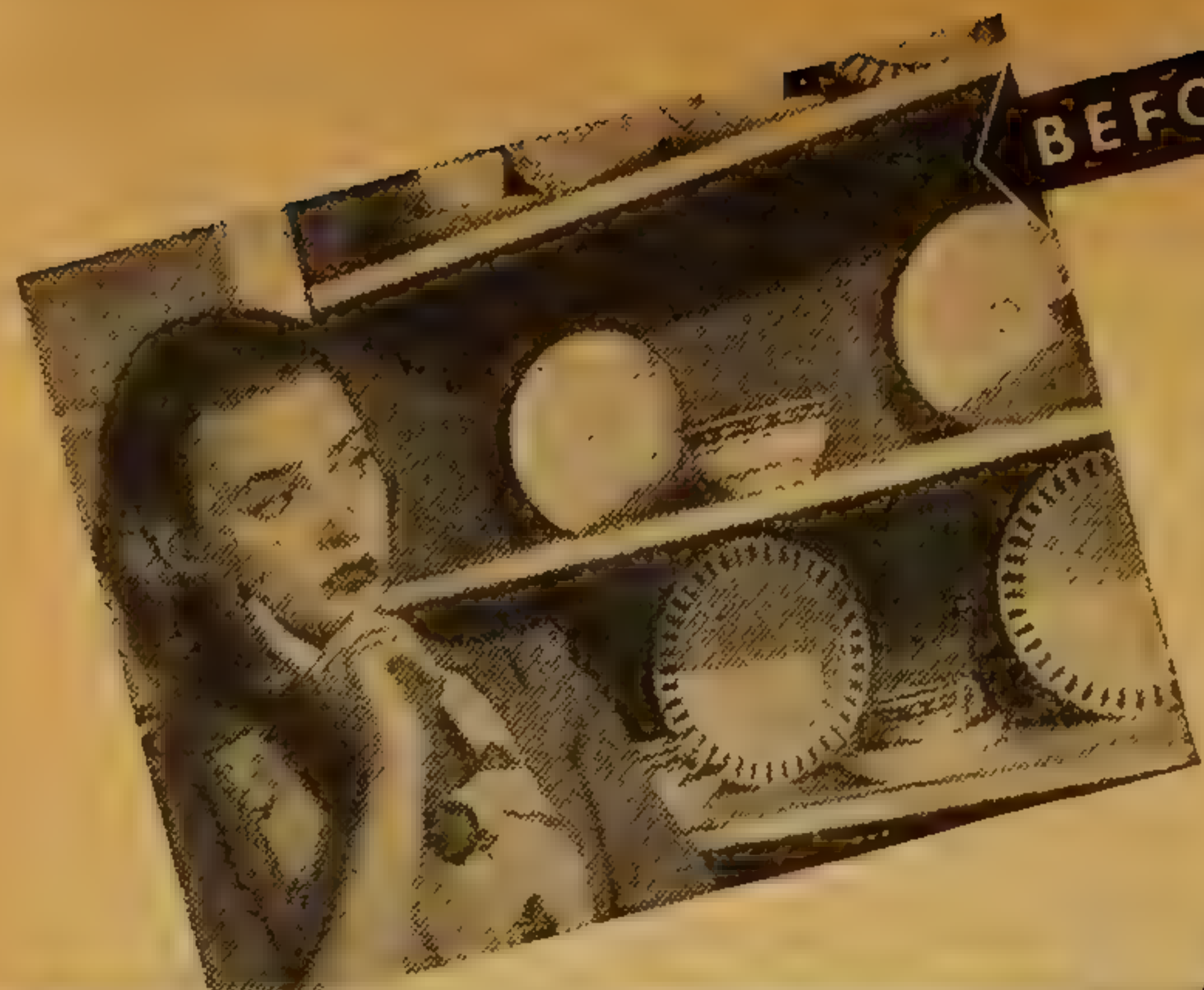
ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

☐ I am enclosing full payment in advance to save shipping charges. Ship my order as checked above postage prepaid.

Shirt is beautifully made of pure white closely woven cotton. Collar has that ever popular contrasting ribbed-knit effect. Sleeves are regulation "T" length. Both the sleeves and bottom of shirt have extra stitching so they can be turned up if desired. Back is plain, but front of shirt is designed with a four tone colorful illustration of a two-some jitterbugging. Colors won't fade. A real bargain at only \$1.79 or 2 for \$3.25. You must be delighted and thrilled in every way or your money will be cheerfully refunded. Limited supply will go fast. Mail coupon today.

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PATENTS

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Write for information on what steps an inventor should take to secure a Patent.

come. Then we could sell this shabby old house in which our own children had been raised, and buy a newer, more modern one in a "tonier" neighborhood. Our granddaughter would go to the best finishing school . . . she would be invited into the town's "best" homes.

However, because of habit I read first the headlines and a brief summary of news of the day. Then, I turned the first page, and there I saw a picture of a famous heiress. She was suing husband number four or five for a divorce, while husband number two was suing her for custody of their child, claiming that she was an "unfit" mother. The child, also pictured, wore the most pathetic expression on its baby face which it has ever been my misfortune to behold.

I turned the page quickly. There, staring back at me was the face of one of Hollywood's most beautiful and talented actresses, along with a whole column relating the story of her suicide, because her wealthy play-boy friend, and father of her unborn child, had refused to marry her.

I HEARD voices and laughter outside my window, and looking up I saw my son-in-law, dressed in his work-clothes, and riding his beautiful little daughter "piggy-back" while a doting grandfather playfully grabbed at her feet. And a sweet young wife and mother looked adoringly at a handsome youth, who would probably never be more than her own father had been . . . a fine, generous honorable and loving husband.

Tears filled my eyes, for this, Papa David, was the picture I had so nearly destroyed.

"No" I told myself, as I watched them, "we will never be able to give her gifts of money-value, but there are many other things which she will inherit, and to which she can point with confidence and pride."

First, I could give her the gift of Faith. Faith in herself, because she was created in the image of Him who taught, lived and died by faith. Faith in her fellowman because she will inherit an instinct which will make her want to look beyond the hard, cynical eyes of a worldly man or woman . . . and there find, perhaps, a hungry soul.

Secondly, she will receive a gift of Tolerance. This will enrich her life, because it will enable her to appreciate, understand and practice the teachings of Christ when He said, "Judge Not, Lest You be Also Judged."

She will inherit a tolerance which will make her know that although the deeds and actions of some poor, criticized person might have, indeed, been an offense against the laws of society, still there could be much in them to love and trust. Because, behind the wrong moves there might have been the highest motives. At any rate, there was adventure and curiosity and hot-blooded restlessness and generosity, and without these impulses the race would soon perish.

Courage she will receive . . . a nice large portion of it. Courage which will help her to face any issue in life. I mean to see that she develops a courage which will help her to struggle, and dream and rebel at some of her failures, and then to brush the angry tears away, and fight again for her ideals.

Love, big endless bundles of it, we can give this child. We can teach her love . . . not for one person, one family, one group, or even one nation, but love which will embrace every race, color or creed. For she will know, as she grows



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Its striking styling will add glamour to that new outfit, suit, dress, etc. Hilt and blade withdraw from scabbard. Locket opens, has frames for 2 photos. Both Pin and Earrings are made of 12K Rolled Gold Plate.

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in knowledge and grace, she will attain her birthright by opening her heart, and giving freely of her own precious love.

Mrs. E. N. H.

DAY-BY-DAY LIFE

Dear Papa David:

I just want you to know that I have found that an ordinary, uneventful, every-day sort of life can be very beautiful, indeed.

I have two wonderful reasons for knowing this is true—my husband and my son. To an outsider, both would seem quite commonplace, I'm sure. But they have filled my life with a happiness so complete, I want to tell you about it, in the hope that perhaps another wife will look at her husband and children in a different light—and make her life beautiful, too.

My husband and I have been married for ten years; and, as so often happens, the business of living had assumed a rather dreary aspect. But for the last three years, we have shared our lives with a young son—and it was through the eyes of our child that I began to see my husband anew. To Jimmy, his father is a never-ending source of companionship, entertainment, and inspiration, and now I feel again the enchantment I had lost in the humdrum years before.

MY husband has a beguiling way of asking a favor, that I had come to think of as just demanding. He has a trick of smiling at us when he doesn't think we are looking—and, indeed, I had long forgotten to notice. His storytelling is superb—and I listen with an interest equalling his for whom the tale is told. His kindness is love expressed in a way I failed to recognize until I saw my son grow and develop under its influence. Even my husband's appearance has changed for me. Jimmy loves his daddy's black hair, loves to see himself reflected in his daddy's dark eyes. Now, I, too, think him handsome.

Yes, my husband is wonderful—and it took a little child to show me that the wonder had not disappeared, but that I had just forgotten to look for it.

Mrs. R. L. R.

JUST HAVE PATIENCE

Dear Papa David:

I am a girl going on thirteen this September. I live on a farm and have my own chores to do and have to help in the house and field. I used to complain about having to do so much work and said life wasn't beautiful.

One night I lay awake thinking. I thought how wrong I was to complain about the work I did, because the farm bought in a large enough income so that we can put money in the bank. This money will help put my brothers, sisters and myself through college. I love school and this proves that even if Life isn't Beautiful right when you want it to be, it will be beautiful when the time comes. You just have to have patience.

H. V. M.

"WHAT GOD HAS GIVEN YOU"

Dear Papa David:

When I was two years of age I had infantile paralysis and as a result lost the use of my legs from my hips down. My parents were in moderate circumstances, but spent all they had in hopes that I might receive help. It was a losing battle and we were finally forced to face the issue—I would be a cripple

"Pat-a-cake,
pat-a-cake- for
Twin
Blessing's
sake!!"



DAN: We're applaudin' Mom for our beeyootiful, healthy skins! She smooths Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on us daily for these twin blessings—

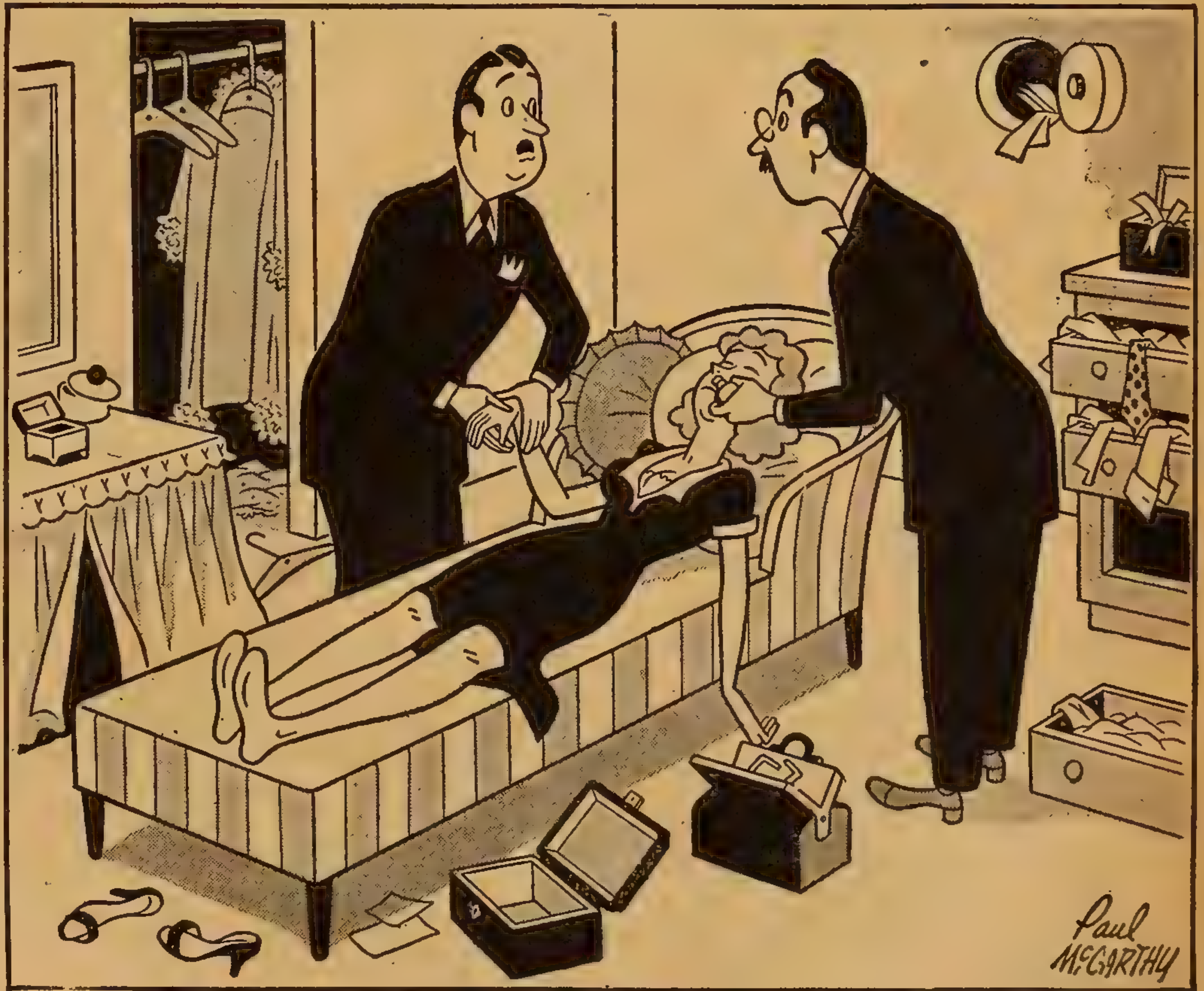
DON: First, Mennen Baby Oil is better for preventin' diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other troubles, 'cause it's antiseptic. Second, this mild, soothin' oil keeps skin lovelier by preventin' rough, dry skin...

DAN: Most doctors, hospitals, nurses say Mennen is best. Makes us smell sweet, too. Have Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder ready for baby's first day home!

Twin Blessings for Baby-
MENNEN



BEST FOR BABY—also, be sure to use MENNEN BABY POWDER to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth; new scent makes baby smell sweet and lovely. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other baby powder.



"She doesn't mind losing the jewels and furs, but
our Ex-Lax was stolen, too!"

Good Heavens! Not that!... Somebody go and buy her another box of Ex-Lax quick! Once folks have discovered Ex-Lax they just can't bear to be without it. And you can't blame them. It tastes so good—just like fine

chocolate! And it acts good, too—so effectively, yet so very gently! Not too strong, not too mild, Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium" laxative. As a precaution, use only as directed. Economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes at all druggists.

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EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT? YOU NEED SHINOLA

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Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility—and that means longer wear. So it *pays* to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



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for life. I had to resign myself to that. My father made my first wheel chair and he wheeled me to school every morning. It was not long before I was able to manipulate it around the school grounds myself. There were always plenty of friends who would wheel me home. I was able to attend games and even dances. It pleased me to be able to help pass out refreshments.

Our pastor who was an elderly man used to spend hours with me and I many times would have been discouraged but for his encouragement. He seemed to sense the longing I had to jump around and it was always then that he would suggest that we exercise. This form of exercise meant being lifted out of the wheel chair and with my legs being held off the floor I would use my hands to get about. It was a welcome change from sitting. As we finished he would say very tenderly:

"Robert, make use of what God has given you."

I GRADUATED from high school and earned a scholarship to college. Again I soon made sympathetic friends in college and was able to attend games both in town and out. The fellows would carry me on to the train and have a car waiting. In return I helped tutor them, for which they were very grateful.

As graduation neared I found I had been chosen to give the Baccalaureate sermon. I hesitated because of the awkward situation involved. However the president assured me he would bank the platform with ferns and my chair would not be noticeable.

Graduation was a wonderful day in my life, for after I had given my address the scholarships were awarded and much to my surprise I had won another which would enable me to do research work. As the president presented it to me the entire audience arose. Tears of gratitude filled my eyes—God had indeed blessed me with a keen mind. Through my tears I glanced down to the front row and there sat the three people who had been my inspiration, father, mother and my pastor.

Imprinted in my heart were his words:

"Robert, make use of what God has given you."

B. S. K.

SOUTH PACIFIC SONG-FEST

Dear Papa David:

The most outstanding experience I ever had was while serving as Chaplain in the Armed Forces in the South Pacific.

We were to go into the island and see what condition the natives were in and I might say that we many times found them pitiful enough. Already tired to the point of exhaustion we left our landing barge and began to climb the steep hill ahead. Suddenly we found ourselves almost surrounded by natives. They looked anything but friendly and so we immediately began to show our good points.

Our doctor unrolled his kit and prepared to show them how broken arms and legs were mended—I being the subject. This procedure only brought a few grunts from them. One other member turned handsprings to show our friendly attitude. Nothing impressed them. Finally our men flopped on the ground and said, "It's up to you, Chaplain."

I'll admit I didn't know the next approach, so began to hum an old

familiar hymn while meditating. Suddenly I heard a sound and looking up into their faces, knew that I had found the right chord—Religion—we spoke the same language. In no time the entire group was singing, they in their native tongue and we in ours.

Suddenly from nowhere, it seemed, an old man handed me an old hymnal which he had treasured through the war. It had been left there by some foreign missionary. With that book in hand we sang practically everything they knew. What a song fest that was! Our stay among them was pleasant indeed and when we went down to the shore preparatory to leaving they began to sing that old favorite:

"Jesus loves me this I know

For the Bible tells me so."

As long as we were able to see them they were still singing and waving their hands.

N. T. S.

"YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!"

Dear Papa David:

After more than two years service overseas, I recently got word that my husband was at last coming to the States and home to me!

And I literally walked on air until friends began saying that I'd probably find him very changed, and that he, in turn, would find me a different person, too. And the more I thought about it, the greater the possibility of his seeing flaws in me loomed. For neither of us are young... he had been stationed for the most part in the South Pacific where loneliness and tropical heat could have drastically altered his emotions.

THEN too, he must have met many pretty young native girls... stunning nurses and other snappy looking Government employees. Yes, I must be at my prettiest when he did arrive. So, I rushed downtown, bought a new youthful looking suit, a perky hat, a small bottle of the new, exotic "Remembrance" perfume, had a new and softer hair-do and dressed with great care for his arrival on the day I had been advised he would return. But, no Walt and no explanation.

However, I thought he would wire then as to why the delay and definite time of his reaching town, so I was buried in sweeping and dusting... the house and myself in hopeless disorder and grime, when one morning the front doorbell rang, and I thoughtlessly rushed to answer it.

Will I ever forget... for before I had time to think how awful my dingy, soiled housedress must look... my pale lips and cheeks... and worse still, my frowsy hair... I threw open the door and was swept into Walt's open arms like leaves before the wind... hearing only his heavenly throaty and sincere voice as he remarked... "Darling, you haven't changed a bit... you're wonderful!"

Mrs. W. H.

Those are all the letters we had room for in this issue. Don't you feel, after reading them, that each of the people who wrote to us has found one of the keys to happiness?

No two people find the same key, or discover it in the same way; that much is certain. Maybe the experiences from which our letter writers learned would have meant nothing to you. But in that case, isn't there something in your own memory that taught you the meaning of happiness? Why not write us a letter about it?

What Silent Night Means to Me

(Continued from page 23)

tried out the new records, "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider," "Margie" and "Melancholy Baby," on the new cylinder phonograph. Dad soaked the family bankroll to buy. You'd always find half the neighborhood there on Sunday nights dancing or harmonizing, with Dad doubling back and forth on the mandolin and guitar. Mother always felt better when she could count our noses.

During the summers I "worked" on a farm that belonged to the Hardigans, who lived next door, and my chief chore consisted of riding a horse around all day. Mother used to take us swimming, too, out at Liberty Lake, a few miles out of town, and let us spend the whole day . . . mostly to get us out of the neighbors' way. I had a pretty fair homemade breast-stroke . . . nothing flashy . . . but it kept me on top most of the time. Other times we'd sneak off and go swimming in the Spokane River and in the mill pond at McGolderick's saw mill a few blocks from home. We swam and dodged logs and generally raised Cain. Then when we got home Mother and Dad raised some more. I can still hear my Mother saying to Dad anxiously, "Harry, you really should speak to Bing." And Dad, who's always ducked any speaking-to's, suggesting mildly, "Why don't we just throw him out?" instead. I'd like to have a wish-bone for every time he's suggested throwing me out of the homestead.

There's the memory too . . . of Mother's turkey, plum pudding, and the hot raisin bread she used to make. A

sadder one . . . of the wood it took to bake it. We had a super-size range, the hungriest stove you ever saw—and a wood box that must have had a stout leak in it somewhere. I could usually find a lot of important things to do elsewhere until the box filled up again. Until close to Christmas, when I always managed to cart some up from the basement and pointedly kick a few chunks in.

We all had our chores but I kept mine down to the required strictest minimum. Figuring generously that the fewer I did the bigger it made the other boys look. Larry was always Mother's No. 1 helper, and I didn't want to split his billing or chisel in on his racket.

I'd usually start the old Christmas warm-up a week or two beforehand to set myself in solid with Santa. Get so good cranberries would melt in my mouth. There were so many of us I was always afraid Santa Claus would scrape the bottom of the sack before getting down to me. There were some tough nights up in that four-poster upstairs, doing a little Christmas calculating, adding and subtracting good and bad deeds for the year. A sad score, but I always got more than my share of presents anyway.

We had our tree on Christmas Eve, the folks figuring no doubt that the quicker they got it over with the better. Sometimes Brother Ted would go out and bring in a Christmas tree. But I was always allergic to axes, and besides a man came down the street selling them for two-bits apiece, and I didn't

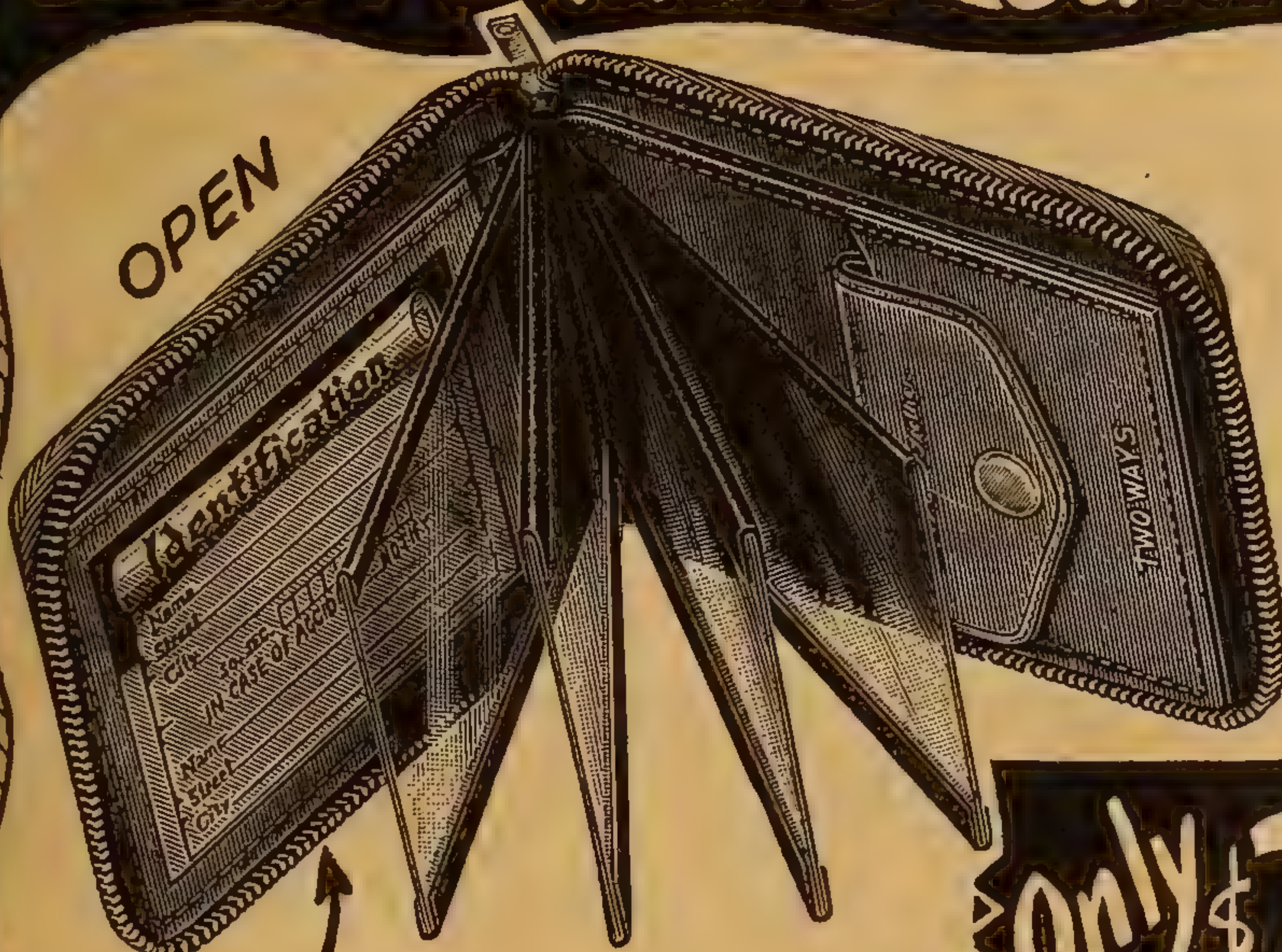
think it was fair to muscle in. Dad always passed the presents around. Following which we'd render our own Crosby Christmas clambake of carols, with Mother singing soprano, Larry and Dad on the harmony, the rest of us doing our usual. With accompaniment by Sister Catherine at the old upright piano and Dad filling in with a strumming Hawaiian treatment of "Silent Night" on his guitar.

Next morning after church we'd grab our respective Christmas loot and put it to work. All of us got ice skates, and I can still see Mother and Dad flooding the backyard and letting it freeze over so we could try the new skates out. Sometimes we'd go over to Liberty Lake, or to another lake at St. Michael's Jesuit Monastery, a few miles out of town. Or maybe go over across the alley to the Gonzaga football field and practice trying to kick a goal.

Christmas dinner was always a big deal. Dad worked as bookkeeper for a local brewery and there wasn't too much Christmas money in the budget, but somehow Mother always managed to bring it off in high style. We usually invited some of the boys around Gonzaga who couldn't get home for Christmas. They all accepted, glad to get a free Christmas meal. Mother never knew how many to expect, but somehow there was always plenty. That Christmas turkey was a mighty accommodating bird. So elastic.

AFTER dinner the girls repaired to the living room with our sister for some

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Christmas chatter, or whatever girls do. And we men always repaired to the top balcony of the Orpheum Theater to catch the new vaudeville show. Maybe Joe Frisco, or the Brox Sisters, and usually a grand opera troupe of some kind. We had carfare, but we always walked the three miles from our place to downtown, in order to soak our wad on ice cream.

"Silent Night" was mixed up in all of this. I was always contributing my quota of it. At school . . . church . . . and Christmas parties around the neighborhood I was especially willing to contribute on programs . . . say the Elks' club . . . where it involved dough.

If such thrifty traditional traits are passed along, no doubt that's the reason my four fullbacks, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay, always ask for a handout whenever we descend on Bob Hope, Mother and Dad, or Dixie's father, and let loose with a musical offensive on Christmas now. They expect full payment in nickels and dimes, candy, or some little left-overs. Which is exactly what they get at Hope's house . . . where there's rarely little left over anyway. We've worked up a pretty fair arrangement on "Silent Night," and if I beat Gary to the downbeat sometimes I get to sing the lead.

These are the kind of flash-backs that "Silent Night" brings me. Let's hang on to the hope that it will always bring similar happy ones for our kids.

The old heart hits a pretty low Crosley when you think of the children who are going to be minus memories like these. Kids in hospitals with infantile paralysis. Others who don't have a dad back to hang up the holly . . . or put the red scooter or ice skates under the tree. Children who are wandering around lost in bombed-out countries, who wouldn't ask anything of Santa Claus but a meal and a place to light.

Kids like Monique . . . a little eleven-year-old girl I came across in Commerce, France, mothering four brothers and sisters, and taking care of a father who'd been crippled for life in a German prison camp. Just a child with sawed-off bangs and wistful brown eyes in a too-thin face.

While I'm sounding off . . . the way I figure it . . . "Silent Night" is a little like the old Christmas sock. You get out of it just what goes into it. Let's level on the lyrics and make them work. And keep those stars out of the windows forever . . . and right where they are now . . . at the top of the Christmas tree.

*Do You Want a
Fan Club Department?*

Maybe the editors of RADIO MIRROR have been wrong. It never occurred to us that our readers might want a Fan Club—a department that would print information for and about fan clubs. But we've been getting letters lately from people who think it would be a good idea if we did have such a department. What do you think? If you want a Fan Club, you can have it—so speak up, and let us know!

About Marriage

(Continued from page 19)

Then comes the period of adjustment. Any marriage is a difficult social process. It calls for the blending of two very different personalities into one unit in the eyes of the world. In this blending there are many discoveries, many compromises, many re-evaluations. In the course of these, the exciting and breathless quality of the romantic stage will fade. Even the first rush of mutual passion and desire will grow, through understanding and mutual gratification, into a stronger and cher, if less dizzying, relationship. Out of this adjustment, gradually achieved and with both husband and wife contributing an equal share and working on an equal proportion of responsibility, will come the third stage, the stage of real companionship, based on understanding and tolerance. A marriage which develops this way becomes an ideal marriage, a marriage in which love, passion and true friendship are so firmly blended that nothing can tear them apart.

To marry is to assume the cloak of maturity. Unfortunately, too often today, maturity is only that—a cloak, an illusion, which has no basis in real emotional stability. The difference between immaturity and maturity can be stated very simply. The immature are dependent. The mature are independent and ready for responsibility. The immature think only of themselves and their pleasures. The mature know that some unpleasantness in life is unavoidable.

A marriage between two mature people is bound to be successful. Such people can trust their emotions and be sure of their choices and will be able to make all the adjustments needed to establish a home and raise a family—and to be happy together. But a marriage in which even one is emotionally immature is in danger.

If one partner, husband or wife, is completely dependent emotionally and physically, constantly avoids responsibility, seeks only self gratification and pleasure, wants a steady diet of flattery, flattery, protection and the total enslavement of the other partner—such a marriage is not a marriage, at all. It's nothing but a substitute for the immature person's childhood days.

It could be questioned whether in childhood such complete dependence and devotion to the pleasure principle could be permitted to continue beyond the first two or three years, but that is not within the province of this article. The thing that does fall within our province is that there is small likelihood that such an immature person will ever make a successful marriage. It is not a divorce the immature person needs. He, or she, needs to grow up emotionally and if it can't be managed through self-examination and personal efforts to overcome childish tendencies and faults, then, by all means, the professional help of doctors, psychologists, and psychiatrists should be sought.

Possibly, even after the emotional immaturity has been overcome, a divorce will still be indicated. There are such things as people not really being suited to one another. But, at least, then the decision will be a mature one and not based on disillusionment because the first gay rapture of love—as it is described in thousands of love stories—is worn off and the people concerned are not ready to face the next step in the growth of love.

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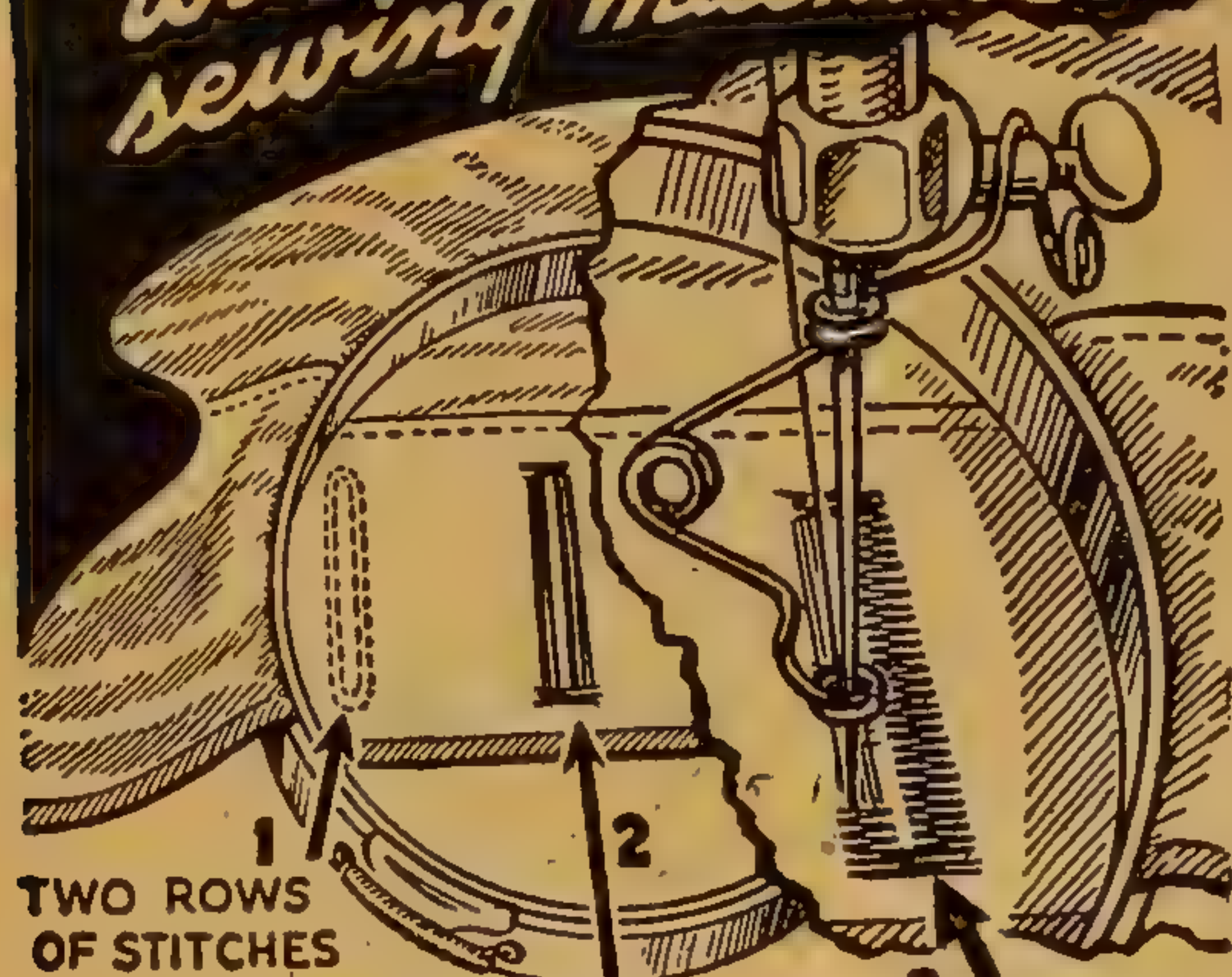
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Very, Very Merry

(Continued from page 50)

Cornbread Dressing (for any fowl)

- 2 cups cornbread crumbs
- 1/2 cup hot milk
- 1/4 cup melted shortening
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tbs. minced onion

Combine crumbs and milk, then add remaining ingredients and mix well.

Oyster and Giblet Dressing (for any fowl)

- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 1/2 pt. oysters with liquid
- Giblets, cooked and minced with liquid
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 tbs. grated lemon rind
- 1 medium onion, minced

Combine liquid from oysters with liquid in which giblets were cooked to make 1 cup. Pour over crumbs. Add oysters (chopped fine) and add giblets. Combine with other ingredients. Makes about 2 cups.

Apple and Peanut Dressing (for any fowl)

- 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 large apple, cored, pared and chopped
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1/2 cup peanuts, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Pour hot water over crumbs and allow to stand about 10 minutes. Combine with remaining ingredients. Apple and peanuts should be rather coarsely chopped, not minced. Cooked wild rice may be used in place of crumbs. Makes about 2 cups.

Sweet Dressing (goose, duck or chicken)

- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup boiling water
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 beaten egg
- 2 tbs. melted shortening
- 2 tps. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 cup currants
- 2 tps. grated orange rind

Combine hot water and orange juice, pour over bread crumbs and allow to stand about 10 minutes. Add other ingredients and mix well. Makes about 2 cups.

If you decide on turkey consider the quick frozen variety. They are ready to be cooked, requiring no bothersome picking and drawing. A 9-lb. quick frozen roaster is equivalent to a 12-lb. bird which is to be drawn.

Allow 5-6 cups of dressing for a 10-lb. turkey; about 2 cups of dressing for a 4-lb. chicken, goose or duck.

Turkey should be larded (thin slices of bacon or salt pork toothpicked to the breast), covered with white cloth moistened in melted fat or basted frequently during roasting. Remove pork or fat-moistened cloth during last 30 minutes of cooking so bird will brown.

Be sure to cook duck and goose on a rack and pour off fat as it collects in bottom of pan. Additional helps in overcoming fat when cooking goose—prick skin with fork or cook for first half of cooking time in a steamer, then transfer to roasting pan.

Roast at 325 degrees, 15 to 18 minutes per pound for chicken, duck and turkeys up to 12 pounds, 18 to 25 minutes per pound for goose and larger turkeys. As with other roasts, longer cooking at lower temperature produces better results than shorter cooking at a higher temperature.

Baste duck or goose with orange or apple juice during roasting, and bake orange or apple halves in roasting pan for final hour.

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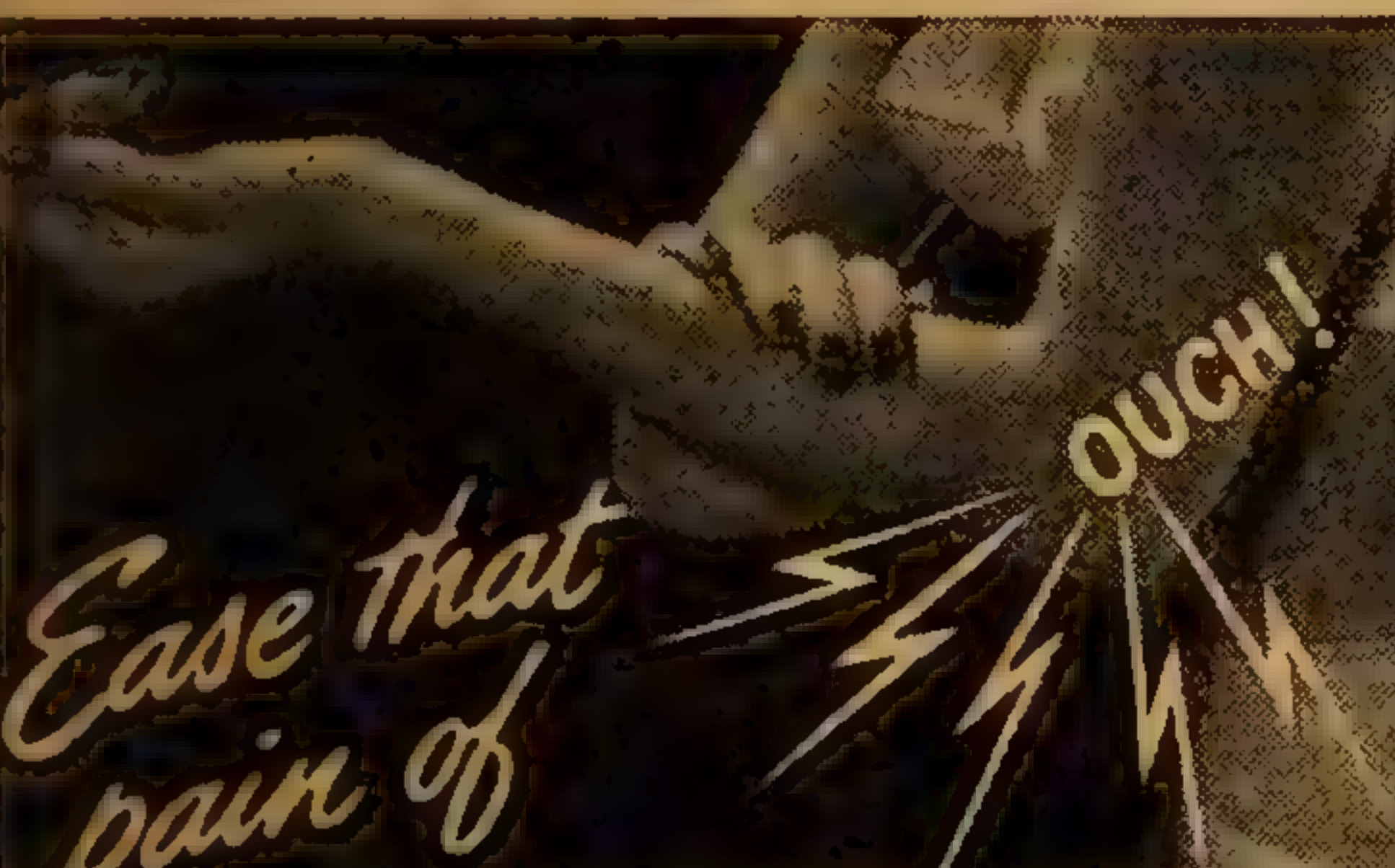
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Maisie and the Lion Hunter

(Continued from page 37)

There's a story there. And someone's got to go over and interview this—this—” she glanced at the telephone pad where she had scrawled some notes—“this Mr. Quentin P. Quikpaddle. Bill—would it hurt your pride to be a reporter for the Middleton Beacon?”

“You bet it would!”

“Oh, darling!—you mean it would humble you too much to work for me, a woman?”

Bill grinned. “It would hurt my pride to work. Period.”

“Bill Doolittle!” Fire sparkled out of Maisie's eyes and the lips Bill thought were so adorable tried their best to be firm and uncompromising. “You're going to take that job whether you like it or not. As of this minute, you're the new reporter for the Beacon and through fire and flood, through hail and lightning, rain or snow, it's your sacred duty to bring back a sensational story! The presses must roll—”

PUZZLED, Bill glanced out the window. “The sun is shining. There's hardly any snow—” he put in mildly.

“Don't change the subject. Find out who this guy really is and what he's doing in Middleton. From the way Elspeth says he's acting, he may be an escaped convict or a Congressman or what—”

“But, honey,” Bill pleaded, “I just can't walk up to a perfect stranger and ask him if he's an escaped convict. Anyway, I don't see what's so mysterious about coming to town and putting up at a hotel and—”

Her eyes opened to the widest. “Not mysterious? With the hotel register just full of John Smiths and he signs himself Quentin P. Quikpaddle? Why it's—it's—downright dishonorable, that's what it is! I wouldn't trust a man like that in broad daylight!” Her manner changed; became brisk. “Hurry up now, Bill. Here's your hat—here's some paper—sharpen your pencil on the way out... ace reporter William Doolittle!... Gentleman of the Press!”

“We'll go into that Press business, sometime—but I'm no gentleman!”

“Bill!”

Like a tiny whirlwind her energy drove him out of the office and on up the street. Through the window she watched his retreating back and a little frown puckered her forehead.

“Look at him!” she sighed to herself. “Just brimming over with no enthusiasm at all—the big, good-for-nothing, good-looking, wonderful lug.”

Waiting did nothing to lessen her worry; rather, it increased it. This Quentin P. Quikpaddle story was important. Local news had been in the doldrums lately, with nothing more dramatic happening to make a front page story than the search for Farmer Jimpson's prize steer out on Route 20, and the rescue of little Timothy Wains from the tree trunk where he had wedged himself. Never at a loss for words, she had done her best with the story, making out the firemen as heroes who had done the rescuing. But it wasn't very successful since everyone knew that Timothy Wains was incurably addicted to climbing trees and just as incurably reluctant to come down once he was up... until he got hungry.

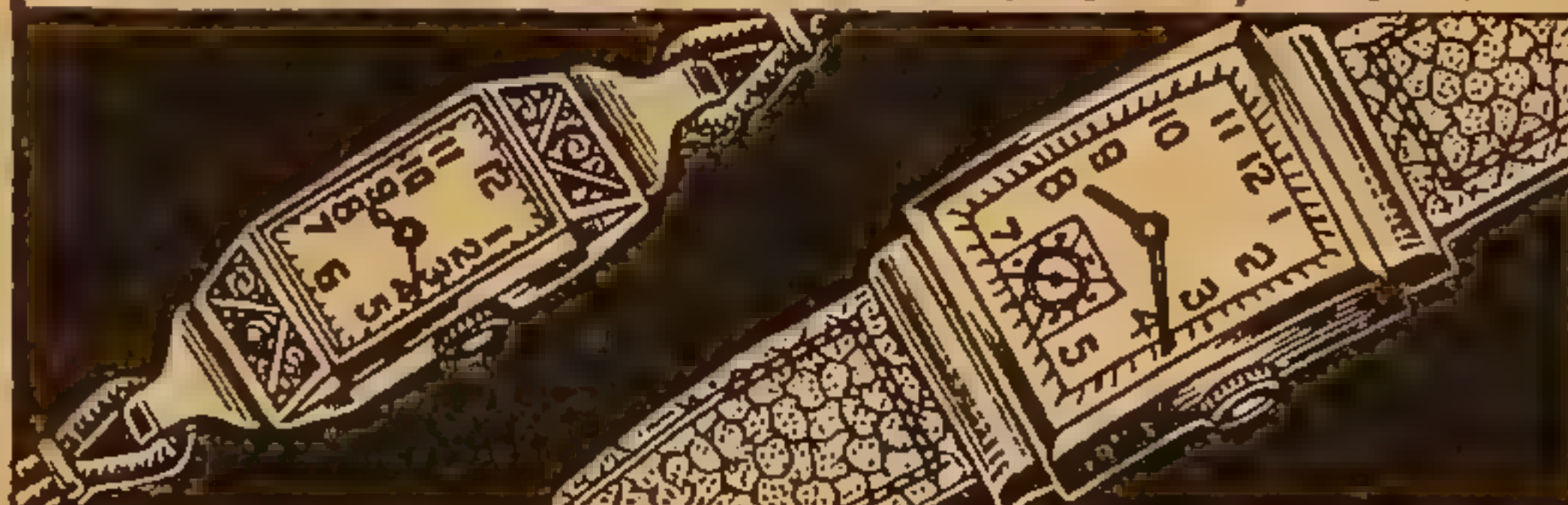
“Oh, darn!—there's so much I forgot to tell Bill and I'm afraid he'll make a

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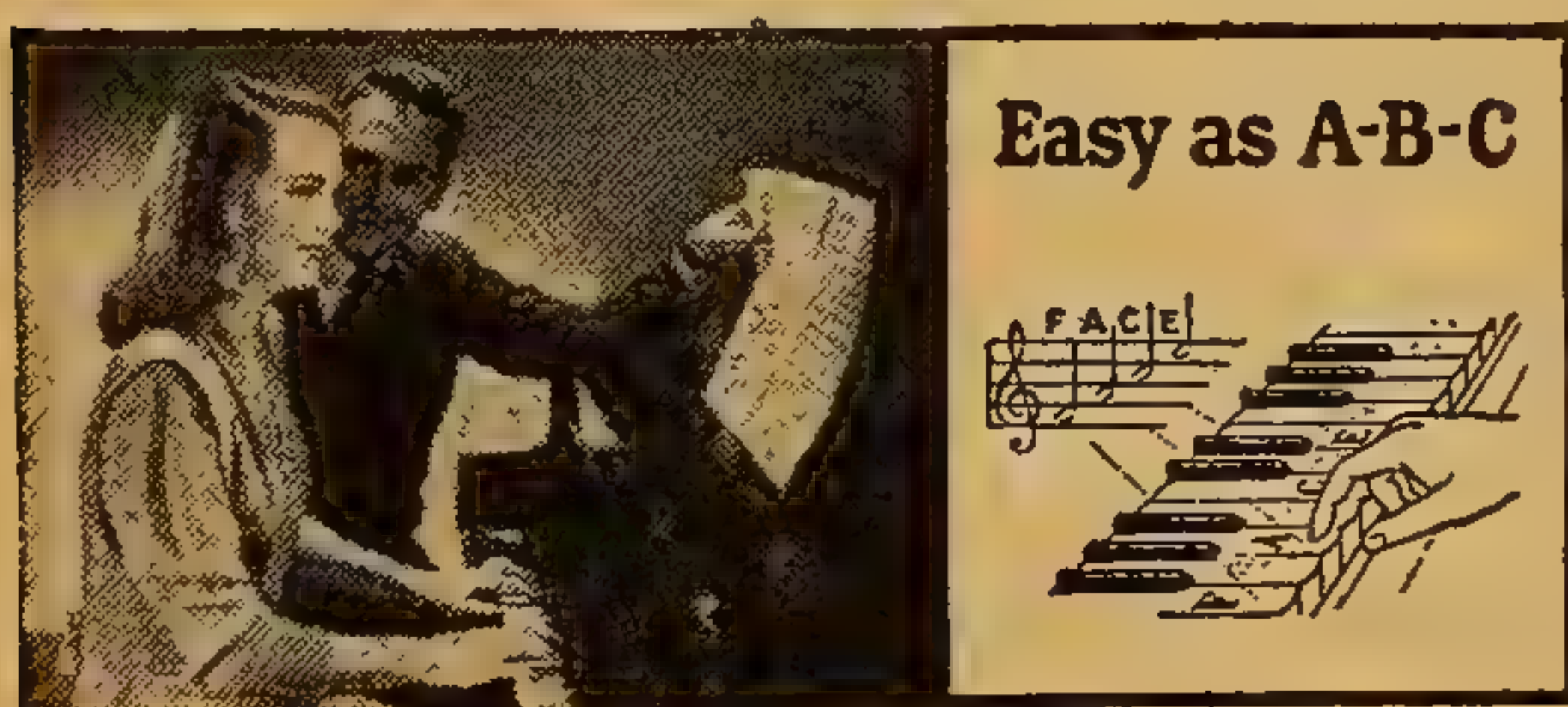
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clambake out of this. I forgot to tell him to tip his hat over one eye and keep it on no matter where he is and be sure to talk out of one corner of his mouth so that he will impress this Quakdiddle—Quikpaddle—that he's a real, big-time reporter. What if he doesn't get the story—and we go to press in an hour!"

The door banged and a burly figure plunged through.

"Dream Girl! Princess in the Ivory Towel! You art as fair as moonshine—" Lochinvar Polaski braked himself to a stop with his hands on the desk and gazed at the girl with what he thought was a loverlike expression.

"Lockie—you're the answer to a maiden's prayer!"

"I am?"

"That's not exactly what I meant," she amended, hastily. "I mean I have a job for you to do."

"Command me. I am at your feet, my head is in the clouds, my nose is to the grandstand, my heart deposits in your hands—"

"Stay in one piece, Lockie. I need you. I need you to go over to the hotel and interview a suspicious mug who has registered there under the name of Quentin P. Quikpaddle. Find out who he really is and what he is doing here in Middleton."

"H—you mean this jer-this visitor is a traveling incompleto? He's denonomous? He's got a nombly-plume?"

Familiar as Maisie was with Lochinvar's high-handed approach to the King's English, she was stumped for a second. Then her face cleared. "That's right, Lockie. He is indeed anonymous and incognito. The Beacon needs the story for the front page and I've sent Bill over but he may need help. You've got to get it—if I don't get a good story soon, I might just as well start running *The Five Little Peppers* in serial form as far as our subscribers are concerned."

"I go, fair lady. Even as knights of old jostled in the turn-about and did brave deeds to find honorable mention in their lady's favor, so I, too, take up my lance," clenching the pencil in one big fist, "and am off to prove my medal. I go!"

And he went.

But still Maisie's pert face was troubled. Between Lockie's unbounded but often mis-directed enthusiasm and Bill's complete lack of it, there wasn't much choice. Neither of them was exactly dependable. So when Terry came in shortly from his morning errands, she hustled the youngster over to the hotel, too.

"I'm counting on you, Terry. You've been begging for a chance to be a real newspaperman and now you have it. Corner this Quikpaddle, even if you have to break down his door—but get the story!"

After all, Bill shouldn't mind if he had competition. And, anyway, Lockie and Terry were only going to help him. With all of them interviewing the stranger, they were sure to bring back all the facts. At least, the Beacon was assured of a front page splash and maybe she'd get some new subscriptions and the bank balance would stop shrinking so alarmingly. Maisie hummed a little to herself as she picked up some copy for proof-reading.

The minutes went by. Ten... fifteen... a half-hour. Now she was beginning to get a little nervous again as her eyes kept glancing at the clock. One of the three should be back soon—Mr. Elspeth had said the new guest would

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be either in the lobby or his hotel room.

So it was with relief that she heard the door suddenly open. She swung round in her chair—but then stopped, disappointed.

It was only a timid-looking little man who had stepped gingerly inside the office. He kept twirling his hat around in his hands as if he didn't know what else to do with them. His feet seemed to be edging him back out of the door, and his eyes stayed on the floor—which wasn't the usual reaction of a man on seeing the blonde editor of the Beacon for the first time.

"Yes?" she asked, trying to sound prim. "Is there anything we can do for you?"

"We?—are there more like you?—as beautiful as you, I mean?" the little man's voice was awed and shaken.

"Oh, no. That is, I mean—is there anything I can do for you?"

He seemed to pluck up his courage and moved towards the desk. "I'd like to run a little ad in the paper. If you wouldn't mind," he added hastily.

"If I wouldn't mind! Mister, I hear those words in my sleep and they always, somehow, sound like the tinkle of money in the cash register. How many lines do you want? Shall I help you write it?"

"NO, thank you, I have it all written out." He cleared his throat as Maisie snatched at pencil and paper. "This is it—

"Wanted, enterprising young men to sell farm machinery. Old established firm. Good future. New territory. Write, Box—"

"Box 254," Maisie supplied.

"Box 254, care of the Middleton Beacon. That's all of it, Miss, and thank you." He sidled away towards the door and then, seeing Maisie's eyes on his questioningly, he blushed. "Oh, I forgot to pay you." He came back and dug in his pocket for change. "Will you run it for three days?—it's really all right, Miss, it really is an old, established firm and I have the agency. It's on the level."

"I'm sure it is," she said, kindly, as she took the money. "We'll run it, starting today, and I hope you get results. Though—frankly—I have my doubts. I'm having a little trouble that way myself."

"You're in the farm machinery business?" he asked, startled.

"No—I want an enterprising young man."

"Oh."

He backed out of the door, sheepishly. She had a sudden desire to pat the little man on the head and assure him that everything would be okay. He was just like a cute little bunny rabbit, with his button nose twitching that way.

As the door closed behind him, Maisie glanced at the clock again. Twelve-thirty! They went to press in ten minutes and not one of her reporters was back yet with the story. Why hadn't she been smart and gone herself?—why hadn't she known better?—where were Bill and Terry and—

"Lockie!" While he was still turning the doorknob, she had raced across the office and flung the door open. "Have you got it? Did you interview him—who is he? What's he doing here? What kept you?"

"Let me catch my windpipe, Dream Girl. I sped with the wings of Mercurchrome all the way from the hotel." He gasped for breath and then tore a

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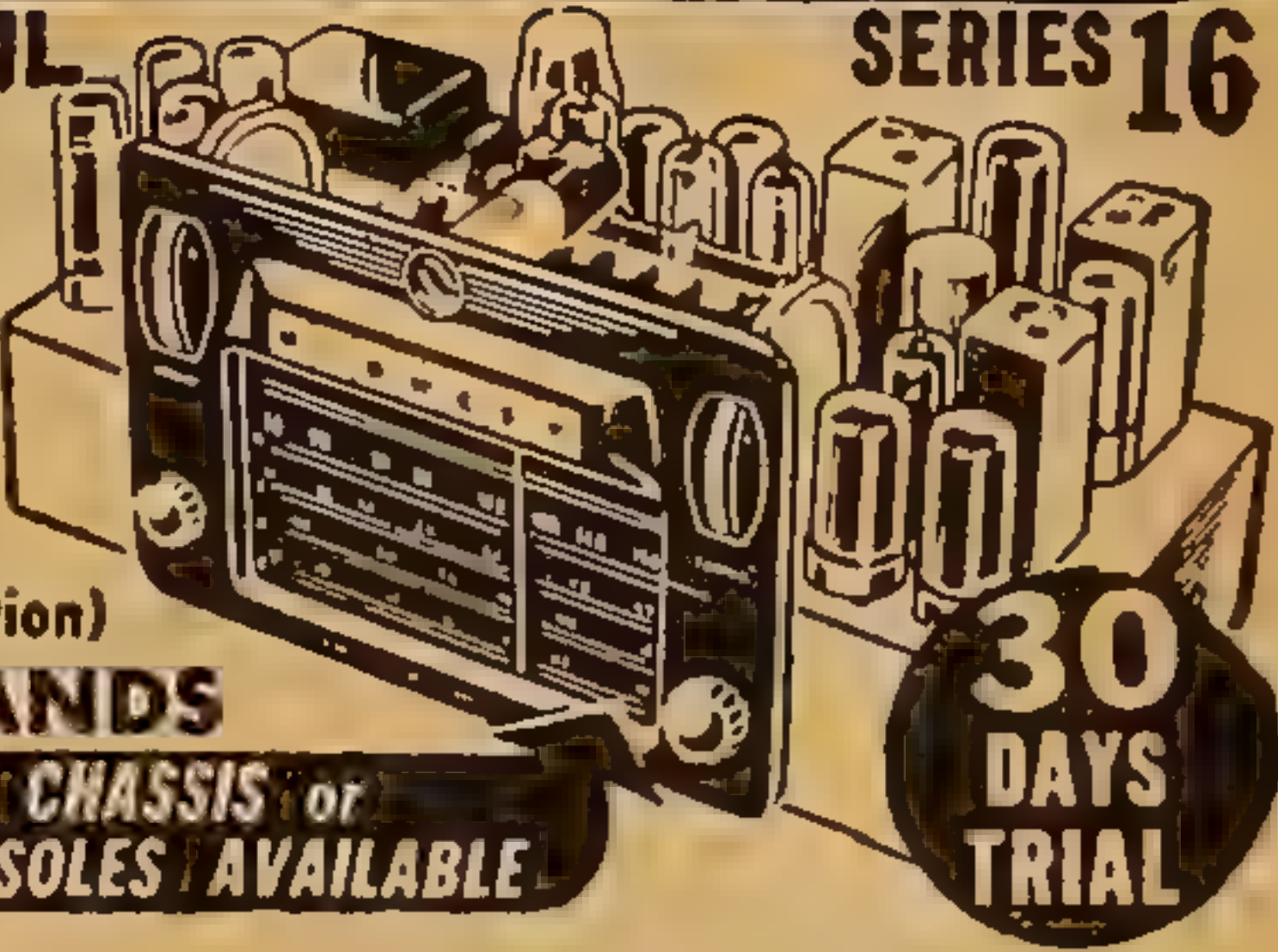
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fidentially, he had just come from Washington, D. C., and he had a new commission that would mean a lot to Middleton farmers and he called General Eisenhower by his first name and—what's more—"Terry drew himself up straight and proud—"didn't I get a peek at a letter on his desk and wasn't it signed by the President of the United States, himself?"

The evidence was overwhelming. Lockie tried feebly to discount it. "Huh—that's mere hearsay. Didn't I get an apostle from the President, myself, a few years ago? And didn't it say *Greetings* at the top?"

But Maisie was eyeing him with disfavor. "Lockie—do you know for sure he was an explorer?"

"Well—no, Dream Girl. But he did say he had been fighting tigers in China and India."

"Oh, gosh! I'll bet he just does that for a hobby! Now I've got to write that story all over again. Lockie, run down and tell Pop to hold the press for a minute. Terry, give me all the dope—and give it fast!"

And her fingers went racing over the keyboard in her own scrambling system of hunt-and-peck, as the story unfolded. Quikpaddle, the mystery man . . . the right-hand man of the Administration . . . the secret envoy of the Government to Middleton . . . the confidant of statesmen and diplomats . . . the bringer of glory and honor to Middleton . . .

"Couldn't we say that maybe they're planning to move the United Nations to Middleton, Maisie?" Terry's eyes were shining with excitement. "He asked a lot of questions about the land around here and the farmers."

NOT stopping her typing, Maisie shook her head. "I hope not. The only language I can say 'no' in is American." She jerked the copy out. "It's ready—Lockie, did you get the other story pulled?—here, Terry!—rush this down to Pop Webster—gee, if only we knew this Quikpaddle's real name!"

"I can tell you his name."
"Well, tell it to me, quick." Then Maisie did a double-take. "**BILL . . . WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN!**"

"Hi, everybody." Bill lounged through the door and yawned. "What's all the fuss about? What's everyone shouting for?"

"Bill—his name! Tell me his name!"

"Whose name—Quikpaddle's?"

"Yes!" With both hands Maisie hung on to her self-control. Downstairs she could hear the clatter of the typesetting machine; precious seconds were flying; how could Bill be so slow when they needed that name?

"Quentin P. Quikpaddle?"
"Yes—Quentin P.—*what's his name*, Bill Doolittle!"

"That is his name. Quentin P. Doolittle—I mean, Quikpaddle."

Disgusted, Maisie sat down hard in her chair. Lockie and Terry gazed at Bill in pitying silence. Only Bill, himself, was unconcerned as he strolled over to the desk and leaned against it.

"Boy, am I tired. I didn't know being a reporter was such hard work."

"If you are a reporter, Bill," her tone was ominous, "where's the story?"

"Oh—that. Sorry, honey, but there isn't any story. Whole thing was a waste of time . . . when I might have been here with you, holding hands, and whispering sweet nothings. The guy is some kind of a traveling salesman, now."

Terry hooted. Lockie looked superior. Maisie cupped her chin in her

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hands and sighed in weary disillusion.

"Bill—you dope! I guess you just don't understand about newspapers. And I had such high hopes for you! Lockie and Terry both get a story, but you—you don't get anything but tired!"

"But there wasn't anything to get!" Bill remonstrated feebly.

"A good reporter always gets a story, even if there isn't one. Lockie comes back with the story that Quikpaddle is an explorer—of course, that was a slight error—but, anyway, Terry got it straight and now we know he's a big-shot from the Government in Washington. And you think he's some kind of a salesman!" Now Maisie was really warming up. "Did you talk to him or did you get so tired just flirting with that red-head in the hotel coffee shop—"

"But—Maisie—I was helping Quikpaddle at the station unload—"

"DON'T interrupt me. This is more in sorrow than in anger, Bill, but you're fired . . . again. You just haven't got newspaper ink in your veins or something. You'll never be like Front-Page Farrell. You'll never get to wear a trench coat and be cynical and know all the bartenders in town—"

"You don't have to be a reporter to—"

"Don't interrupt. You'll never get scoops or yell 'Stop the presses' or discover who murdered the corpse on page 20, or call gangsters by their first names or—"

"But—Maisie—when I recognized Quikpaddle—"

"Don't interrupt . . . or meet all the trains and the—BILL! Did . . . you . . . say . . . you . . . recognized . . . Quikpaddle—?"

"Sure. I recognized him the minute I saw him. It was only a year or so ago that I met him when I was in the Army camp and he was there for a few days, on his way to—"

There was horrified silence in the room. Even Bill stopped talking. Maisie clutched the desk for support. "Go on," she finally managed to say.

"Honestly, Maisie, I don't think he'd like being called an explorer or a Government official, because he isn't. I know he isn't. Me and Quikpaddle are buddies, and I say he's an ordinary farm salesman, here on business, and when I was over at the station I helped him get all his farm tractors and harrows and stuff unloaded—that is, I supervised."

With one quick movement, Maisie pounced onto the papers on her desk and came up with a single sheet . . . a carbon copy of the advertisement she had written a half-hour earlier.

"Tell me, quick—what does this Quikpaddle look like? Is he small?" Three heads nodded. "Is he sort of shy?" Heads nodded again. "Is he—?" and her heart was sinking down to her toes—"is he something like a cute little rabbit when he talks?" And again they all agreed.

"Oooh!" The front-page story had burst like a bubble. "There goes our big scoop, boys. Our front-page hero is only the farm-hand's friend." Then, since both Terry and Lockie were looking at her with blank faces, she showed them the carbon. "If that's Quikpaddle, then Bill is right. He was in here today and left this ad—*Wanted, enterprising young men to sell farm machinery*—. And I wanted to pat him on the head! Terry—run down and tell Pop Webster to yank that story—tell him to use anything at all—tell

him to run that column about the new garage Mr. Anderson is building onto his house—anything!"

It had been near-catastrophe. "Lockie, do you guys realize how close we came to being the laughingstock of the town? Or maybe being slapped with a libel suit? Whatever made you think Quikpaddle ever fought tigers in China?—have you been reading those comic books again? Why, if it hadn't been for Bill, here, the Beacon wouldn't even have been a flashlight, tomorrow!"

Lockie was subdued.

"Dream Girl, I could have sworn he said he'd been in China. Can you imagine me being such an ignoramus?"

It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him it wouldn't strain her imagination at all, but she checked herself. After all, she had swallowed the big glamor stories about Quikpaddle, hook-line-and-sinker, herself, and she was in no position to criticize. Why hadn't she questioned the stranger when he had come to the office today?

Anyway, the loss of the story was completely obscured by the startling, astounding fact that Bill had been right for once. He had done his job. He had pulled no boners. It was so new a role for her Bill that she could hardly see him through the fog around his new pedestal. Why—Bill had saved the day! Scrape a Doolittle and find a real newspaperman!

"Gee!" she breathed, to herself. "There he stands—the great big hunk of wonderman! Why, even Terry got his wires crossed—but not Bill!"

But Terry was so crestfallen Maisie was inclined to be magnanimous.

"It's all right, boys. It's not everyone who is a natural-born reporter like Bill, here. Can you forgive me, Bill? I should have known you were right—I should never have doubted you. I can see you are going to be the greatest newspaperman that ever lived. Middleton will be sorry they ever said you were lazy and good-for-nothing—"

"They will?" Bill was dazed.

"They certainly will, when the big-city newspapers start bidding for you and someday you're a foreign correspondent and write a book—"

"Do I have to write a book?"

"All foreign correspondents write books. And you'll be famous and people will tell you all their off-the-record secrets and you'll tell me because I'll be your wife and you'll have to tell me everything. Or maybe you'll be a famous columnist and everybody will hate you—won't that be wonderful?"

"Will it?" Bill's handsome face looked uncomprehending. "And all because I knew who Quikpaddle was—?"

"That's not the point. He didn't fool you like he did the others. Though—honestly!—how anyone could have ever thought that scared little guy could have been a big-game hunter or a big-shot operator from Washington, I don't understand. I took one look at him and I knew he couldn't lick a postage-stamp. If you could have seen him come in here! One look and I knew he had

never been anyplace or done anything in his whole life. Bill—I don't even care about not having a story today—I just know you're going to do great things for the Beacon!" Triumphant faith and vaunting ambition beamed from her eyes.

"I will?" Bill was completely nonplussed. "You mean I'm not fired? I don't know what to say—why, I thought I didn't know anything about newspapers or how to get an interview or what was a good story and what wasn't. When I was talking to old Quikshot—"

"Quikpaddle, dear," Maisie reminded him, her eyes adoringly on his face.

"Oh, yeah, Quikpaddle. But we always called him Quikshot—everybody did in the Army. I guess that was because he was such a crack shot and because he downed all those Jap planes when he was with the Fighting Tigers in China. And—"

"Fighting Tigers!"

"Sure. And because he fought his way out of the jungle single-handed that time when his plane crashed and then he rescued that Indian prince from the Japs and—"

"Indian Prince!"

"SURE. And then, when he made that good-will tour with the Secretary of the Treasury to sell bonds—"

"Secretary of the Treasury!"

"Yeah. And then, when he was decorated so many times by the President of the United States, why, I guess that nickname—"

"The President of the United States!"

"That's right. And—Maisie!—what the matter?—are you feeling okay?"

Eyes shut, Maisie was counting up to ten. Her hands were clenched at her sides. Ten did no good—she tried another ten. Spots came and went behind her eyelids, bells clanged, sirens screamed, and her hands ached with the urge to bring a twenty pound dictionary down on Bill's head.

"Eight . . . nine . . ."

"Maisie—speak to me!"

"Hello, Bill—nine . . . ten . . ." Then her eyes opened wide and the look in them reminded Bill, forcibly, of a certain top sergeant he had known. When her words came, Bill shuddered and fell back a pace because they were spoken in the same doom-filled tone the top sergeant was wont to employ. "You big lug! You big, dumb idiot! How could I ever fall in love with such a dope? How could I ever think you could be a reporter? The biggest story—the real story—that ever came to Middleton and right under your nose and you come back and say it is all a waste of time! What's an explorer or a politician compared to a war hero? And you knew it all the time—now we have Anderson's garage on the front page and it's too late to make change and you're out of a job again—"

She stopped, suddenly. Something had occurred to her. With one hand she fished a crumpled carbon out of her desk and waved it in front of Bill's nose. Her voice was suddenly, alarmingly, sweet. "I'm wrong, Bill," she cooed. "You do have a job. Let me read it to you—*Wanted, enterprising young men to sell farm machinery*—"

"You can't do that to me! I get hay fever on farms—"

"Well, this is one job you won't sneeze at! From now on you're playing nursemaid to a bunch of disks and harrows and cream-separators—and your buddy Quikfiddle! And that's the story, or my name isn't Maisie Revere!"





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